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SCENES AT THE TORONTO HORSE SHOW.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY
JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

VOL. VII.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS IN CANADA, 1844 to 1891.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE dissolution of Parliament must always possess for persons of intelligence a profound interest. The act of dissolution is one of the few theoretically uncontrolled powers of our Governor-General. The fact of dissolution reduces our form of government to its lowest denomination, the will of the people. The will of the people, created, influenced and controlled by private interests, by party feeling, by religious prejudice, by articles in the press, by speeches on the stump, by bands, banners, torches, bribes, intimidation, and organizations of various merits and demerits, is expressed in so precarious a manner as to show us, in the matter of politics, what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. The act of dissolution is artificial. The fact of dissolution is the parent of a thousand artificialities. And when Parliament re-assembles, the artifices re-assert themselves. The Speaker presides over a House whose rules are subject to artifice of every description. The Speech from the Throne is an artificial production; the reply is of like kind. The speeches and votes of members are artificial in character. The whole atmosphere is unreal. That under such a system of government, the countries subject to it do, in fact, make real progress, and are able to collect revenue, pass laws of binding force and popular acceptance, and to carry on the complicated business of public administration, is due, not to the perfection of the system, but to that "genius for self-government" and traditional capacity for make-believe, which are inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race. Foreign nations are apt to qualify their submission to artificialities by occasional revolutions. We are probably saved by our sense of humour from such useless disturbances. They proceed to reform by revolution. We accomplish revolution by reform.

The pending dissolution of our Parliament, under circumstances which lend to the electoral struggle a somewhat lurid character, induces us to give, in brief, a history of the dissolutions which have taken place since the Act of Union of 1841. The political history of the country is not too perfectly known. A contribution to the literature of the subject may not be without interest and value.

In 1844 the dissolution of the first Parliament of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was declared by Lord Metcalfe.

The Government which had been chosen in 1841—and which did not become a "responsible" Government

till the second session of the Parliament—had gradually been changed in composition till it became what is known as the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, Liberal in character. These Ministers having endeavored to secure from Lord Metcalfe a pledge that he would consult them in all appointments to office, and having been refused the pledge, resigned in a body, with the exception of Sir Dominic Daly, a gentleman who did not take public life very seriously, and whose idea was that "the Queen's Government must be carried on" Then followed an episode unique in our political history. For six months the government of the country was carried on by Mr. Secretary Daly and the Governor-General's Secretary. The Governor-General was not fully prepared to accept to the full the new system of Responsible Government. Lord Durham had written eloquently about it. (The allegation that Lord Durham's report was written by Mr. Charles Buller has often been made, but not on any authority entitled to find acceptance. Lord Durham was one of the ablest men in public life in England. He wrote well; he was well informed. His Secretary, Mr. Buller, was also an able man, but with an ingrained levity of disposition by no means in accordance with the sustained dignity of the report. No doubt the Secretary had a hand in the report; but that the ideas are those of Lord Durham, as well as much of the composition, we are disposed to contend, and this opinion is not to be shaken by the gossip of an ill-natured libeller like Charles Greville, or of a personal enemy like Lord Brougham.) Lord Sydenham had given some degree of effect to Lord Durham's ideas. Sir Charles Bagot had followed him and bettered his instruction. But Lord Metcalfe was not able to see any space or place for the Governor-General on the new system, and he did not resign himsef to it without a struggle. His Ministers having resigned, he got together a forlorn hope of Upper Canada Conservatives, and one Lower Canada man, D. B. Papineau (brother of Louis Papineau), to form a government, and he dissolved the Parliament as above stated on 23rd September, 1844. On this occasion Sir John Macdonald entered public life.

The Parliament of 1844 was dissolved on Dec. 6th, 1848. The Conservative Government which Lord Metcalfe had formed was defeated in the struggle at the polls. On the meeting of Parliament—for which they very properly waited, though in more modern times, in England and Canada, that excellent practice has been unwisely abandoned—the Ministers were defeated on the election of the Speaker; Sir Allan McNab having been defeated by Hon. A. N. Morin on a vote of 54 to 19. On the debate on the address the Ministers were again beaten on the 5th March, 1848, by 54 to 20, and on the 6th they resigned. The Lafontaine-Baldwin Government took their places. The Ministers knew they would be beaten, as Mr. Pope makes clear in his "Life of Sir John Macdonald;" but they were no doubt aware that the heritage of political questions they had received from their predecessors was a dangerous one, and, to use the language of Disraeli, they "passed the poisoned chalice" on to their successors, knowing what the end would be.

In 1851, Parliament was again dissolved by Lord Elgin on the 6th November. The circumstances were these. The Lafontaine-Baldwin Government had been maintaining a hard struggle with its combined Tory and Radical opponents, and having a majority vote against him in Upper Canada, Mr. Baldwin, in disgust, resigned; and Mr. Lafontaine, though remaining with the others temporarily in office, gave notice that he would retire from public life at the close of the session. Few men in public life, in this or any country have left more

honorable names; few were more sincerely regretted; yet each retired from public life in a state of despair at the conditions under which that life had to be conducted. Many, if not most, public men entertain the same feeling of regret at the conditions of their careers. One of the last long conversations which the present writer had with the late Sir John Macdonald was marked by an almost passionate lament of the statesman at the loss of peace, happiness, domestic comfort and security of personal fortune which public life had entailed upon him. The same feeling was expressed in even stronger language by Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson. Yet the forces which create parties will forever compel men of like capacity to make similar sacrifices. When Mr. Lafontaine, in accordance with his own announcement, retired later on, the Governor sent for Mr. Hincks, who formed the Hincks-Morin Administration and dissolved Parliament on 6th November, 1851.

In 1854, the Hincks-Morin Government, which had been sustained at the elections of 1851, having been defeated on a motion censuring them for the absence of any reference in the Governor's speech to the Clergy Reserves and the Seignorial question, asked for a dissolution, though only three years had elapsed since the general election. Lord Elgin consented and dissolved Parliament on the 23rd June, during a sitting of the House amid protests and confusion. The Government was not sustained at the polls. On the election of the Speaker, they had to abandon their own candidate and vote for Mr. Sicotte in order to prevent Mr. Sandfield Macdonald from being elected. As Speaker of the previous Assembly Mr. Macdonald had delivered on the occasion of the dissolution, a severe reproach to the Governor-General and his ministers, and the latter were determined on revenge. They therefore voted for Mr. Sicotte in preference to the late Speaker who was put on nomination. They resigned on September 8th, 1854. The Taché-Macdonald Ministry succeeded.

In 1858, Parliament was dissolved on November 28th, by Sir Edmund Head. The Taché-Macdonald (John A.)Government had remained in office after the elections of 1854 and the defeat of the Hincks-Morin ministry. Mr. Taché resigned and the Macdonald-Cartier Government was formed in 1858; and two days afterwards the Parliament was dissolved. The Government was sustained in Quebec but not in Upper Canada; and being in this position they determined to resign. The practice of having a majority in each province in order to maintain a ministry was open to serious objections and tended to render stable government almost impossible. It had obviously to be abandoned if the Union was to be in reality a Union and not a mere alliance. Then followed the most amusing and memorable event in the history of the two Provinces. George Brown was sent for to form a Government, and in conjunction with Mr. Dorion he formed the Brown-Dorion Administration. It lasted for just one day. The amusing particulars may be found in Mr. Dent's and Mr. Pope's books. At noon, on Monday, August 2nd, 1858, Mr. Brown and his colleagues were sworn into office, the same evening a vote of want of confidence was carried in both houses against them. On Tuesday, Mr. Brown waited on the Governor-General and asked for a dissolution. The Governor-General refused. Mr. Brown and his friends were compelled to resign and found themselves at once out of office and out of Parliament.

Mr. Mackenzie in his "Life of George Brown" accuses Sir Edmund Head of perfidy. The charge is hardly just, inasmuch as the circumstances made the formation of a ministry quite impossible and the general election had taken place only six months before. But it is quite possible that, under like circumstances in the more fully devel-

oped system of government we now possess, a dissolution would be granted. The Governor, on the failure of Mr. Brown, sent for Mr. Galt; he advised His Excellency to send for Mr. Cartier, who accepted the duty and formed the Macdonald-Cartier Administration out of the material of the one that had resigned eight days before. The new Cabinet was sustained in the House, though their action in not going back for re-election was called the "Double-Shuffle," and fiercely denounced. That the action was legal was certain. That it was free from objection, can hardly be said; and as the law was altered in 1878 to prevent any such episode recurring, we may assume that history gives but a halting assent to the conduct of the administration.

In 1861, on June 10th, the Parliament of 1858 was dissolved by Sir Edmund Head. The Macdonald-Cartier Government was still in power; and was sustained at the elections. There was no great question before the people to make the dissolution or the election memorable. The defeat and retirement of Mr. Brown was the only personal incident of the campaign. But events were precipitating themselves towards the great consummation of 1867.

In 1863, on May 16th, the Parliament of 1861 was dissolved. At the close of the Session of 1863, on May 12th, the Governor-General in his Speech alleged:

1st. That it was not possible to conduct public business in a satisfactory manner under existing conditions.

2nd. That two successive administrations had failed to obtain the confidence of the Legislature.

3rd. That these circumstances made a dissolution (16th May, 1863) necessary.

The causes of the trouble were as follows:

On the 20th May, 1862, the Government was defeated on the Militia Bill by the defection of some of Cartier's Quebec following, and they resigned.

On the 24th May, the (Sandfield) Macdonald-Sicotte government were sworn in, and carried on for nearly a year.

On the 8th May, 1863, Sir John Macdonald carried a vote of want of confidence against the new ministry. The ministers asked for a dissolution, and Parliament was dissolved accordingly on May 16th, 1863. The elections were held in June, and the Government was narrowly sustained. In its first session, after a sharp parliamentary struggle, the Macdonald-Sicotte ministry, finding its position too difficult, resigned on the 21st March, 1864.

After Mr. Ferguson Blair and Sir Geo. E. Cartier had each declined to form a government, Sir Etienne Taché accepted the task; and the Taché-Macdonald (John A.) Ministry was formed on 30th March. On the 14th June, the new ministers were defeated by a vote of 60 to 58, on a vote of censure of Mr. Galt for unauthorized indirect advances of money to the Grand Trunk Railway Company; and having assumed responsibility for Mr. Galt's action, the ministry resolved to dissolve and seek the opinion of the people. Four ministries had been in office in four years. The second session of a new Parliament had only begun, but the Governor-General, Lord Monck, consented to give the ministers a dissolution. It did not take place, however, at this time.

Before the appeal was made, Mr. Brown, owing to negotiations opened up by Hon. Alex. Morris and Hon. J. H. Pope, gave it to be understood that he was willing to co-operate with the administration to get rid of the Constitutional strain between Upper and Lower Canada, and to form a Federal Union of all the Provinces. He was invited to enter the Government, but at first refused. Finally he consented to enter, with two other Reformers (Messrs. Mowat and McDougall), to carry out the Federal scheme. Then followed the Charlottetown Confer-

ence. the Quebec Conference (1864), the deputation to England, and finally the Act of Union of the Provinces in 1867, after which the next appeal was made to the wider constituency of the four original Provinces of the Confederation.

In the last speech which Lord Monck delivered to the Parliament of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, he said:

"In bringing to a close the last session likely to be held under the Act for the Union of the Two Canadas, I congratulate the Parliament which that law called into existence on the retrospect afforded by the events of the last quarter of a century. You can mark during that period the firm consolidation of your institutions, both political and municipal, the extended settlement of your country, the development of your internal resources and foreign trade, the improvement and simplification of your laws, and, above a l, the education which the adoption of the system of responsible government has afforded to your statesmen in the well-tried ways of the British Constitution."

That "education" had certainly proceeded at a rapid pace, and the men who had moulded the constitution of Canada from the rigid material of 1841 to the plastic condition of 1866, were richly endowed with all the experience necessary for the guidance of the New Dominion.

Lord Monck had been painfully in earnest about the later stages of the Confederation negotiations. His correspondence with Sir John Macdonald, as given in Mr. Pope's work, shows that he was nervous at the delay which took place, and fearful lest his name should not, after all, be immortally connected with the foundation of the Dominion. Sir John's cheerful confidence in the progress of the scheme, and his assurance that he, too, was desirous of having his name made historical by the Confederation, gave the Governor-General the greatest satisfaction.

The elections for the New House of Commons, were ordered for August 7th, 1867, the writs generally being returnable on Sept. 24th, and those for Chicoutimi and Gaspé on 24th October, owing to their remoteness.

The elections resulted in the support of the new administration by a large majority. "Our majority is in fact too large," wrote Sir John Macdonald to a correspondent. The four years which followed were years of fruitful experiment. The conciliation of Nova Scotia, the selection for the route for the Intercolonial Railway, and the pushing on of the work, the acquisition of the North-West, the suppression of the rebellion in that territory, the Manitoba Act, the negotiation of the Washington Treaty of 1871, and the inauguration of the Pacific Railway scheme, were the memorable events.

The first trial of strength after the first Parliament of the Dominion, took place in 1872. Lord Lisgar had come and gone, leaving behind him a name of dignity and private worth, and expressing, at his departure, the liveliest sense of pride at having had his name connected with the history of the Dominion. Lord Dufferin had taken office on June 25th, 1872. Parliament was dissolved on the 8th July. The circumstances were not favourable to the administration, and but for the personal activity of Sir John Macdonald, his Party would have been beaten. He carried on for one session. Then came the Pacific Railway affair, and after a struggle through the three sessions of 1873, the resignation of Sir John Macdonald on November 5th.

The dissolution of 1873 was decreed on January 2nd, 1874. After testing with success the feeling of the country in the re-election of Ministers, Mr. Mackenzie, the new Prime Minister, determined to appeal to the country. The appeal was made suddenly. Mr. Mackenzie issued a Manifesto, as Mr. Gladstone had done to the people, and then asked their support. It is worth recalling the fact, that Sir John Macdonald condemmed Mr. Mackenzie strongly, at some length and with much appeal to the constitution, for

this personal appeal by Manifesto to the people. But the process of development in Constitutional Government goes steadily on; what Mr. Gladstone did in 1874, Mr. Disraeli did in 1880; and what Mr. Mackenzie did in 1874, Sir John Macdonald did in 1891. The rapid democratization of Parliamentary life, makes this appeal to the public by Manifesto, likely to be a permanent feature in all general elections.

In 1878, when Mr. MacKenzie having sought the opinion of the country (17th Sept.) on his administration and having been defeated, was forced to consider his position, he established another precedent, which had Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Disraeli's authority. He resigned without waiting for the meeting of Parliament; his government having been obviously hopelessly beaten at the polls. The English precedents have high authority in Gladstone and Disraeli; but this is one of the cases of proceeding to Revolution by Precedent, to which reference was made at the beginning of this paper. It is Popular or Populace Government: it is not Parliamentary Government. His Conservative opponents of course demanded that he should resign in order that they might earlier call their Party to Parliament, to put their policy of Protection in force. Mr. Mackenzie conceded their demand. A lingering fondness for the British Constitution of Pre-Reform-Bill days, induces one to wish that he had denied it. Some inconvenience might have arisen from his denial; but it need not have been great, and the maintenance of Parliament's prestige would have been worth the sacrifice.

In 1882 Parliament was dissolved on May 18th. The Governor's speech, on the occasion of proroguing the session of 1882, on 17th May, contained these words:—

"I heartily congratulate you on the rapid and successful development of our manufacturing, agricultural and other industries. I am, however, advised that their progress would have been greater were it not that capitalists hesitate to undertake to embark their means in undertakings which would be injured if not destroyed by a change in the Trade and Fiscal policy adopted by you in 1879. In order, therefore, to give the people without further delay an opportunity of expressing their deliberate opinion on this policy, etc."

This was the ground of appeal between the two parties at this election, the first after the adoption of the "National Policy." All the arguments for and against that policy were put forth to the fullest extent. It is doubtful if any new idea has been added to the controversy since 1882, though the subject has never ceased to be the topic of vehement discussion.

The Parliament of 1882 was dissolved on the 15th January, 1887. On this occasion our relations with the United States, and the prospects of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the settlement of the Fisheries Question by Treaty, entered into the controversy: and the currents of public opinion were disturbed by the "Riel question" in Quebec. But the Ministry were duly sustained.

The four years which succeeded were full of difficulties for the administration. The Riel question continued to keep some of its Quebec supporters aloof. The Jesuit question had the like effect in Ontario. The failure of negotiations with the United States, and the peculiar personal disputes which arose between Mr. Blaine and the Canadian Ministers, had a tendency to weaken the Government. There was also an obvious defection of the farmers in Ontario in certain sections. But the result was the same as on previous occasions. The Parliament was dissolved on February 3rd, 1891, and largely by the personal exertions of Sir John Macdonald, the Administration was sustained. The Parliament met on April 29th, 1891; the Prime Minister died on the 5th of June. Between 1891 and 1896 there has been rapid precipitation of opinion

concerning constitutional practice, colonial questions, our relations with Great Britain and the United States, and our own Constitution. Three Prime Ministers have passed away. New Ministers have been created. Some Ministers have temporarily retired. Each event was a species of education for the public in Constitutional practice. The powers of the Governor-General; the privileges of a Premier; the duties of Ministers; the status of Departments; the true conduct of an Opposition; the attitude of Parliament during a Ministerial crisis —all these things are better understood to-day than they were in 1891.

It is just fifty years since Constitutional Government was established in any true sense in Canada. Previous to that period, it meant the responsibility of the Executive to the Crown. Next it developed into the responsibility of the Executive to the Legislature. In our time, there has been a decided tendency towards the responsibility of the Executive to the election returns and the newspapers. That way danger lies; but any form of protest would be useless. The development of political institutions goes on by force of laws for which we have no scientific classification, and against which all forms of objection would be vain.

"TO WAKE AT SPRING."

Beneath a snowy mantle sleeps
The flowers of coming spring,
That waiteth long her magic touch,
New life, new hope to bring.
They sleep, but soon the world will share
The beauty of their petals fair.

Away in softer summer climes
The birds await the sign,
To bid them back to this fair land
Of maple grand, and pine.
They rest, but soon our hearts will be
The brighter for their minstrelsy.

And love that sleeps thro' winter drear,
Shall wake to feel the bliss
Of birdling's song and scented flowers,
And zephyr's balmy kiss—
Shall wake to see dull winter wing
Before the charms of winsome spring.

Awake! awake! she comes at last,
Soft clad in pure array,
She smiles and all the world is glad,
And snowdrifts melt away—
'Tis well that winter comes awhile
To know the charm of spring's first smile.

HASTINGS WEBLYN.

ONFETTERED.

A song of the Sault à la Puce*



AWAKENED again by April's sun
From dreary December's frozen sleep,
With many a frisk and many a leap,
With many a rush and headlong run,
The mountain stream on the hillside steep
Rewinds its thread as from silver spun.

As diamond clear thro' the wood it breaks,
Gainst the sturdy rocks, o'er the sandy shoals,
It tumbles and tosses and seethes and rolls
In rapids and falls and tiny lakes;
While soothed thro' many a black pool glides
In whose sullen depths the sly trout hides.

To never a warning pays it heed,
But rushes along in its folly freed
From every restraint, till, beyond recall
In its dare-devil race to the misty fall,
With a last mad plunge from the cliff's high brow,
Is hushed in St. Lawrence's wave below.

Robert M. Harper.

* The Sault à la Puce, in English, "The Flea's Jump," is the name of a picturesque woodland stream, which forms, at its joining with the St. Lawrence some fifteen miles below Quebec City, the beautiful fall from which it takes its name.



CHAPTER II.*

GIBRALTAR AND ALGIERS.

ON a fair morning, such as we Canadians know full well when the early spring-time is with us rich with promise of a lovely summer and the breeze is laden with the breath of fresh budding life, the low lying cliffs and hills of Spain and Africa lay to left and right, rolling away in graceful undulations. A wealth of color lay upon land and sea, great masses of cloud that had no threatening of rain in them moved over the headlands and indentations, while Africa was clothed in mist which rose and fell, ever and anon disclosing and then concealing her beauty.

Early in the day the bold cliffs of Cape St. Vincent were passed with the monument to Nelson plainly to be seen on the heights, and a little later the battle-ground of Trafalgar. Nearly opposite, on the African shore, the interesting town of Tangier, "more eastern than the East," lay in a valley surrounded by hills

Farther on our attention was directed to the Spanish Main where the ancient town of Tarifa slept, resting thankfully, perhaps, from the turmoil of ages. Each traveller spins his yarn, adding a word to the general stock of information on its history, and one gentleman with an eye to business announced to his audience that this peaceful village is responsible for our word "tariff," leaving an uncomfortable impression that appearances are ever deceitful, and such a small innocent-looking place has a great deal to answer for.

At this point The Straits reach their narrowest width of twelve miles, and thoughts travelled quickly back to the wild days of the Moors, when they held the keys of the Mediterranean compelling all who entered the Straits to pay heavy toll.

A thrill of admiration passed through us all as Gibraltar loomed into view, towering darkly menacing against the sky, in outline having the appearance of a lion *couchant*, looking out toward the sea,—a noble promontory, standing up abruptly from the low lying ground immediately surrounding it, surely in very truth a thorn in the side of the haughty Spaniard ever since old Admiral Rooke gave the key of the Mediterranean into the possession of John Bull. The harbour is protected on the farther side by the frowning fortress falling abruptly away almost to a marsh called the Neutral Ground, which, toward the left, across the bay, rises again into picturesque hills with the little town of Algeciras lying at their feet.

*Chapter I. "From Toronto to Gibraltar," appeared in the April issue.

The temperature rose to summer heat when the steamer finally dropped her anchor inside the harbour and we divided into various parties, availing ourselves of the precious time at our disposal to go on shore. The difficulty of getting our bicycles to shore, and the danger of not finding a guide on a wheel, led us to leave them in their corner and travel like the common tourist.

On the tender we were met by eager, clamouring, hungry guides, all talking together in a wild, hopeless muddle of broken English and Spanish. After much excitement a bargain was struck with one who proved to have some intelligence.

A twofold delight took possession of us as we stepped on shore, for the luxury of treading on *terra firma* was increased by the novelty surrounding us. Dark-eyed Spaniards returned our curious gaze with equal curiosity, and Moors, at the doors of their queer little shops, dressed in European costume, with an inevitable bit of color introduced somewhere, stood lazily in



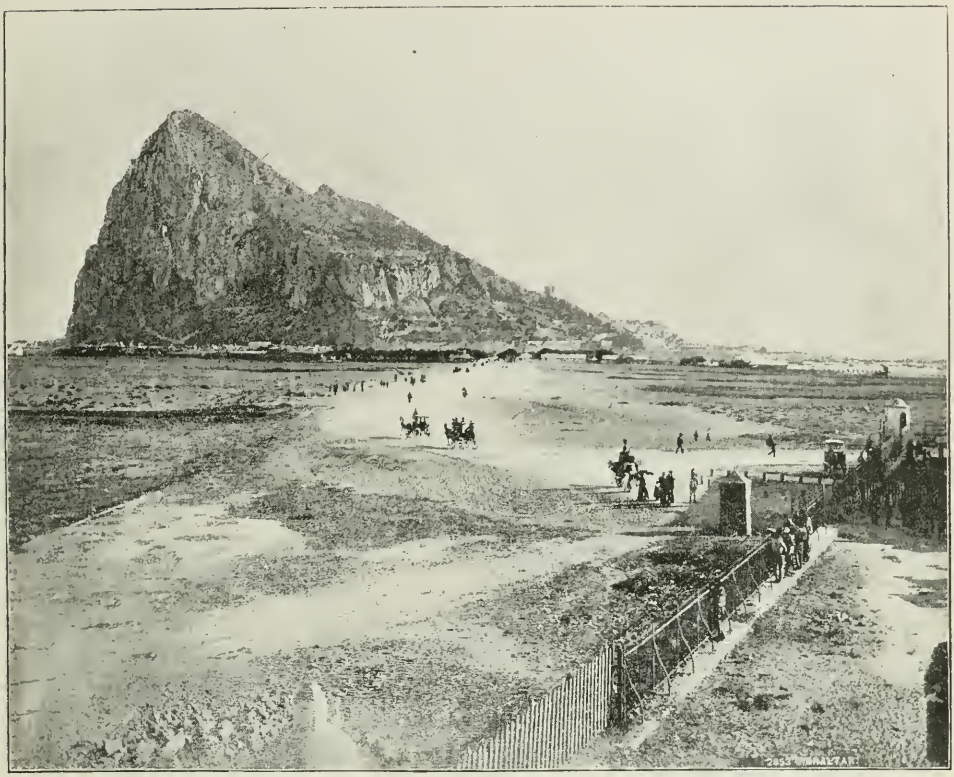
AT GIBRALTAR.

the midst of the Oriental brilliance of their wares.

In a nutshell, Gibraltar seems to contain most things that charm. We wandered up and down odd narrow streets with the most unexpected turns and corners; quaint old houses, with their gables and jutting angles forming themselves into delightful picturesque irregularities. Patient donkeys disappear under enormous burdens of huge paniers on either side, filled with coal or vegetables or rags, the whole generally surmounted by a woman of grand, if not artistic, proportions, comfortably installed on the capacious seat anywhere between the tail and the shoulders. Nothing can be seen of this means of locomotion but a long tail, a long pair of ears, and four delicate little feet. Tommy Atkins, resplendent, brushes past the grave persons of Spanish priests in black silk shovel-shaped hats, and long black gowns. Stately English girls, with calm exterior, survey the hurrying travel-stained tourist with lofty disdain, which would be crushing had we time to notice it.

A drive in a funny little carriage, with a fringed top and open sides, drawn by a very small horse, from the quay through a gateway in the old wall of this town up to the Alameda Gardens, where the palms were growing to the size of trees, heliotrope and geranium in profusion forming high shrub-like hedges, while the cactii could be seen in many varieties. On the way to the gardens the great 100-ton gun was shown, that is, the little there was to be seen all the elaborate arrangements for dealing death at twelve miles distance, being below ground, and worked by electricity.

Two of these monsters, 400 smaller guns and about 6 000 troops complete the garrison of Gibraltar. An uncanny feeling took possession of us as we realized the hidden power that undermined the whole surface. Wherever we scanned the rock, were black yawning mouths which could at a moment's notice belch forth fire, spreading death and desolation on sea and land. Nearly every part of the rock facing Spain and the sea, is a



GIBRALTAR.

ramification of tunnels with gaping caverns at regular intervals, in every one of which is a great gun.

After driving through the gardens, and surveying monuments, etc., in true guide-book fashion, we passed under some fine old historical gates, and on to the neutral ground, an insignificant patch of dusty grass a quarter of a mile wide, which could be instantly submerged if necessary, across which the watch-dogs of Spain and England glare at each other. On the British side Highland soldiers were on guard, pacing up and down a narrow path, and on the opposite side were the Spanish sentry-boxes.

All who wish to pass between the two countries must go by the high-road armed with a permission which is only granted for a few hours, and on the frontier every one is rigidly examined.

We stared about us, laughing, talking, exclaiming like a lot of ill-bred children just let loose, smelling the flowers, gazing at the view, driving the guide frantic with a thousand questions, tumbling over guns and soldiers; the latter returning our admiring gaze with interest, and a look that seemed to hover on the borderland of a wink, which we were inclined to resent, till remembrance forced upon us the sad truth that we were "tourists," and must take the consequences.

Soon a stampede was made for the photograph shop where we pulled down the whole place and walked off with the worst specimens we could find; much weeping and gnashing

of teeth being the out-come thereof.

An hour and a half from the time we landed, we were once more steaming out into the sunny richness of the blue sea —yet not more blue (I am aching to say it in the face of possible ridicule)—not more blue, with an exquisite sapphire bathed in lovely silver gleam, than our own Ontario, lying spread with gladness as oft I flew by on the wings of my silent steed, with an exhilarating sense of life rushing through my veins.

Luncheon was a material matter not worthy of notice. We stood rather at the stern, watching the changing outline of the fortress, strong and splendid, with silent defiance bristling at every point, while Ceuta, the other Pillar of Hercules, dimly distinct across fifteen miles of distance could be seen on the southern shore. Then as the day wore on both faded into the twilight, and we were once more out of sight of land on our way to Algiers.

Imagination becomes sharpened by new scenes crowded with the history of the past, and a New-World, peace-loving soul is wrung with horror as he (or she) glides over the quiet summer sea, away from the shores of Spain, and comes upon the little fortress called The Penon of Algiers.

Thought quickly stretches back across the ages to the time when hordes of Turks, Moors and Barbarians from east and south and north, swooped down upon the world with ruthless savagery, to scenes of awful conflict, hand to hand, upon the high seas when galleys were locked, and man to man they fought with the cruel glare of lust for blood flashing from their pitiless eyes, while the groans of the dying, mingled with the hoarse cry of the victor, and the pure blue of the inland sea was dyed with the blood of her children.

The various stories of splendid defences made by the gallant little garrisons of The Penon in many a cruel siege, awaken deep interest, which is not lessened by the fact that it extended its protection to the pirates, and during three centuries was a safe refuge for the robbers of the high seas.

On arrival at Algiers, various curious sight-seers deluded themselves with the idea that they would have six or eight good hours on shore, to pry into the most sacred recesses of the town. But we had something yet to learn.

The calm deliberation with which the mind and body of southern humanity moves has something deeply impressive about it. I confess to being positively awed therewith, and in times of chiefest agitation feel a hypnotic sensation of suppression steal over my turbulent spirit, and with the resignation of a fatalist await the progress of events.



EASTERN CHIVALRY.

Illness of some description in the steerage necessitated a visit from the quarantine doctor. In the interval we amused ourselves hanging over the sides of the vessel, from which we had a fine view of the "White City," spread out over the shore and up the hill, terrace upon terrace towards Musta-



A STREET IN ALGIERS.

pha on the one side and the old Arab quarter on the other.

Very beautiful it looked, with its pure whiteness brilliant in the southern sun, a calm sea drowsing lazily within its sheltering embrace. The long straight buildings, with arched galleries supported by many pillars, and the rounded domes of the Mosques lending a delightful picturesqueness to the whole.

Close in under the lee of the vessel, life curious, if not pleasing, presented itself. Life—made up of Turks, Moors, Arabs, Soudanese, faces of every type, dialects of all known tongues and costumes in odd mixtures of gorgeous eastern coloring and ragtag and bob-tail of modern garments used for whatever purpose their prolific fancy prompted—sat itself in small rude boats, gabbling gesticulating in a wild hurly-burly, yet ever good natured, a crowd of dirty humanity, ready to pounce upon us the instant we appeared at the gangway.

Where the vessel was coaling, a gathering of creatures, seemingly hardly human, congregated, — with faces absolutely black and their bodies covered by what might once have been flour bags blackened by coal dust, the tops of which stood up over the head in long satanic peaks, thence falling over the shoulders and arms to the knees. Two or three dozen formless figures thus arranged, stood about looking like shades of lost souls just arrived from the river Styx to wander abroad on the earth.

Even the most interesting things become monotonous after a time; the arrival of the quarantine doctor was restlessly looked for, and the waning of the sun was damping the highest spirits, while, by way of passing the time, charming rumours of smallpox, diptheria, or anything else that a vivid imagination could conjure up, was retailed for our benefit.

Something after six the grumblers ceased their grumbling, and the patient put off their air of resignation, as a portly personage much alive to his own importance, laboriously climbed the gangway and passed between the groups of weary waiters, accompanied by the ship's doctor and first officer.

Shortly after, *à la* every man for himself, we were pushing and scrambling, as best we could, down the gangway and caught in the grasp of Cook, or of a yelling crowd of dark eager faces asking ten times their price to take us from the ship to the landing-steps; swinging lanterns and topplish boats added to the confusion and we flopped down somewhere, which was, more by good luck than good management, in the boat instead of in the water. To have taken our bicycles was impossible.

Once on land a guide and carriages were hurriedly engaged, and we drove to the Great Mosque and the Palace of the Deys. In the darkness made visible by miserable gaslight, we could see enough of the carving, mosaics, and curious panelling formed of priceless tiling, to imagine the artistic beauty and richness of the whole when the full light of day was upon it.

Then we drove away to our heart's desire, the old Arab quarter, and we were at once translated back to the weal and woe of a bygone age.

From street to street we wandered in a maze of wonder and delight, the fitful light of gas-lamps high up in the walls, few and far between, intensifying the gloom of the weird place. Such streets, two or three yards wide at the widest—yet streets they are, running, twisting and winding in every direction, up and down steep ascents with pavements perhaps thousands of years old; sometimes with flights of steps the whole length and width of the street, worn into deep gullies by the tramp of seething life which has infested them through all the ages.

Shops, or rather, tiny cellars on either side, piled nugga-mugga with every kind of commodity that can be conceived; fruits of all sorts, vegetables, meats, gaudy trinkets, Moorish brasswork, and all manner of materials, pottery and basketwork, in a setting of unsightly filth indescribable. In the midst, sat squalid figures, enveloped in colored draperies, thrown about them with a picturesque grace, utterly unattainable in a clean and inartistic community, with the swarthy skin and lustrous eyes that hold one enthralled, while yet physically repulsed.

There were Cafés and card places, where dozens of men of all ages congregate, gambling, talking, drinking. Above us, as we walk, rise the dark walls of the houses, discolored and distorted with age, leaning outwards till they touch each other, with here and there a peculiar shaped balcony jutting out, with cross pieces of wood plastered over, supporting them.

At intervals, small apertures appear in the walls, through which a light glimmers feebly, and the guide tells us inside those prison walls are the women of the better classes, who never

go out, are never seen—a low, heavy, black door opens and shuts with a hopeless clang, as a dark, gliding figure disappears within, and we pass on, shuddering, down the streets of this city of mystery, ignorance, and mediæval superstition. A full moon forces its pale light through crevices in the meeting roofs, deepening the mystery and horror.



IN ALGIERS—HOUSES AND BALCONIES.

Ghostly figures, with superb carriage, in flowing white raiment, glide to and fro with noiseless tread, or stand motionless in unexpected niches, the black eyes gleaming with wondrous light from out the darkness. Women of a lower grade pass us slowly, silently, all in white, veiled to the eyes in the lovely Jashmak. Now we come upon a Moorish prayer-house, where the priest, in weary monotone, calls continually "Al—lah, Al—lah," while the worshippers bend forward in quick, successive, rhymic motion, touching the floor again and again with their foreheads.

On we pass, fascinated, yet with a tremor in our veins, for the shades of night make gruesome shadows, and we fear to stay, though loath to go. But, alas! our short time is up, and shaking off the stealthy mysticism that has dominated us, we again seek our carriages, and drive out into the brightly lighted streets, where noisy modern life hurries ceaselessly back and forth. Here again we see the grand figures of the Moorish men, draped in their beautiful Haik and splendid turbans, moving in the crowd with calm and stately step.

We draw a long breath, and it is all gone—to add one more dream to the dream life behind us—and once more we are haggling over our fares on the way back to the steamer.

Another day, during which the rugged shores and mountainous heights of Sardinia were passed, and then Capri and the bay of Naples, with Vesuvius rearing its treacherous summit above clouds of mist, came in view. Hot sunshine glowed over the city and the curving shores of its exquisite bay, while purple mists veiled the distant Apennines — yet my first impression was one of disappointment. I had thought, and read, and dreamed of Naples many a day and night. Could it be that imagination had outstripped the reality?



AN ALGERIAN WOMAN OF LOWER CLASS.

He that expecteth nothing shall not be disappointed.

(To be continued.)

A PHANTOM OF THE BRAIN.

In the silent hours of slumber,
Walk the dreams about my bed,
Weaving fancies of the living
With the memories of the dead.

Quickly, with the moments fleeting,
Pleasures vanish one by one;
Deeper grows my desolation—
Soon the setting of the sun.

From the bosom of deep waters,
Touched with glories of the moon,
Voices seem forever sighing,
"Life itself will vanish soon."

Dimly dawn, beyond the shadows,
Visions of a world to come—
Love, enthroned on golden pinions,
Crowning an Elysium.

In the unveiled perfect beauty
Of great Nature's noblest mould,
Youth and maiden—Love's creation—
Dream the dreams the gods unfold.

Venus for Adonis weeping,
Feels Love's pleasures and its pains,
In exulting gifts of nature
Coursing through her youthful veins.

Twining rose, or blending lily,
Cupid's children round her play,
Wreathed in garland groups of gladness,
Whirling their sweet lives away.

To the rythmn of some movement,
Not of earth—some magic strain—
Surely these are souls immortal?
Not the phantoms of the brain!

Thus I muse, and for an answer,
Comes the weird and sad refrain,
"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish
Never to return again."

Then upon the angry billows,
Lo! a fragile bark appears
Riding in majestic silence:
To my feet the helmsman steers.

Save the sadness of the ocean
All is still, and cold, and dark,
As upon an unknown voyage,
I, in loneliness, embark.

Death's dark angel grimly smiling,
Tells me of a wondrous shore:
Doom, its radiant glories mingle,
With the days that are no more.

Fast the scenes of earth are fading;
All my soul is sunk in fear;
Wild, fantastic shapes, and visions;
Gruesome figures hover near.

In my woe and desperation,
Of the pilot I implore
"Mystic being, in thy mercy,
Whither drift we? To what shore?"

But no answer, only silence—
Gathering strength to make reply:
Then, a crashing peal of thunder
Rends the purple vault on high.

Through the lurid lightning's pathway
Brightly gleams the distant plain,
Where in virgin charms reposing,
Maidens chant the sad refrain.

"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish,
Never to return again;
Slowly, slowly, life is ebbing,
Mortal tears and hopes are vain."

Deeper grows my desolation;
Still I vow the shore to gain,
But a shaft, from Jove descending,
Cleaves my fragile bark in twain.

ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY—MAIN BUILDING.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND ITS FOUNDERS.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A.

NO incident is trivial that marks mental expansion. As psychologists study the growth and note every phase in the unfolding of the human mind from the first dawning of intelligence in the infant to the maturity of mental vigor in manhood, so may we study the higher life of a nation through the development of its educational institutions. Beginning with the day of early struggles, limited means and restricted resources, advancing to broader and better things, each step of the way, each milestone that marks the progress of a university is of deepest interest, not only to those who look to her as their *Alma Mater*, but to all who seek the highest development of national life.

The Scottish nation is proverbial for its love of education. Its parish schools and its universities are alike characterized by efficiency and adaptation to national ideals, and its people are not slow to take advantage of the opportunities afforded for obtaining a thorough education. The Scotchman when he leaves his native land to seek his fortune elsewhere carries with him his love of learning. To this fact Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., owes its existence.

The U. E. Loyalists, many of them of Scottish descent, who had settled along the Upper St. Lawrence and the Bay of Quinte in the latter part of the last century, felt the want of something better than the ordinary public school, and as early as 1789 had memorialized Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General, for a seminary at Frontenac, now Kingston. Their request was granted, and provision made for its support. Its first princi-

pal was Dr. John Stewart, a Scottish clergyman, who had already made a name for himself in Pennsylvania. He was succeeded by Mr. John Strachan, who afterwards became famous for the part he took in connection with King's College, Toronto, as its first president, who established Trinity College, and as Bishop Strachan did important work for the Anglican church. This seminary, excellent as it was, only rendered keener the desire for a higher standard of education, and paved the way for the establishment of Queen's.

A steady stream of immigration had set in from England, Ireland and Scotland, and in the early years of the century the province of Upper Canada was being rapidly settled. The Scotch immigrants were principally Presbyterians, and the synod of the Church of Scotland found some difficulty in securing an adequate supply of ministers. The desirability of training men on the spot, instead of obtaining them from the mother country, was realized. In 1831 the establishment of a university was discussed, and, subsequently, Kingston was selected as the most suitable site.

Meanwhile the proposal for a provincial university at Toronto, under the name of King's College, was being considered. Had it been carried into effect within a reasonable time, and had the college been undenominational, it is doubtful whether Queen's would have been established. But the delay, and the determination of Dr. Strachan to make King's College a sectarian institution, led to decisive steps on the part of the Presbyterians.

In January, 1839, the synod, at a meeting held in Hamilton, resolved to delay no longer, and instructed a commission to proceed. The sum of $120,000 was fixed as the minimum amount necessary to begin operations, and as assistance from the government seemed hopeless, an appeal was made to the Presbyterians of the two provinces, who then numbered about 100,000, for this sum. The appeal stated that though the primary object was to secure a high standard of education for their own ministers, it was also the purpose of the promoters to provide facilities for literary and scientific training, open to all, without religious tests of any kind. A public meeting was held at Kingston, in December, 1839, at which decisive steps were taken and a subscription list opened. Rev. Dr. Machar was chairman and made a strong appeal on behalf of the proposed university. A prominent figure at the meeting was Mr. John A. Macdonald, a young lawyer of twenty-four, who was just entering upon his career, and who is now better known as the late Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Oliver Mowat, the veteran premier of Ontario, was also present, and took an active interest in the proceedings. From that meeting Queen's University dates its birth.

An Act of Incorporation was secured from the Legislature, but it was disallowed, on technical grounds, by the Imperial authorities, and a Royal Charter substituted, bearing date October 16th, 1841. It granted Her Majesty's title to the new institution, instead of the University at Kingston, which was the name in the disallowed act. The charter declared that degrees were not to be conferred until there were four professors. Towards securing this charter Hon. Wm. Morris, of Perth, and Rev. Dr. Matheson, of Montreal, did much, and deserve to be recognized among the founders of Queen's. On the 7th of March, 1842, educational work was commenced, with two professors, eleven matriculated students and a few non-matriculants. If this beginning seems humble, it was no more so than that of the University of Glasgow, which commenced with four professors, or Marischal College, Aberdeen, which set out on its career with a principal and two professors, or the University of Cambridge, which had



REV. JOHN COOK, D.D., LL.D.
Principal 1857-1859 and First Chancellor.

for its initial staff an abbot and three monks, who met their classes in a barn. The founders of Queen's had faith, and showing their faith by their works had no reason to be ashamed of the result. The unpretentious wooden building in which the classes first assembled still stands on Colborne street in Kingston.

King's College had secured its charter in 1827, but its classes did not assemble till June, 1843. The Methodists had, in 1836, established at Cobourg an institution under the name of The Upper Canada Academy, which was at a later period merged, under a provincial charter, into Victoria College, with university powers. Queen's can, however, lay claim to have been the first university to open classes in what is now the Province of Ontario.

Dr. Patton, the Principal of Princeton, says that "a chronic condition of impecuniosity is a sure sign of a healthy college." Judged by this standard Queen's has always been a vigorous institution, for its operations have been continuously hampered for want of funds. It has had no McGill, or McDonald, or Munro, or McMaster, or Cornell, to contribute largely of their wealth for its support. Yet when occasion arose it has always found many who were willing to help it to the extent of their ability. To every appeal a generous response has been made by its friends.

For years the new college had a severe struggle for existence. The country was poor, and the number of students necessarily limited. The revenue was derived from interest on the small endowment fund subscribed at the outset, from class fees, and an annual grant of $5,000 from the Legislature. It struggled along, doing good work, its graduates comparing favorably in the standing they took in the



WHERE THE FIRST CLASSES WERE HELD.

community with those of the more richly endowed institutions. The curriculum was not so varied as that of some of the larger universities, but the work undertaken was thoroughly done, and if the true function of a university be to afford mental training, that can be successfully accomplished where the subjects are comparatively few.

In 1869 a crisis arose. The government grant was suddenly withdrawn, and the failure of the Commercial Bank, in which Queen's was a large stockholder, immediately followed. It seemed as if there was no alternative but to close the college doors. An emergency meeting of the synod was called to consider the situation. It was decided to make an appeal to the public. In a short time a sum sufficient to yield a revenue equal to that which had been lost was subscribed, and the university was placed in a position to continue its work.

Soon after the foundation of Queen s the trustees had secured a handsome stone building on a commanding site overlooking Lake Ontario, erected for a private residence by the late Archdeacon Stuart. To this was added a building for the medical faculty. In 1878 the want of more accommodation was seriously felt, and a scheme was formulated by which the citizens of Kingston were asked to provide new buildings at a cost of $50,000, and the friends of the university outside the city the sum of $100,000 for the endowment of new chairs and further equipment. The amount was soon forthcoming. In 1879 the corner stones of a handsome building, on an addition to the campus purchased for the purpose, were laid by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, and in 1880 the new building was opened.

The year 1885 witnessed an important epoch in university history in Ontario. The University of Toronto was sadly in want of money, and its friends appealed to the Government to come to its assistance. When their demand was being considered the benefactors of the other universities pointed out that having already given of their private means to the several institutions in which they were interested it would be unfair to compel them to contribute through the public funds to another university; that the friends of Toronto should be asked to subscribe as they had done; or, that any plan for government aid should be comprehensive enough to include all the universities. As private munificence for Toronto was doubtful, and it appeared unlikely the legislature would sanction a grant, a comprehensive scheme of university federation was formulated. It was proposed that the other universities should suspend their degree-granting powers for a term of years, that they should all remove to Toronto, that taking advantage of certain classes in Toronto University, which would be common to all, they should devote their entire attention to such subjects as they saw fit to make specialties, and accept a representation on the governing and examining boards, which should confer degrees upon the students of all. The friends of Queen's looked upon this scheme as meaning absorption, and thinking that the interests of higher education would be best conserved by having universities of varying types at different centres, declined to raise the quarter million of dollars which would have been necessary for removal. They readily gave, however, a quarter million to further equip Queen's. The amount was raised within a year, chiefly by small subscriptions. The last day of 1887 saw the full amount subscribed, and the movement having been made in the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and when the university named in her honor was about to celebrate its jubilee, the endowment was called the Jubilee Fund. The total endowment is only about half a million dollars. The annual revenue is

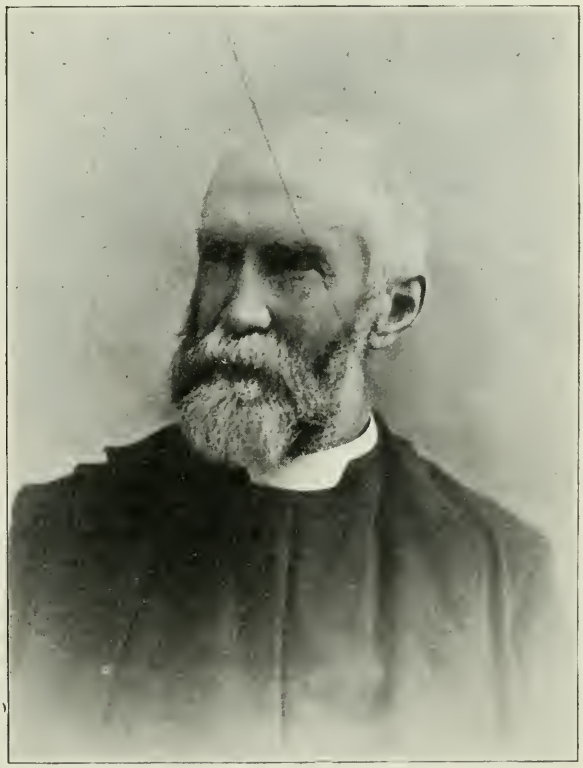


CHANCELLOR FLEMING, C.M.G.

proximity of the Provincial Penetentiary and Rockwood Asylum affording exceptional advantages for this branch of study. It was the first university in Ontario to recognize the principle of co-education, and from its halls went forth the first "sweet girl graduates." It was also one of the first to establish courses of extra mural and post-graduate study. The John Carruthers Science Hall, provided by the munificence of a late resident of Kingston, less than $40,000, but this small sum has been found sufficient, with careful and prudent management, to produce splendid results.

While money is necessary for carrying on the work of a university, men are of more importance. Queen's seems to possess the faculty of gathering around her men of the highest character, and to fill them with intense love for her and enthusiastic devotion to their work. To this her success is largely due.

As a result of the origin of Queen's, its theological faculty is Presbyterian, but the literary and scientific courses are undenominational. Its medical faculty has always stood high, the



PRINCIPAL GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., LL.D.

furnishes opportunity for a full course in practical science, and the School of Mines and the Mining Laboratory afford a training in a branch of study of great importance to the country, and which till recently could not be had within the province. Schools of Veterinary and Agriculture are also in close proximity to the university.

A feature of Queen's in which it differs from most other universities in this country, though like Edinburgh, after which it is modelled, is that it is self-governing. Its founders took the ground that it was wiser to entrust the management of its affairs to a few learned men than to give it to a large body, like a synod, which might not always exercise its powers judiciously. The result has justified their action. The entire management, including the appointment of professors, is vested in a board of trustees, who retire in rotation and who fill vacancies in their own ranks as they occur. The university council has a representation on the board. This council consists of the Chancellor, Trustees, Senate and thirty-three elective members chosen by the graduates. It has power to discuss all matters relating to the welfare of the university and to make representations of its views to the trustees or senate, its suggestions being almost invariably acted upon.

Queen's has been fortunate in her administrators. When provision was made by the Act of 1874 for a Chancellor, it was fitting that Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, who was one of the founders and an ex-principal, should be elected to the position. No man stood higher in the esteem of the community than he. When he retired at the close of his three years term, Sandford Fleming, C. M. G., chief engineer of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, and the inventor of the zone system of standard time and the twenty-four o'clock method of measuring it, was elected his successor. So well has he filled the position that he is now serving his fifth term, and on the last two occasions his election was unanimous. To professional skill he adds literary ability of a high order, and his advice on matters pertaining to the welfare of the university is characterized by sound judgment and a keen insight into the requirements of such an institution. He has proved himself to be a wise councillor and an able administrator.

The first principal of Queen's was Rev. Thos. Liddell, D.D., of Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, who was appointed in 1841. Having been released from his charge he came to Canada as soon as possible after the royal charter was granted, and commenced his work of instruction when the classes were first opened. In addition to being principal he was professor of a number of subjects. He did good work during his incumbency, which terminated with his resignation in 1846. He was succeeded by Rev. John Machar, D.D., minister of St. Andrew's church, Kingston, who in addition to the work of his charge performed the duties of principal from 1846 till 1852. Rev. John Cook, D D., LL.D., minister of St. Andrews Church, Quebec, filled the principalship, temporarily, from 1857 till 1859. Two of the ablest men in Canada, and both active among the founders of the university, Dr. Machar and Dr. Cook did splendid work, but it was felt that the institution required someone at its head who could devote his whole time to its interests. Rev. Wm. Leitch, D.D., a Scotch clergyman, was offered the appointment, and entered upon his duties in 1859. He was a scholarly man, and, by voice and pen, left a lasting impress. His best known contribution to literature is a work entitled "God's Glory in the Heavens." Its purpose, as stated in the preface, was to meet the felt necessity of a better adjustment between the arguments of the theologian and the discoveries of the astronomer. During his adminis-

tration internal dissentions arose, which seriously affected the work of the university. He died in 1864.

After Dr. Leitch's death Rev. Wm. Snodgrass, D.D., minister of St. Paul's church, Montreal, was called to the principalship. He united fine scholarship with eminent business ability, and piloted the university through a trying period of its history. He was at its head when the crisis of 1869 came, and made a personal canvass to secure the endowment fund, a work entailing a vast expenditure of time and strength. It was owing to his exertions, and those of the late Professor Mackerras, that the sum which ensured the continuance of Queen's was raised. Professor Mackerras, a man universally beloved, at that time filled the chair of classics. Amidst general regret Dr. Snodgrass resigned in 1878, and returned to Scotland, where he was appointed minister of the parish of Canobie. His services to Queen's University during the thirteen years he was at its head will not soon be forgotten.



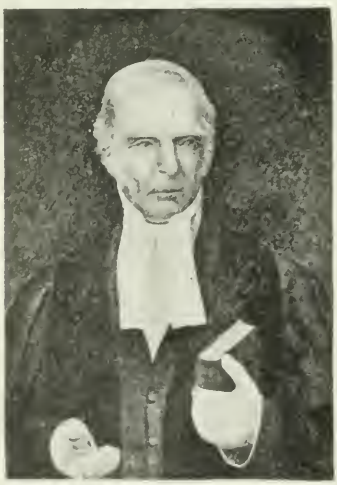
THE LATE DR. WILLIAMSON.

When Dr. Snodgrass resigned, Rev. George Munro Grant, M.A., minister of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, was asked by the trustees to take the principalship. The university was fortunate in securing such a man, and the governing body would have had to search far and wide to find one better fitted for the post. A native of the County of Pictou, N. S., which has given many distinguished men to this country, he unites qualities seldom found in combination in the same individual. He is a man of rare executive ability, a forcible writer, a speaker of great breadth of thought, and possessed of personal magnetism which attracts and holds around him a large circle of friends. Under his administration Queen's has gone for-



REV. WM. SNODGRASS, D.D.
Principal 1864-1877.

ward by leaps and bounds, and to the enthusiasm he inspired is due the success of the movement of 1878, for the securing new buildings and equipment, and the Jubilee Fund. The latter was raised almost entirely by his exertions. He possesses a wonderful capacity for work, and being still in the prime of life, has yet, it is to be hoped, many years of usefulness before him.



REV. JOHN MACHAR, D.D.
Principal 1846-1852.

In 1872, before coming to Queen's, Principal Grant crossed the continent in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, on a tour of inspection over the projected line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An account of the trip is given in "Ocean to Ocean," the literary work by which he is still best known. It is a book of wide grasp, and indicates keen powers of observation on the part of its author. His last published work, "The Religions of the World," which appeared in 1895, has already reached a circulation of 13,000.

In 1888, on the completion of the Jubilee Fund, Principal Grant's health



REV. W. LEITCH, D.D.
Principal 1859-1864.

having become impaired by the anxiety and labor connected with that movement, he took a trip around the world, and visited South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, where he had opportunities of bringing Canada and its resources under the notice of our antipodean fellow colonists. He also visited China and Japan. Travelling with his eyes open he is always ready to give the result of his observations to others not so fortunate, which he does in a most interesting manner. He is a liberal contributor to the periodical literature of the day. But his heart is in Queen's, and to him is due the high position she holds to-day as

a centre of intellectual life and culture.

Any notice of Queen's University would be incomplete without a reference to Dr. Williamson, whose name has been identified with it as a professor throughout its whole history. When Principal Liddell returned to Scotland at the close of the first session, he was authorized to secure the services of a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and Dr. Williamson was his choice. From that time till his death, which occurred in 1895, he filled successively the chairs of physics, chemistry, mathematics and astronomy, and was for many years vice-principal. No student has ever taken the Arts course without coming under the influence of the kindly professor, who never seemed to grow old, and who remained true to Queen's, notwithstanding tempting offers to forsake her for wider fields of influence. Never had a university a truer or more devoted friend.

The founders of Queen's builded better than they knew. The sapling planted over half a century ago has grown to be a strong and flourishing tree. The two professors have become thirty, and the eleven students have increased to five hundred and fifty: to the original faculties of Arts and Theology have been added those of Medicine and Law, and recently Practical Science, with the celebrated mathematician, Professor Dupuis, as Dean. With commodious buildings, excellent library, museum, laboratories, and other equipment, an enthusiastic staff of instructors, and a body of graduates ardently attached to their *Alma Mater*, there is no reason to doubt that she will continue to be a growing centre of intellectual life, and to do a large share in the future educational work of the country.

TO THE POET.

Not thou, O! gentle voice of Posey;
Canst always sway 'mong these material things.
The singer, warm with song, is sure it rings
In all the world's ear; that they bow the knee
Before him, bringer of Truth's jubilee;
But on the morrow, in the market place,
He has a vision of Truth's hopeless face;
There rise no acclamations: "hear and see
"The herald, who leads in the golden time."
The poet is deposed; trade dubbed sublime,
List! thou who didst sit often at the gates,
Those tall, white gates, that ope into the void,—
Hast thou ne'er, in all the silence, seen the Fates,
And knowing Truth's eternal, been o'erjoyed!

JOHN STUART THOMSON.



SANGSTER, IN HIS OLD AGE.

CHARLES SANGSTER, THE CANADIAN POET.

BY E. H. DEWART, D.D.

THE poets of a country rarely receive from the general public the recognition they deserve. A due appreciation of their rank, for the most part, comes late, and is confined to the few whom natural gifts and education have made susceptible to the influence of songs that "have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

Too many fail to recognize the inspiring and refining power of poetry, and regard it as the idle dreamings of the imagination, when loosed from the control of the reason. And yet, it would be easy to show how in most countries the national poets have strengthened the ties of patriotic unity, and stirred the hearts of the people to deeds of manly daring. The poetry of a country indicates, with tolerable accuracy, its place in the scale of intellectual culture and refinement.

But the true poet does much more than rouse patriotic sentiment by martial strains.

> "A Priest, by Heaven ordained,
> The Poet seer at Nature's altar stands
> To voice the reverent worship of his race;
> To coin in human language golden thoughts
> Bodied in matter's hieroglyphic forms,
> And sing the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears,
> Which thousands dumbly feel but cannot speak."

Whatever good things may be deservedly said of the younger Canadian poets, the people should not forget the pioneer bards of a past generation, who gave poetic utterance to the sentiment of a loyal patriotism, and made many Canadian scenes forever sacred by embalming them in descriptive verse. In this class CHARLES SANGSTER occupies a prominent place, and deserves the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

As long ago as 1864, the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons and past history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province. Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the mother-land, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills—her history, religion, and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affection, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality; an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and forms; and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong 'the vision and the faculty divine.' Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

Since this was written, a new generation of Canadian poets has arisen to enrich our native literature. They have given us many poems, marked by subtle thinking and rare descriptive power. They reveal the culture of our times in the deep inwoven harmonies of their verse. Yet they do not render this estimate obsolete or untrue. In some important respects, Sangster is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of the "grand old woods" and broad lakes of his country. Even the want of familiarity with the classical literature of the ancients, while it narrowed the range of his thoughts, and deprived him of important advantages, made him more intensely the poet of the land and times in which his lot was cast. For this reason, I am sorry that his countrymen do not know more about the man and the productions of his pen.

The unfavorable circumstances in which his literary work was done may well evoke sympathy and admiration. It is not too much to say that among the many poets of Britain and America, who had through life to battle against unpropitious fortune, poverty and cold neglect, there is scarcely one who had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or who faced unfriendly fate with a braver heart than Charles Sangster.

Mr Sangster was born at Kingston in 1822, and died at Ottawa in 1893. My personal acquaintance with him was very slight, but I had considerable correspondence with him on literary matters. In a letter written in 1864,

he gives the following facts respecting his early life:

"My father died at Penetanguishene in the service of the Navy Department, before I was two years of age. He had served a number of years in the navy as a joiner and ship-builder. He was the son of a U. E. Loyalist one Charles Sangster, a sergeant in 2nd Battalion 60th Regiment, and was for some time in the 44th. He (my grandfather) served for a period of nearly 32 years, and was present under General Burgoyne through the American Revolution, where his Highland valor was no disgrace to his name, nor to the service to which he was attached

"My grandfather Sangster was, I believe, from Leith, Scotland. My grandfather on my mother's side (Ross) was from Ross shire. He settled at Prince Edward Island, and I think it was in 1802-3 that my parents left there, proceeding upward to Canada. So I suppose the Scotch will, with some show of justice, lay claim to me; although my grandmother on my father's side was Irish, and my grandmother on my mother's side was English almost for the Munros from which she sprang, could scarcely have been English. So you see I have the blood of the three kingdoms in me—the greater part being Scottish.

"My mother was left with a large family when my father died, I being the youngest. She was then at Kingston, where she resided ever since on the navy grounds, until last spring, when she went home.' Having to work hard to maintain her family by the labor of her hands, it is not to be wondered at that I have not had the benefit of a classical education. But I remember having gone to several school-masters, who spoke most execrable English, and from whom I *didn't* learn to write my native tongue."

He was early forced to seek employment in order to contribute something towards the support of the family. In the ordnance department at Kingston he spent nearly ten years, where he said he did clerk's work on laborer's pay. Becoming thoroughly tired of this, he finally left in disgust, and spent several years in different newspaper offices in various capacities. There is no doubt this work was somewhat more congenial, and was a valuable training. Had not his poetic instinct been irrepressible, it must have been utterly crushed by the weary grinding toil of so many years; but the spirit of poety was a part of his being. In the later years of his life, he was a clerk in the civil service department at Ottawa, a position which, while it kept him above actual want, was not adapted to develop a poet's gifts. The wonder is that he accomplished so much.

His first volume, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other poems," was published in 1856. Though not of uniform merit throughout, and sometimes bearing marks of want of time for elaboration, such as is necessary to a polished style, it was full of the fire and glowing imagination of the true poet, accompanied by a wealth of description, and a copious supply of fresh and picturesque language. The chief poem portrays an imaginary voyage of the poet, and some fair but shadowy companion, down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay. It consists mainly of descriptive references to places and scenes along the shores of these mighty rivers, and such poetic musings as these scenes, or the events of which they were the theatres, inspire. The Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, and the bold scenery of the lone Saguenay, stir the soul of the patriotic bard, and call forth appropriate reflections. At intervals there is a burst of lyric melody from the voyageur, as if the measured movement of the more stately metre was too prosaic to fitly express the joyous admiration that thrilled him. Some of these are among his best lyrics. This poem contains one hundred and ten Spenserian stanzas. He informed me, several years before his death, that he had carefully re-written "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" for a new edition; but it has never been published.

In 1860, he published "Hesperus, and other Poems," which showed a marked improvement in literary finish, and was very favorably noticed by English and United States journals, as well as by the Canadian press. There is no labored efforts nor strain-

ing after effect. His finest expressions are simple and spontaneous. So competent a critic as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "His verse adds new interest to the woods and streams amidst which he sings, and embellishes the charms of the maidens he celebrates." Miss Ingelow wrote: "Mr. Sangster is a true poet, and his verses are all the more pleasant because he is never careless and never affected."

But, as in the case of nearly all poetic ventures in Canada, the popular demand for both volumes was discouragingly small; instead of being a source of profit, the proceeds of the sales did not pay the cost of publication. There must be a supply of "Hesperus" lying unsold somewhere, to this day. This comparative neglect greatly disheartened Mr. Sangster. He felt that he deserved a more appreciative recognition than he received; and, beyond all question, he was justified in cherishing this conviction. As showing how small tokens of favor were gratefully appreciated, I may mention that he once wrote, saying, "Mr. Chauveau," (Superintendent of Education in Quebec) "wrote me that there was too much love in both my volumes to use them for school purposes. Not so bad for a Frenchman—but I fear he was right. He said, however, if I got up a selection from both, he would buy from 50 to 100 copies every one or two years; and I thought this was a point gained, which might some day be put in practice."



SANGSTER, IN MIDDLE LIFE.

Mr. Sangster was a keen critic of poetry, though he received courteously, criticisms on his own work. A brother bard in his native city, must have been personally, as well poetically, disagreeable to him. He wrote, "Do you know anything of our Kingston Breakenridge, author of 'The Crusades and Other Poems?' Since dead—both man and book—but I send you one of his poems, with my opinion of the book. I wish you had his volume, because we might differ in regard to his merits. He was a lawyer. He hadn't the soul of a poet, and was forever carping at every one who dared to write poetry. He could even sneer at Leigh Hunt." He afterward sent me Breakenridge's volume

It was no small jealousy that prompted him to write in this severe strain; for he spoke in warmest terms of several other Canadian poets. Of another Kingston bard, he said, "You should know Evan McColl, and, if you ever make any stay in Kingston long enough, make his acquaintance by all means, and you will find him every inch a man."

As Sangster's volumes are in the hands of a very limited number of our people, I may be permitted to illustrate what I have said respecting the character of his genius, by a few brief citations from his poems. Occasionally there is an affluence of language, almost too splendid for the thought; but the expression of his thoughts is never tame or hackneyed. A striking poem in his first volume, entitled, "The Changes of a Night," opens with the imposing sentence,—

"Midnight had set her star-emblazoned seal
Upon the slumbering world."

Then in a waking dream, memory portrays the beloved one of the vanished past. The old blissful hours are lived over again, surcharged with the old joy.

"I saw her glide mysteriously past,
And felt the pressure of her heart-warmed hand;
The same rich music floated from her lips,
As when in happier days she sang to me
The tender ballads of a far-off land:
Her very breath was song, her words were odes
That set the pulses of the heart aglow
With a divine exuberance of love,
As pure as star-beams round the throne of night."

Here is a sonnet, entitled "Despondency"; though evidently the product of a morbid mental mood, it has a weird intensity of emotion in it, which makes it hard for one to read it without feeling something of the cowering dread it describes:

"There is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,
A flash of fire up-darting to my brain,
Sowing the seeds—and still the seeds concealing—
That are to ripen into future pain.
I feel the germ of madness in me springing.
Slowly, and certain, as the serpent's bound
And my poor hopes, like dying tendrils clinging
To the green oak, tend surely to the ground;
And Reason's grasp grows feebler day by day,
As the slow poison up my nerves is creeping,
Ever and anon through my crushed heart leaping,
Like a swift panther darting on its prey;
And the bright taper Hope once fed within,
Hath waned and perished in the rueful din."

Mr. Sangster is at his best in his martial and patriotic pieces. His "Song for Canada," though perhaps too full of fight for members of peace societies, breathes simply the spirit of the man, when he sings in the first stanza,

"Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame,
That fil ed with smiles
The triune isles.
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.
Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thri led our sires
Would flame throughout the land."

One of the most justly popular of our poet's pieces is "The Plains of Abraham," in which historic interest and the martial spirit are felicitously blended.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I stood upon the Plain,
That had trembled when the slain
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the battle heated foe,
When the steed dashed right and left,
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle rein was broken, and the rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod

Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to my aid !
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick, incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the wave,
When the storm, at blackest night,
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack ;
When Victory gave the word,
Then Scotland drew the sword,
And with arm that never faltered drove the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn ;
No envy-poisoned darts,
No rancour, in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The Power to whom each mighty act and victory are due,
For the saint-like Peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of Peace, compared with Strife !
Yours is the truest splendor, and the most enduring fame ;
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
Is harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.

Though he was not a religious poet in the sense of being a hymn writer, there is always present, even when not expressed in words, the lofty faith in God of a reverent worshipper in Nature's vast temple. This spirit is seen in his fine prelude to "Hesperus."

"The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous lowly speech.
All eloquent with music, as
The tremblings of a lyre,
To him that hath an ear to hear
They speak in words of fire.

"Not to learned sagas only
Their whisperings come down ;
The monarch is not glorified
Because he wears a crown.
The humblest soldier in the camp
May win the smile of Mars,
And 'tis the lowliest spirits hold
Communion with the stars.

"Thoughts too refined for utterance,
Etherial as the air,
Crowd through the brain's dim labyrinths
And leave their impress there ;
As far along the gleaming void
Man's searching glances roll,
Wonder usurps the throne of speech,
But vivifies the soul.

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod !
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From the chariot-wheels of God,
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were His footsteps left behind
To magnify His name."

I cannot but think of Sangster's life as illustrating the spirit of John Milton, who in his days of darkness said :

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

In one letter to me, after referring tenderly to the death of his mother, he says, "There are gains for all our losses. And, while in this vein, I may say, referring to the closing paragraph of your letter, that, were it not for that 'other world,' 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns,' I should be the most miserable of mortals. Fame is dross to me. I write because I believe it to be a duty ; and, succeed or fail, what little light I have shall not be hidden under a bushel. I have but one hope—one great hope—and it is great. You know it."

I have a strong conviction that when

the history of Canadian poetry comes to be written, Charles Sangster will be awarded a more appreciative recognition than he received from the people of his own generation.

"SWEET ANNABEL."

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,
What music in thy name!
Its very tone doth seem to own
A wealth of gentle fame.
It minds me of sweet summer time,
The woods, where violets dwell,
And birdling's song, that seemed to throng
With praise of Annabel.

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,
Thy soft melodious voice
Hath subtle power at darkest hour
To make my heart rejoice.
Thy smile, there's no resisting that
It holds in mystic spell
The aptless slave that dared to brave
The charms of Annabel.

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,
How pure thine azure eyes,
Which fondly grace thy sunlit face
With blue of cloudless skies;
The wealth of gold that crowns thine head,
Would miser's love compel,
Then how much more must I adore
Thy tresses, Annabel?

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,
My song shall ever be,—
A boundless theme, art thou, my Queen,
For muse or minstrelsy.
Ah! when my pen shall pow'rless rest,
Or tongue refuse to tell—
Then love will rise, thro' my poor eyes,
To thee, Sweet Annabel.

HASTINGS WEBLYN.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

CARMICHAEL'S aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Master MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what was pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot without tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their jidgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an' though a' say it as sudna, Maister MacWheep wud hae made a puir job o' the business himsel'. The parish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" enquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"'Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, an' the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemin"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite herself oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He lat oot that the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great management for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.

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"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nichts, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naethin' passed; but that wes the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."



THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are sure to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate, though ostentatiously veiled, curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfayden would be at the disposal of the kirk-yaird, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfayden called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was re-

ceived with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill-made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin' haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything out o' her, or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles of the Disruption for an 'oor, givin' oot that he was comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claithes."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half-a-croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes graund on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"'The minister is at dinner,' says she, 'an' can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"'It's reeligion a'm come aboot,' says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"'It's more likely to be whiskey from your breath, and you will find a public-house in the village; we give nothing to vagrants here.' Then she closed the door on his foot, and the language he used in the yard wesna connectit wi' reeligion."

Drumtochty admitted that this showed a woman of vigor—although our conventions did not allow us to treat Clockie or any known wastrel so masterfully—and there was an evident anxiety to hear more.

"Her dress was black an' fittit like a glove, an' wes set aff wi' a collar an' cuffs, an' a' saw she hadna come frae the country, so that wes ae thing settled; yon's either a toon dress, or maybe her ain makin' frae patterns.

"It micht be Edinburgh or Glesgie, but a' begin tae jalouse England aifter hearin' her hannel Clockie, sae a' watchit for a word tae try her tongue."

"Wurk is a gude handy test," suggested Jamie; "the English hae barely ae r, and the Scotch hae aboot sax in't."

"She wudna say't, Jamie, though a' gied her a chance, speakin' aboot ae wumman daein' a' thing in the manse, sae a' fell back on church, an' that brocht oot the truth. She didna say 'chich,' so she's no English born, and she didna say 'churrrch,' so she's been oot o' Scotland. It wes half and between, and so a' said it wud be pleasant for her tae be in her ain country again, aifter livin in the sooth."

Her hearers indicated that Elspeth had not fallen beneath herself, and began to wonder how a London woman would fit into Drumtochty.

"What div ye think she said tae me?" Then Drumtochty understood that there had been an incident, and that Elspeth as a conversationalist, if not as a reconteur, and found her equal.

"'You are very kind to think of my movements, but'"—and here Mrs. Macfayden spoke very slowly—"'I'm afraid they don't teach home geography at your school. Paisley is not out of Scotland.'"

"Ye've met yir match, Elspeth," said Jamie, with a hoarse chuckle, and the situation was apparent to all. It was evident that the new housekeeper was minded to hide her past, and the choice of her last residence was a stroke of diabolical genius. Paisley is an ancient town, inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, who used to make shawls and now spin thread

and the atmosphere is so literary that it is believed every tenth man is a poet. Yet no one boasts of having been born there, and natives will pretend they came from Greenock. No one can mention Paisley without a smile, and yet no one can say what amused him. Certain names are the source of perennial laughter, in which their inhabitants join doubtfully, as persons not sure whether to be proud or angry. They generally end in an apology, while the public, grasping vaguely at the purpose of such a place, settle on it every good tale that is going about the world unprovided for and fatherless. So a name comes to be bathed in the ridiculous, and a mere reference to it passes for a stroke of supreme felicity.

"Paisley"—Jamie again tasted the idea—"she 'ill be an acqueesition tae the Glen."

It was Sarah's first stroke of character to arrive without notice—having utterly baffled Peter at the Junction—and to be in complete possession of the manse on the return of Carmichael and his aunt from pastoral visits.

"Sarah," cried the old lady in amazement, at the sight of the housekeeper in full uniform, calm and self-possessed, as one having been years in this place, "when did ye come?"

"Two hours ago, ma'am, and I think I understand the house. Shall I bring tea into the dining-room, or would you rather have it in the study?" But she did not once glance past his aunt to Carmichael, who was gazing in silence at this composed young woman in the doorway.

"This is Sarah, John, who has come to keep yir house," and his aunt stepped back. "Sarah, this is my dear laddie, the minister."

Perhaps because her eyes were of a flashing black, that pierced one like a steel blade, Sarah usually looked down in speaking to you, but now she gave Carmichael one swift, comprehensive look that judged him soul and body, then her eyes fell, and her face, always too hard and keen, softened.

"I will try, sir, to make you comfortable, and you will tell me anything that is wrong."

"You took us by surprise, Sarah," and Carmichael, after his hearty fashion, seized his housekeeper's hand; "let me bid you welcome to the manse. I hope you will be happy here, and not feel lonely."

But the housekeeper only bowed, and turned to his aunt.

"Dinner at six? As you were not in, and it did not seem any use consulting the woman that was here, I am preparing for that hour."

"Well, you see, Sarah, we have just been taking tea, with something to it, but if ——"

"Gentlemen prefer evening dinner, ma'am."

"Quite right, Sarah," burst in Carmichael in great glee; "tea-dinner is the most loathsome meal ever invented, and we 'ill never have it in the Free manse."

"That is an admirable woman, auntie," as Sarah disappeared, "with sound views on important subjects. I'll never ask again where she came from; she is her own testimonial."

"You maunna be extravagant, John; Sarah hes never seen a manse before, and I must tell her not to——"

"Ruin me, do you mean, by ten courses every evening, like the dinners West-end philanthropists used to give our men to show them how to behave at the table? We 'ill be very economical, only having meat twice a week—salt fish the other days—but it will always be dinner."

"What ails you at tea-dinner, John? It's very tasty and homely."

"It's wicked, auntie, and has done more injury to religion than drinking. No, I'm not joking—that is a childish habit—but giving utterance to profound truth, which ought to be proclaimed on the house-tops, or perhaps in the kitchens.

"Let me explain, and I'll make it as

plain as day—all heresy is just bad thinking, and that comes from bad health, and the foundation of health is food. A certain number of tea dinners would make a man into a Plymouth Brother. It's a mere question of time.

"You see if a man's digestion is good he takes a cheerful view of things; but if he is full of bile, then he is sure that everybody is going to be lost except himself and his little set, and that is heresy. Apologetics is just dietetics; now there's an epigram made for you on the spot, and you don't know what it means, so we 'ill have a walk instead."

His aunt knew what was coming, but was too late to resist, so she was twice taken round the room for exercise, till she cried out for mercy, and was left to rest while Carmichael went out to get an appetite for that dinner.

Nothing was said during its progress, but when Sarah had finally departed after her first triumph, won under every adverse circumstance of strangeness and limited resources, Carmichael took his aunt's hand and kissed it.

"It is an illuminated address you deserve, auntie, for such a paragon; as it is, I shall be the benefactor of a Presbytery, asking the men up by turns on fast-days, and sending them home speechless with satisfaction."

"Sarah was always a clever woman; if she had only——' But Carmichael heard not, in his boyish excitement of householding.

"Clever is a cold word for such genius. Mark my words, there is not a manse in Perthshire that shall not sound with the praise of Sarah. I vow perpetual celibacy on the spot. No man would dream of marrying that had the privilege of such a housekeeper."

"Ye're a silly laddie, John; but some day a fair face will change a' yir life, an' if she be a good wumman like your mother, I'll thank God."

"No woman can be compared with her," and the minister sobered. "You and she have spoiled me for other women, and now you have placed me beyond temptation with such a cook."

So it came to pass that Carmichael, who knew nothing about fine cooking till Sarah formed his palate with her cunning sauces, and, after all, cared as little what he ate as any other healthy young man, boasted of his housekeeper continually by skilful allusions, till the honest wives of his fathers and brethren were outraged and grew feline, as any natural woman will if a servant is flung in her face in this aggravating fashion.

"I'm glad to hear you're so well pleased, Mr. Carmichael," Mrs. MacGuffie would say, who was full of advice, and fed visitors on the produce of her garden, "but no man knows comfort till he marries. It's a chop one day and a steak the next all the year round—nothing tasty or appetising; and as for his shirts, most bachelors have to sew on their own buttons. Ah, you all pretend to be comfortable, but I know better, for Mr. MacGuffie has often told me what he suffered."

Whereat Carmichael would rage furiously, and then, catching sight of MacGuffie, would bethink him of a Christian revenge. MacGuffie is invited up to a day of humiliation—Sarah receiving for once *carte blanche*—and after he has powerfully exhorted the people from the words, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke," he was conducted to the manse in an appropriately mournful condition, and set down at the table. He was inclined to dwell on the decadence of Disruption principles during soup, but as the dinner advanced grew wonderfully cheerful, and being installed in an arm-chair with a cup of decent coffee beside him, sighed peacefully and said, "Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness." Mr. MacGuffie had not come to the age of sixty, however, without learning something, and he only gave his curious spouse to understand that Carmichael had done



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness."

all in his power to make his guest comfortable, and was not responsible for his servant's defects.

Ladies coming with their husbands to visit the manse, conceived a prejudice against Sarah on the general ground of dislike to all housekeepers as a class of servants outside of any mistress's control, and therefore apt to give themselves airs, and especially because this one had a subtle suggestion of independent personality that was all the more irritating because it could not be made plain to the dull male intelligence, which was sadly deceived.

"What a lucky man Carmichael is on his first venture!" Even Dr. Dowbiggin, of St. Columba's, Muirtown, grew enthusiastic to his wife in the privacy of their bedchamber on a sacramental visit, and everyone knows that the Doctor was a responsible man, ministering to four Bailies and making "overtures" to the Assembly, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with "Venerable House." "I am extremely pleased to see . . . everything so nice."

"You mean, James, that you have had a good dinner, far too ambitious for a young minister's table. Did you ever see an entrée on a Disruption table or dessert with finger glasses? I call it sinful—for the minister of Drumtochty, at least; and I don't believe he was ever accustomed to such ways. If she attended to his clothes, it would set her better than cooking French dishes. Did you see the coat he was wearing at the station?—just like a gamekeeper. But it is easy for a woman to satisfy a man: give him something nice to eat, and he 'ill ask no more."

"So far as my recollections serves me, Maria"—the Doctor was ruffled, and fell into his public style—"I made no reference to food, cooked or uncooked, and perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a subject one thinks of . . . at such seasons. What gave me much satisfaction was to see

one of our manses so presentable; as regards the housekeeper, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, she seemed a very capable woman indeed," and the Doctor gave one of his coughs, which were found most conclusive in debate.

"It's easy to be a man's servant," retorted Mrs. Dowbiggin, removing a vase of flowers from the dressing-table with contempt, "for they never look below the surface. Did you notice her hands, as white and smooth as a lady's? You may be sure there's little scrubbing and brushing goes on in this manse."

"How do you know, Maria?"—the Doctor was weakening. "You have never been in the house before."

"We 'ill soon see that, James, though I daresay it would never occur to a man to do such a thing. Did you ever look below the bed?"

"Never," replied the Doctor, promptly, who was not constructed to stoop, "and I am not going to begin after that . . . ah . . . this evening, with work before me to-morrow. But I would be glad to see you."

"I have done so every night of my life for fear of robbers, and the dust I've seen in strange houses—it's there you can tell a good servant," and Mrs. Dowbiggin nodded with an air of great sagacity.

"Well," demanded the Doctor, anxiously watching the operation, "guilty or not guilty?"

"She knew what I would do. I hate those sharp women;" and then the Doctor grew so eloquent over uncharitable judgments and unreasonable prejudices that his wife denounced Sarah bitterly as a "cunning woman who got on the blind side of gentlemen."

Her popularity with Carmichael's friends was beyond question, for though she was a reserved woman, with no voluntary conversation, they all sent messages to her, enquired for her well-being at Fast-days, and brought her gifts of handkerchiefs, gloves, and such like. When they met at Theologicals and Synods they used to talk of Sarah with unction—till married men were green with envy—being simple fellows and helpless in the hands of elderly females of the Meiklewham genus. For there are various arts by which a woman, in Sarah's place, wins a man's gratitude, and it may be admitted that one is skilful cooking. Sensible and book-reading men do not hunger for six courses, but they are critical about their toast and . . . nothing more, for that is the pulse. Then a man also hates to have any fixed hour for breakfast—never thinking of houses where they have prayers at 7.50 without a shudder—but a man hates to be kept waiting five minutes for dinner. If a woman will find his belongings, which he has scattered over three rooms and the hall, he invests her with many virtues, and if she packs his portmanteau, he will associate her with St. Theresa. But if his hostess be inclined to discuss problems with him, he will receive her name with marked coldness; and if she follow up this trail with evil food, he will conceive a rooted dislike for her, and will flee her house. So simple is a man.

When Sarah proposed to Carmichael that she would prepare breakfast when he rung for his hot water, and when he never caught a hint of reproach on her face though he sat up to three and came down at eleven, he was lifted, hardly believing that such humanity could be found among women, who always seemed to have a time table they were carrying out the livelong day.

"The millennium is near at hand," said MacQueen, when the morning arrangement of the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty were made known to him—MacQueen, who used to arrive without so much as a nightshirt, having left a trail of luggage behind him at various junctions, and has written books so learned that no one dares to say that he has not read them. Then

he placed an ounce of shag handy, and Carmichael stoked the fire, and they sat down, with Beaton, who could refer to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas from beginning to end, and they discussed the Doctrine of Scripture in the Fathers, and the formation of the Canon, and the authorship of the Pentateuch till two, in the study. Afterwards they went to MacQueen's room to hear him on the Talmud, and next adjourned to Beaton's room, who offered a series of twelve preliminary observations on the Theology of Rupert of Deutz, whereupon his host promptly put out his candle, leaving that man of supernatural memory to go to bed in the dark: and as Carmichael pulled up the blind in his own room, the day was breaking and a blackbird had begun to sing. Next afternoon Beaton had resumed his observations on Rupert, but now they are lying among the heather on the side of Glen Urtach, and Carmichael was asleep, while MacQueen was thinking that they would have a good appetite for dinner that evening.

Sarah had only one fault to find with her master, and that was his Bohemian dress; but since it pleased him to go one button less through studied carelessness, she let him have his way; and as for everything else, she kept her word to his aunt, and saw that he wanted for nothing, serving him with perpetual thoughtfulness and swift capacity.

Little passed between them except a good-natured word or two from him and her courteous answer, but she could read him as a book, and when he came home *that* day from Muirtown she saw he was changed. He was slightly flushed, and he could not sit still, wandering in and out his study till dinner-time. He allowed the soup to cool, and when she came in with sweets he had barely touched his cutlet.

"It is the sauce you like, sir," with some reproach in her voice.

"So it is, Sarah—and first rate." Then he added suddenly, "Can you put a button on this coat to-night, and give it a good brush?"

In the evening Sarah went down to post a letter, and heard the talk, how Miss Carnegie had come home with the General, and was worthy of her house: how the minister also had driven up with her from Muirtown; and on her return she did her best by the coat, handling it very kindly, and singing softly to herself "Robin Adair."

Next morning he came down in his blacks—the worst-made suit ever seen on a man, ordered to help a village tailor at his home—and announced his intention of starting after lunch for Sanderson's manse, beyond Tochty woods, where he would stay all night.

"He will call on the way down, and, if he can, coming back," Sarah said to herself, as she watched him go, "but it's a pity he should go in such a coat; it might have been put together with a pitchfork. It only makes the difference greater, and 'tis wider than he knows already. And yet a woman can marry beneath her without loss; but for a man it is ruin."

She went up to his room and made it neat, which was ever in disorder on his leaving, and then she went to a western window and looked into the far distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN OF THE FORMER DISPENSATION.

EVERY Sabbath at eleven o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the people were seated—consideration was always shown to distant figures coming down from the high glen—Carmichael held what might be called High Mass in the Free Kirk. Nothing was used in praise but the Psalms of David, with an occasional Paraphrase sanctioned by usage and sound teaching. The prayers were expected to be elaborate in expression and careful in statement

and it was then that they prayed for the Queen and Houses of Parliament. And the sermon was the event to which the efforts of the minister and the thoughts of the people had been moving for the whole week. No person was absent except through sore sickness or urgent farm duty: nor did rain or snow reduce the congregation by more than ten people, very old or very young. Carmichael is now minister of a West End kirk, and, it is freely rumoured in Drumtochty, has preached before Lords of Session; but he has never been more nervous than facing that handful of quiet, impenetrable, critical faces in his first kirk. When the service was over, the people broke into little bands that disappeared along the west road, and over the moor, and across the Tochty. Carmichael knew each one was reviewing his sermon head by head: and, pacing his garden, he remembered the missing points with dismay.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk minister to go far afield of a summer evening, and to hold informal services in distant parts of the parish. This was the joy of the day to him, who was really very young and hated all conventionalities even unto affectation. He was never weary of complaining that he had to wear a gown, which was continually falling back and being hitched over with impatient motions, and the bands, which he could never tie, and were, he explained to a horrified beadle in Muirtown, an invention of Satan to disturb the preacher's soul before his work. Once, indeed, he dared to appear without his trappings, on the plea of heat, but the visible dismay and sorrow of the people was so great—some failing to find the Psalm till the first verse had been sung—that he perspired freely and forgot the middle head of his discourse.

"It's a mercy," remarked Mrs. Macfadyen to Burnbrae afterwards, "that he didna play that trick when there was a bairn tae be baptized. It wudna hae been lichtsome for its fouk; a'body wants a properly ordained minister. Ye 'ill gie him a hint, Burnbrae, for he's young and fordersome (rash), but gude stuff for a' his pliskies (frolics)."

No one would have liked to see the sacred robes in the places of evening worship, and Carmichael threw all forms to the winds—only drawing the line, with great regret and some searchings of heart, at his tweed jacket. His address for these summer evening gatherings he studied as he went through the fragrant pine woods or over the moor by springy paths that twisted through the heather, or along near cuts that meant leaping little burns and climbing of dykes whose top stones were apt to follow your heels with embarrassing attachment. Here and there the Minister would stop as a trout leapt in a pool, or a flock of wild duck crossed the sky to Loch Sheuchie, or the cattle thrust inquisitive noses through some hedge, as a student snatches a mouthful from some book in passing. For these walks were his best study; when thinking of his people in their goodness and simplicity, and touched by nature at her gentlest, he was freed from many vain ideas of the schools and from artificial learning, and heard the Galilean speak as He used to do among the fields of corn. He came on people going in the same direction, but they only saluted, refraining even from the weather, since the minister's thoughts must not be disturbed, and they were amazed to notice that he stooped to pluck a violet in the wood. His host would come a little way to meet him and explain the arrangements that had been made for a kirk. Sometimes the meeting-place was the granary of the farm, with floor swept clean and the wooden shutters opened for light, where the minister preached against a mixed background of fanners, corn measures, piles of sacks, and spare implements of the finer sort; and the congregation, who had come up a ladder cautiously like hens going to roost—being severally warned about

the second highest step—sat on bags stuffed with straw, boards resting on upturned pails, while a few older folk were accommodated with chairs, and some youngsters disdained not the floor. It was pleasanter in the barn, a cool, lofty, not unimpressive place of worship, with its mass of golden straw and its open door through which various kindly sounds of farm life came in and strange visitors entered. The collies, most sociable of animals, would saunter in and make friendly advances to Carmichael reading a chapter; then, catching their master's eye and detecting no encouragement, would suddenly realize that they were at kirk, and compose themselves to sleep —"juist like ony Christian," as Hillocks once remarked with envy, his own plank allowing no liberties—and never taking any part except in a hymn like

> "See the mighty host advancing,
> Satan leading on,"

which they regarded as recreation rather than worship.

It was also recalled for years that a pet lamb came into Donald Menzies' barn and wandered about for a while, and Carmichael told that pretty legend of St. Francis, how he saw a white lamb among the kids, and burst into tears at the sight, because it reminded him of Jesus among the sinners. Indeed, these services were very extemporaneous, with hymns instead of psalms, and sermons without divisions. Carmichael also allowed himself illustrations from the life around, and even an anecodote at a time, which was all the more keenly relished that it would have been considered a confession of weakness in a regular sermon. He has been heard to say that he came nearer the heart of things once or twice in the barns than he has ever done since, not even excepting that famous course of sermons every one talked about last year, "The Analysis of Doubt," which almost converted two professors to Christianity, and were heard by the editor of the *Caledonian* in the disguise of a street preacher. It was also pleasantly remembered for long in the parish that Mr. Davidson appeared one evening in Donald Menzies' barn and joined affably in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Afterward, being supplied with a large armchair, he heard the address with much attention—nodding approval four times, if not five—and pronouncing the benediction with such impressiveness that Donald felt some hesitation in threshing his last stack in the place next day. The Doctor followed up this visit with an exhortation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in which he carefully distinguished such services by an ordained minister, although held in a barn, from unlicensed Plymouthistic gatherings held in corn rooms—this at Milton's amateur efforts—and advised his people in each district to avail themselves of "my friend Mr. Carmichael's excellent ministrations," which Papal Bull, being distributed to the farthest corner of the parish before nightfall, greatly lifted the Free Kirk and sweetened the blood of the Glen for years.

It seemed to me, watching things in Drumtochty during those days with an impartial mind, that the Doctor, with his care for the poor, his sympathy for the oppresed, his interest in everything human, his shrewd practical wisdom, and his wide toleration, was the very ideal of the parish clergyman. He showed me much courtesy while I lived in the Cottage, although I did not belong to his communion, and as my imagination reconstructs the old parish of a winter night by the fire, I miss him as he used to be on the road, in the people's homes, in his pulpit, among his books, and ever an honourable and kind-hearted gentleman.

One evening a woman came into Donald Menzies' barn just before the hour of service, elderly, most careful in her widow's dress, somewhat austere

in expression, but very courteous in her manner. No one recognized her at the time, but she was suspected to be the forerunner of the Carnegie household, and Donald offered her a front seat. She thanked him for his good-will, but asked for a lower place, greatly delighting him by a reference to the parable wherein the Master rebuked the ambitious Pharisees who scrambled for chief seats. Their accent showed of what blood they both were, and had never seen anything more uncompromising than her pale set face.

It was evident that she was Free Kirk and of the Highland persuasion, which was once over-praised and then has been over-blamed, but is never understood by the Lowland mind; and as Carmichael found that she had come to live in the cottage at the entrance to the Lodge, he looked in on his way home. She was sitting at a table reading the Bible, and her face



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"Carmichael sang a solo."

that their Gaelic had still been mercifully left them, but they did not use it because of their perfect breeding, which taught them not to speak a foreign tongue in this place. So the people saw Donald offer her a hymn-book and heard her reply:

"It iss not a book that I will be using, and it will be a peety to take it from other people:" nor would she stand at the singing, but sat very rigid and with closed lips. When Carmichael, who had a pleasant tenor voice and a good ear, sang a solo, then much tasted in such meetings, she arose and left the place, and the minister thought he was more hostile than in the meeting; but she received him with much politeness, dusting a chair and praying him to be seated.

"You have just come to the district to reside, I think? I hope you will like our Glen."

"It wass here that I lived long ago, but I hef been married and away with my mistress many years, and there are not many that will know me."

"But you are not of Drumtochty blood?" enquired the minister.

"There iss not one drop of Sassenach blood in my veins"—this with a sudden flash. "I am a Macpherson, and

my husband wass a Macpherson; but we hef served the house of Carnegie for three generations."

"You are a widow, I think, Mrs. Macpherson?" and Carmichael's voice took a tone of sympathy. "Have you any children?"

"My husband iss dead, and I had one son, and he iss dead also: that iss all, and I am alone;" but in her voice there was no weakening.

"Will you let me say how sorry I am?" pleaded Carmichael; "this is a great grief, but I hope you have consolations."

"Yes, I will be having many consolations; they both died like brave men with their face to the enemy. There were six that did not feel ferry well before Ian fell: he could do good work with the sword as well as the bayonet, and he wass not bad with the dirk at a time."

Neither this woman nor her house were like anything in Drumtochty, for in it there was a buffet for dishes, and a carved chest and a large chair, all of old black oak; and above the mantelpiece two broadswords were crossed, with a circle of war medals beneath on a velvet ground, flanked by two old pistols.

"I suppose those arms have belonged to your people, Mrs. Macpherson; may I look at them?"

"They are not anything to be admiring, and it wass not manners that I should hef been boasting of my men. It iss a pleasant evening and good for walking."

"You were at the meeting, I think?" and Carmichael tried to get nearer this iron woman. "We were sorry you had to go out before the end. Did you not feel at home?"

"I will not be accustomed to the theatre, and I am not liking it instead of the church."

"But surely there was nothing worse in my singing alone than praying alone?" and Carmichael began to argue like a Scotchman, who always fancies that people can be convinced by logic, and forgets that many people, Celts in especial, are ruled by their heart and not by their head;" "do you see anything wrong in one praising God aloud in a hymn, as the Virgin Mary did?"

"It iss the Virgin Mary you will be coming to next, no doubt, and the Cross and the Mass, like the Catholics, although I am not saying anything against them, for my mother's cousins, four times removed were Catholics, and fery good people. But I am a Presbyterian, and do not want the Virgin Mary."

Carmichael learned at that moment what it was to argue with a woman, and he was to make more discoveries in that department before he came to terms with the sex, and would have left in despair had it not been for an inspiration of his good angel.

"Well, Mrs. Macpherson, I didn't come to argue about hymns, but to bid you welcome to the Glen and to ask for a glass of water, for preaching is thirsty work."

"It iss black shame I am crying on myself for sitting here and offering you neither meat nor drink," and she was stung with regret in an instant. "It iss a little spirits you will be tasting, and this iss Talisker which I will be keeping for a friend, for whiskey iss not for women,"

She was full of attention, but when Carmichael took milk instead of whiskey, her suspicions revived, and she eyed him again.

"You are not one of those new people I am hearing of in the Lowlands that are wiser than the fery Apostles?"

"What people?" and Carmichael trembled for his new position.

"'Total abstainers' they will call themselves," and the contempt in her accent was wonderful.

"No, I am not," Carmichael hastened to reassure his hostess; "but there are worse people than abstainers in the world. I will stick to the milk, if you please."

"You will take what you please," and she was again mollified: "but the great ministers always had their tasting after preaching; and I hef heard one of them say that it wass a sin to despise the Lord's mercies. You will be taking another glass of milk and resting a little"

"This hospitality reminds me of my mother, Mrs. Macpherson." Carmichael was still inspired, and was, indeed, now in full sail. "She was a Highland woman, and had the Gaelic. She sometimes called me Ian, instead of John."

"When you wass preaching about the shepherd finding the sheep, I wass wondering how you had the way to the heart, and I might have been thinking, oh yes, I might have known"—all the time Janet was ever bringing something new out of the cupboard, though Carmichael only sipped the milk. "And what wass your mother's name?"

"Farquharson; her people came from Bræmar; but they are all dead now, and I am the last of the race."

"A good clan," cried Janet, in great spirits, "and a loyal; they were out with the Macphersons in the '45. Will you happen to know whether your ancestor suffered?"

"That he did, for he shot an English officer dead on his doorstep, and had to flee the country; it was not a pretty deed."

"Had the officer broken bread with him?" enquired Janet, anxiously.

"No, he had come to quarter himself and his men on him, and said something rude about the Prince."

"Your ancestor gave him back his word like a gentleman; but he would maybe hef to stay away for a while. Was he of the chief's blood?"

"Oh no, just a little laird, and he lost his bit of land, and we never saw the place again."

"He would be a Dunniewassal, and proud it iss I am to see you in my house; and the Gaelic, will you hef some words?"

"Just the sound of it, Mrs. Macpherson," and he repeated his three sentences, all that he had learned of his mother, who had become a Scotchwoman in her speech.

"Call me Janet, my dear: and it iss the good Gaelic your mother must have had, and it makes my heart glad to think my minister iss a Farquharson, by the mother's side."

"We sing nothing but Psalms at church, Mrs. Janet, so you will be pleased, and we stand to pray and sit to sing."

"Tuts, tuts, I am not minding about a bit hymn at a time from a friend, but it iss those Lowlanders meddling with everything I do not like, and I am hoping to hear you sing again, for it wass a fery pretty tune;" and the smith, passing along the road when Carmichael left that evening, heard Janet call him "my dear," and invoke a thousand blessings on his head.

When he called again in the end of the week to cement the alliance and secure her presence on Sabbath, Janet was polishing the swords, and was willing enough to give their history.

"This wass my great-grandfather's, and these two nicks in the blade were made on the dragoons at Prestonpans; and this was my husband's sword, for he wass sergeant-major before he died, a fery brave man, good at the fighting and the praying too.

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it wass maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing; they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk.

"It wass fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I



"Janet was polishing the swords."

will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it was a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear.

"It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful?"

"There wass a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all put up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief.

"Thirty pieces of silver wass a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and him one of the Chief's tail, too: it wass a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men.

"There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident, "that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much today, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson to all traitors."

As they got more confidential, Janet began to speak of signs and dreams, and Carmichael asked her if she had the second sight.

"No; it iss not a lie I will be telling you, my dear, nor will I be boasting. I have not got it, nor had my mother, but she heard sounds, oh yes, and knew what was coming to pass."

"'Janet,' she would say, 'I have heard the knock three times at the head of the bed; it will be your Uncle Alister, and I must go to see him before he dies.'"

"And was she ——"

"Oh yes, she wass in time, and he wass expecting her; and once she saw the shroud begin to rise on her sister, but no more: it never covered the face before her eyes; but the knock, oh yes, many times."

"Have you known any one that could tell what was happening at a distance, and gave warning of danger?" for the latent Celt was awakening in Carmichael, with his love of mystery and his sense of the unseen.

"Listen, my dear," Janet lowered her voice as one speaking of sacred

things—"and I will tell you of Ina Macpherson, who lived to a hundred and two, and had the vision clear and sure.

"In the great war with Russia I wass staying in the clachan of my people, and then seven lads of our blood were with the Black Watch, and every Sabbath the minister would pray for them and the rest of the lads from Badenoch that were away at the fighting.

"One day Ina came into my sister's house, and she said, 'It is danger that I am seeing,' and my heart stood still in my bosom for fear that it wass my own man Hamish.

"'No,' and she looked at me, 'not yet, and not to-day,' but more she would not say about him. 'Is it my son Ronald?' my sister cried, and Ina only looked before her. 'It's a sore travail, and round a few black tartans I see many men in grey, pressing them hard; ochone, ochone."

"'It's time to pray,' I said, and there wass a man in the clachan that wass mighty in prayer, and we gathered into his kitchen, four and twenty women and four men, and every one had a kinsman in the field.

"It is this minute that I hear Dugald crying to the Almighty, 'Remember our lads, and be their help in the day of battle, and give them the necks of their enemies,' and he might be wrestling for half an hour, when Ina rose from her knees and said, 'The prayer is answered, for the tartans have the field, and I see blood on Ronald, but it is not his own.'"

"And did you ever hear ——"

"Wait, my dear, and I will tell you, for the letter came from my nephew, and this is what he wrote:

"'It wass three to one, and the gloom came on me, for I thought that I would never see Glenfeshie again, nor the water of the loch, nor the deer on the side of the hill. Then I wass suddenly strengthened with all might in the inner man, and it iss five Russians that I hef killed to my own hands.'

"And so it wass, and a letter came from his captain, who wass of Cluny's blood, and it will be read in church, and a fery proud woman wass my sister."

These were the stories that Janet told to her minister in the days before the Carnegies came home, as well as afterward, and so she prepared him to be an easier prey to a soldier's daughter.

(To be continued.)

TWO QUATRAINS.

"WHICH IS INSCRUTABLE."

Fair promise of a fairer, lovelier flower,
A tiny bud appeared,—a cherished form;
It opened scarce, and in its opening hour
Perished,—blest victim of life's earliest storm.

MY BOOKS.

Among my dearest friends I count
The books that, from my earliest age,
Have fed my mind, and pampered it
With many a luscious line and page.

ROBERT M. HARPER.

THE SECRETARY OF THE DONGA-PA MISSION.

BY ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

"AND you were all I had in the world, little one?"

"Yes, mother."

"Life was very sweet then, dear. It is all a strange dream to me now—and yet—it was not so very long ago."

"Not very long ago, Mother dear, but we do not count time by minutes and hours—you and I—do we? It is only when our hearts throb together—the times that come so very seldom—that we really live. Is it not so, little mother?"

"Yes dear,—and then the days grew dark and the clouds were very heavy."

"Poor little mother! It was all very hard.

"Sometimes I thought the sun would never shine again, child."

"But it did, mother. Look! It is shining now far over the white fields, and one little ray is falling on my hair, and really it is quite warm. Stoop over and catch the golden light, dear. Your face is there in the shadow, and we seem to be in a separate world—when you and your little one are really together in the same world, and there is no sunshine in it for either of us."

I was nestling at my mother's feet while she gently stroked my hair.

"The light is falling now as, God willing, it always shall, little one—and I shall sit here in the shadow through life, but my heart will be at peace when I see the light dancing on the face of my child. It is the purest happiness, little one—I live in the reflection from you, and when you are not near me, it is very dark."

She leaned over and tenderly kissed my hair. When she looked up again, her eyes were fillled with tears.

"'And when God took him away from us, dear," she went on dreamily, "You were very young. Then Harriet came to live with us."

"Yes, Harriet came," I said slowly.

"Aunt Harriet, dear. Do not be disrespectful."

"Well, Aunt Harriet, then, and would to heaven she were only Harriet Kirkpatrick to me and you, for then I might tear you away from her."

While I was yet speaking, there was a heavy footstep in the hall. My mother pushed me away from her a moment before a strange looking woman entered the room. Then the sun passed under a cloud, and the rest of the day was dark.

* * * * *

It strikes one as being very remarkable that the vast majority of people pass through life with closed eyes, out of sympathy with nature, man and God.

There is another grade of humanity; those who feed their souls with a strange religion which begins and ends with the Fatherhood of God. To them the brotherhood of man is a fable. It is their faith that he who would travel on the high road to ideal life must live unto himself as the oyster, for as surely as he thrusts open his shell to add sympathy to an impoverished world, so surely shall he be swallowed up in the sea of vice. This faith is kept within the believer as tacitly as the oyster clings to his shell: nevertheless, if you probe the covering, it is there.

Harriet Kirkpatrick belonged to this human oyster species. She possessed an almost impenetrable shell.

Upon a certain day, when under the spell of a wild dream, she crept from her shell for one short moment and

proclaimed to the world her peculiarly organized mental apparatus. Such an admission was a glorious victory. She proved herself to be, at least, no hypocrite.

But I, miserable wretch—who was I? A God forsaken sufferer who craved the pity of heaven inasmuch as I was compelled to share this woman's life. Her life—but, thank heaven, not her thoughts. With Epictetus, I cried: "I have been left the sun and moon — and thoughts." . . .

I have never had a passion for the soul that builds a barrier about itself. I am a universalist. The knowledge has suddenly occurred to me. The oyster species is most obnoxious to the true universalist, whether it be in concrete or abstract form, whether mentally or physically, figuratively or literally.



"She leaned over and tenderly kissed my hair."

In their concrete form, uncooked, they invariably remind me of Harriet Kirkpatrick. On one occasion, when devouring a tender young creature, Harriet came before me so forcibly that I foresaw grave danger of my eventually becoming a confirmed human parasite; since then I have strenuously refused oyster in every physical disguise.

To live with Harriet Kirkpatrick meant the harboring of very wicked thoughts. It is not pleasant to feel that Satan is playing a successful innings within you. Such a knowledge tends to make one reckless. I became exceedingly reckless, and in my desperation sought what had been my father's library. There I carried on wild arguments with poor old philosophers, long since gone to a land where the dwellers therein have the comprehension of the very profoundest philosophy. Being mortal I fought with the shades of these men until I became weak.

The first battle was with Plato. I had practical experience on my side. He was simply a tiresome theorist whose dreams had been carried on through the glaring light of day.

I objected to his arguments that conscious beings have the power to break away from their environment and cast off the shackles of heredity. Had I not fought tenaciously with my environment—and here I remained exactly in the same spot year after year. Then, as to heredity, with Har-

riet Kirkpatrick's blood in my veins, was I not as unable to escape the fate at a certain age, of joining the human oyster species as I had been unable to to escape the fate of going through life with her bottle green eyes?

It was all very exasperating—Plato was a writer of profound fairy tales.

Suddenly one evening I fell across that mysteriously beautiful theory of Inclusion. Here was reasonable and ordinary common sense. The thought moved me. It touched my sleeping soul. I began to feel gloriously wicked, and falling abjectly on my knees in the dim room, swore by yon silver moon to love all men, and at once enter the oyster species in my list of friends.

Although receiving a deep impression, my resolutions were like unto those that storm the youthful heart—made only to be broken. The glaring sun of day brought with it the old struggle.

The most unfortunate part of my life was that Harriet Kirkpatrick bore a relationship to me.

It was a trick of fate that I was not consulted as to whether I desired this relationship.

But although she was the eldest sister of my dead father, Thank Heaven there are even closer blood ties!

It is hard to believe that the same cradle rocked my sainted father and this icy woman. There must have been some unfortunate exchange of children in those old days.

Now there are many forms of hypocrisy. An abominable form is that which compels one to wear a mask of affection for the sake of the traditional connection between love and blood when the soul within is burning with mistrust and abhorrence.

This mask casts a shadow over all genuine, heart-felt affection. The connection between this woman and myself did not tend to make her any dearer to me than the very stones on the high road. Nay, the stones had never pierced my young heart nor had they crushed the soul of my sensitive little mother.

Yes, there was a mother in those old days, although I was sometimes forced to forget the fact—a lonely widowed little creature, who took no place in the home. The life was crushed out of her sweet soul by a domineering dragon.

My mother was one of those weak women whose very helplessness commands love—whose very helplessness brings the cowardly nature of a human dragon to the surface. She was an easy victim for Miss Kirkpatrick.

As the days passed my heart cried out with mingled hatred and anguish.

In the evenings when the shadows began to gather, I crept back to my dream of Inclusion. By the aid of the mystic twilight, I succeeded in connecting the thought with Harriet Kirkpatrick. But when the stars began to steal out above the quiet world, my surroundings became material again, and I discovered that I had evolved nothing from the theory of universal love. So I passed my dream on to the land of sleeping philosophers; for the comprehension of those happy souls to whom all abstract thought is possible.

I was content to remain in the imperfect earthly stage of loving only the heart that leaned toward me; the eyes that looked into mine with tender, frightened love. There was but one soul in the wide world, one ray of sunshine to lead me through the mists of youth; the sunshine that crept out from the soul of a sensitive little mother.

Harriet Kirkpatrick was an educated woman; a profound scholar. Sometime in the early part of the century she had carried off high honors in a famous college. Her education was the process carried on by the Reformers who followed the Renascence.

The woman was purely mechani-

cal. In the pouring in system of her education, the intellect developed while the emotions died. She was a clever machine, with a substantial stone heart.

Knowing her capabilities, my father had entrusted my education to her. He unconsciously laid out a cruel youth for me—cruel, and yet the dark spots in life are invariably the strengthening of the character foundation.

At times Aunt Harriet's face resembled a poorly executed painting of a plain-looking Madonna. Usually, however, her expression was cold, honest and hard She was absolutely sincere, though abominably narrow.

The Madonna expression came always when she bent her thoughts over her work. She was the faithful and indefatigable Secretary for the Society for the Promulgation of the Gospel to the heathen in the Donga-Pa district of India.

The Donga-Pa Secretary professed to have but one desire unfulfilled in life. She longed to be a missionary. This, however, was a cry; her desire could have been gratified at any moment. As a matter of fact, nothing could have induced her to stir from behind the comfortable four walls of her study.

Heaven also took pity on the unconverted so far away and prevented her from going. There must have been a pathway to heaven more easily discovered for them than that seen through the smoked glasses of a bigot. Under her care the heathen would have stumbled desperately, lost their way, and eventually slipped back into a more comprehendable state of ignorance.

I have occasionally pictured the course of events.

Again, if Harriet went to India, she would insist upon discussing impossible subjects with the heathen. They would resist this innovation; upon her persisting, they, being unfamiliar with smoked glasses and argumentative powers, would bring things to a climax by handing her over to intimate friends in the most thickly populated jungle.

Heaven forgive me! In the face of this belief, I pined for her emigration to the land of the coral strand.

This life had an unwholesome effect upon me. I had never been a child. In the early years I was a bundle of crushed sensations From this I passed into conscious womanhood with a wild, rebellious will. Psychologically speaking, my natural and consecutive stages of feeling, thought and will were forced in an opposite direction by my surroundings It is remarkable that I ever reached the stage of possessing a reasonable mind. Possibly I never did. Even yet, occasionally, I lapse into looking-glass land, which to one of mature years is perhaps a mild form of insanity.

My life was one of complete isolation. We lived winter and summer in a rambling old house in the wilds of the North-West country. My father had bought the place in the old days to take refuge in from the cares of life. It was a summer home. On my father's death we moved to the place permanently. During my childhood the birds and flowers were my only friends and playmates. Had Rosseau lived he would have gloried in my perpetual life with nature. (He was another inventor of profound fairy tales)—so I grew with the birds and flowers.

I made solemn vows as I gazed into the eyes of the upturned yellow daisies. They smiled sweet assurance back into my young face. In the autumn I drooped with the flowers and sang a lonely requiem when the birds flew South. There was a good-bye kiss blown down the hill to the laughing river when the first snowflake fell, and then a pair of weary little feet turned homeward and a heart grew sad, while the child of nature longed for sleep.—It was a strange life.

When the winter evenings crept in, I knelt at my window and told my

secrets to the dancing stars, while the old moon sat in judgment and swore them to secrecy.

Our only relative in the outside world was a bachelor uncle in far-off Baltimore. Once in every two years he paid us a flying visit. His happy, round face was good to look upon, and his bright eyes made the only sunshine in my life. When he was with us, he spent his time sympathizing with my mother, quarrelling with Aunt Harriet, and amusing me.

The holiday previous to the present one had been spent in Europe, consequently it was four long years since we had seen him. His regular weekly letter was our only consolation.

I was now a young woman in long frocks, passing in solitude what is generally supposed to be the sweetest years of life. The future held nothing for me but continual intercourse with a cold woman who possessed unrealized missionary ambitions and a satanic temper, a life with a frightened little mother who was estranged from her own child.

It was on a wild morning in January that a light first broke through the mists surrounding my life. Towards noon, an Indian boy, who carried our mail from an adjoining village, appeared on the country road trudging along on his huge snow-shoes. Seeing me at the window, he broke into a run, waving a letter madly above his head. My heart jumped within me, for I knew the missive was from my uncle. When the lad approached, he tapped at the window. The snow was banked up too high to allow of the doors being opened.

My mother read her letter in silence, hid it away in her pocket, and then sat down to luncheon. There was a strange expression on her face which puzzled me. Could Uncle Maxwell be travelling north at this outrageous time of year? The nearest city was sixteen miles away from us. He occasionally transacted business there. While I yet mused, my mother spoke.

"Maxwell is coming on Thursday, if the roads are navigable. Mary must be told to air the spare room. I think it has a musty atmosphere of late, but fresh snow will soon purify it."

Harriet Kirkpatrick did not speak for a moment. Presently she helped herself to a second cup of tea, drank it in silence, and then drew off her blue spectacles.

"I think it is exceedingly strange," she began, "that Maxwell insists upon directing his letters to you, Esther. A sister usually takes first place. As for his coming to see us, I regard it as a great piece of folly and waste of time to come even sixteen miles with no object in view."

"No object? said my mother "Is there no object in his coming to see us, Harriet—and the child? It is a holiday for him. The change will do him good."

"Holiday—change — fiddlesticks!" interrupted Harriet. "A man of his years should long since have overcome the folly of holidaying. Why, woman, his life has been one long, worthless holiday. He talks of office work,—child's play, I say! His position as president of insurance concerns is ornamental nonsense. Such men are puppets. He is an idler. One has but to look at him to see it stamped on his face. He has become vulgarly, abnormally stout, and he requires a change! It is laughable." Then she raised her eyes heavenward and cried, loudly, "Heaven knows, and I know, that through life Maxwell has been sowing the wind. It is ordained that such an one shall reap the whirlwind."

"He is a dear old soul," I cried angrily. "Where would you be, where would all of us be but for him? I love him, for he is the soul of loyalty. As for his stoutness, fat people are always more good-natured and loveable—"

Nothing is more pitiable than a thin chilly-looking old person, unless it is when the person has a passion for blue spectacles.

I did not wait for an answer from

the Secretary of the Donga-Pa Mission. No doubt I was disrespectful. I rushed from the room.

Shortly afterwards my mother followed me to my bedroom. I knew there was something concealed in her letter, otherwise it would have become public property. As she entered my room she drew it from her pocket and slipping it into my hand said softly—"Read it dear. I am troubled to know what to do." I read:

DEAR ESTHER,—Like the bad nickle, I return again. I have business in your frigid city. Snowdrifts permitting, I shall be with you Thursday. And how is the little one—the full fledged young lady indeed! Have a frock ready for her on Thursday night. I hear that Nordica is to sing in the opera house in town. I shall send a sleigh for you. Prepare for a surprise How is the Indian Missionary relative? Ha, ha.

As ever,
MAXWELL.

"That letter is like his dear old self," I cried. "Have I anything fit to wear?"

"Hush child," cried my mother, looking timidly about. "We must forego any pleasure to prevent trouble. Your aunt does not approve of players and public singers."

"When did one offend her?" I asked wonderingly.

"She has never to my knowledge heard or seen one. She objects on general principles. Sometimes these people are not very God fearing, child — so I have heard. Your aunt is very much against them."

"She has never heard or seen one!" I cried, "O generous, charitable, christian Harriet! They have indeed a broad-minded judge in her. Does she ever think people might object to *her*, on general principles? Mother I hate that woman. I cannot help it, and worse than all she is trying to poison your pure mind too."

My mother drew me to her and pressed her lips against my throbbing temples.

"Hush child," she said. "You are too hard, too young to judge. She is a good woman and fills her vocation in life well. How few of us do that. The Donga-Pa Mission would be nothing but for her. Be just, child. Narrowness is a misfortune, scarcely a fault. Harriet was born narrow-minded Who can blame her? There are many like her in the world."

"The old subject," I said, wearily. "There is no use arguing. I can never forgive her for keeping my mother's soul apart from mine."

The tears began to gather in those sweet eyes but my mother did not



"When I turned my aunt was looking at me."

speak. Poor loyal little soul, bearing everyone's shortcomings, even those of the woman who was leading her away from her own child. Yes, for she was drifting down the narrow path of bigotry, directed by Harriet, drifting away from me and I could not follow. Heaven, it was hard!

I threw my arms impulsively around her neck and kissed her passionately, then I rushed out of the room.

I determined to seek Harriet and discuss the concert subject with her myself. I knew my mother wished me to go. It was simply fear—this eternal fear that held her back.

I stood at the door of Harriet Kirpatrick's study and gathered together all my courage. One thing I decided —I was not going to ask permission, but to impart information.

She was writing when I entered and for a few moments took no notice of me. I crossed the room to the window. Far over the white fields I could see a couple of tardy hunters plodding through the snow with an old Indian guide. They had been snowed in several miles north of us, and had been learning what life was in an Indian village.

When I turned, my aunt was looking at me. "Well?" she exclaimed, interrogatively, tapping the table with the end of her pencil. I did not speak, so she continued.

"Do not stand there like a nonentity. You have come for something, I presume. Make haste. Time is precious to me and should be to you. Idleness is your strong point. You come by it honestly."

"Indeed?" I said coldly. "I might come by other things much more disagreeable and also come by them honestly—considering other relatives." Her insinuation to my uncle and probably my mother too was plain. I could not let it pass.

"I shall submit to no impertinence," she cried. "Go on with your tale."

"My mother overlooked one part of her letter," I ventured

"Uncle Maxwell sends us an invitation to go and hear a great opera singer. I suppose you will not care to join us."

"Have you come here to insult me?" she cried, angrily, at the same time rising from her chair.

"Care to join you. What do you mean?" Explain yourself! Have you lost yourself so far that you would enter a temple of the devil, wretched child?"

She began pacing the floor. Her face grew first crimson, and then white. Her eyes flashed behind her smoked glasses.

"You come hear to insult me," she went on. "Intolerable insolence! Are you aware that I regard all acting people as direct ambassadors from hell—corruptors of youth and age alike?"

"That is strong language to use in connection with people of whom you are in complete ignorance," I said quietly.

"In ignorance of!" she cried. "Their lives are open books for the world to read."

"But you are not in the world—nor am I."

She turned and glared at me for a second, and then pointed to the door. I did not go.

"Aunt Harriet," I said. "Why can't you argue reasonably?

"You have set up an imaginary standard in your mind and measure everyone by that. Is it the Donga-Pa Missionary Standard? Now supposing there are even ten good worthy christians in the acting profession, how do you reconcile your much quoted scripture to your present thought? Our Master said that if there were ten worthy souls to be found, for their sakes would He save multitudes." She turned to me angrily.

"Do not blaspheme by connecting scripture with those wretched people. You have displeased me immeasurably. Go."

As I crossed the room, I stumbled

over some sheets of a half written article. Stooping, I picked them up and carried them to the desk. "What a peculiar idea," I said, glancing at the title page, "'The Brotherhood of All Men' —I should like to see what you have found to write about."

On Thursday afternoon, Uncle Maxwell arrived. When he entered the hall, he sent a ringing laugh through the house — a laugh which might have aroused the dead. After the laugh, he winked knowingly at me.

He was covered with snow and icicles, having plodded through the drifts from the main road. I brushed the snow from his great-coat, and we laughed over the days when I used to climb to his vest pockets. He measured me against the wall, and swore I had grown three inches since his last visit; then he rubbed his hands together and said that it was good for his old eyes to look upon my young face. I was very happy.



"He measured me against the wall."

Once during the afternoon he whispered that he had a great surprise in store for us, but it must not come to light before the morning. Then he held his sides and laughed immoderately.

My mother and I went with Uncle Maxwell that night to hear the great singer. She was the first professional I had ever heard. I feel confident that the little diva never before sent such happiness into a human heart as came to mine that evening. She took me very close to heaven. Occasionally I looked about me at the calm placid faces of women who lived in the world and of the world. They looked pleased, but there was no light in their eyes. Their lips did not tremble. They seemed to find no difficulty in remaining in their seats, and preventing themselves from rushing madly to the stage, and falling face-downward before what to me was a human goddess. I was in a world—a heaven of my own, and their faces seemed to rest behind a strange mist. It was the mist that separates the common-place practical world from an idealistic heaven born in the

mind of an imaginative child of nature.

* * * * * *

The following morning Uncle Maxwell arrived at our country home with a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in charge. This man had a good face and a pair of clear eyes that seemed to speak of a pure soul. But I was at a loss to understand for what reason he honored us with his presence.



THE MINISTER.

Maxwell Francis was a careless soul but he had not a character so wavering that it required a representative of the clergy to bear it up on holiday trips. It was puzzling.

After the visitors were ushered into the drawing-room, my uncle asked for his sister Harriet. She appeared presently, and beamed with smiles when she discovered a gentleman of the cloth. After the formal introduction was over, my uncle at once opened fire.

"My dear Harriet," he began, "our esteemed friend here has very often heard of you in connection with your life-work. He and I formed a friendship on the ocean last year, which I trust may never be severed. Mr. Stuart was delighted to hear that I was related to the respected Secretary of the Donga-Pa Mission. And now, sister, comes the surprise. Mr. Stuart has been searching for the past year for a competent lady having no exceptionally strong family ties, who would fill the post of Home Secretary in India. I told him, Harriet, of your life-long desire to enter a foreign field and his joy was not more than I know yours is to feel that the desire of your heart may be gratified."

The Donga-Pa Secretary rose to speak, no doubt to object. Her brother motioned her to a seat; he had not yet finished.

"Not yet, dear Harriet," he went on. "Do not thank me yet. I know all you would say, and I am indeed proud that I have been instrumental in giving you your heart's desire; but you must hear our plans, which I am sure will meet with your approbation.

"Mr Stuart and his wife leave for India next month. They have kindly offered to see that you reach your destination safely, and I assured them that, having no ties of any sort, you would be ready to join them."

The clergyman crossed the room and stood before my aunt.

"We shall welcome you in your new field, Miss Kirkpatrick, with warm hearts. Would that we had more such indefatigable workers."

It was all done so suddenly that I could scarcely realize what had passed. My mother seemed to be in a dream also. Something like tears were shining in her sweet eyes. The Secretary looked puzzled.

"Harriet," continued my uncle, in an unnaturally serious voice. "Is it

not true that even the most impossible dreams may be realized? You are indeed to be congratulated. The present arrangement will, I trust, suit everyone admirably. On your departure, I shall carry the little one and her mother home with me. They would simply vegetate here. The child has become a woman and must see something of life. I am lonely. The evening of a life is always liable to be blue if one is alone. I am growing old; the sun is setting on my life, but there is no reason why the twilight should be gloomy. I can make it happy by watching the sun rise on the life of the child here."

I looked my gratitude at the kind benefactor of my life. He told me afterwards that my expression was a song without words.

THE EUCHARIST OF EARTH.

Early morn, and all the forest
Waking joyous from the night;
Every flow'ret bathed in glory,
Radiant in the crystal light.

Dewdrops glisten on the branches,
Gem-like glow on every blade,
While, like altar-lights, the sunbeams
Gleam throughout the happy glade.

All the choristers of Spring-time.
Warble notes of Easter praise,
Whilst the brooklets all chant Gloria,
Bubbling down their stony ways.

Breath of morn and scent of flowers,
From each tiny censer swings,
When the harebell through the stillness,
Lowly bowed, the Sanctus rings.

Whilst the priests of earth, the lilies,
Chasubled in samite white,
Pearl-bedecked and gold-embroidered,
Offer up the glorious rite.

All with awe before the Presence
Round the altar lowly pray
When Earth's Eucharist of gladness,
God's pure lilies sweetly say.

Easter, 1896. C. W. VERNON.

AU SUGRERIE.*

BY S. J. ROBERTSON.

LITTLE NARCISSE sat on the weighted end of the tall well sweep, crying as he watched the stone boat go up the lane drawn by the patient old ox. He heard the cheerful cries of his father urging on his slow beast and rude vehicle with its load of rough home-made tubs and pails and huge iron cooler. "Marche donc Marche donc, au sucrerie," and the voice died away in the gully that separated the cultivated fields about the whitewashed log house from the rougher pasture land which lay between them and the bush. The sap was beginning to stir, and already a number of maples had been tapped and the sweetish, colorless juice was dropping from the cedar spiles into the troughs of hollowed bass wood which sat below each tree.

He was a quaint looking little fellow, Narcisse Leduc, with yellow curls, covered by a red woollen toque and a round chubby face that seemed made for smiling, but now was sadly smeared with tears. He had wanted so much to go to the sugar bush where the sweet was so plenty, and then *la tire* poured on the snow to cool, how delicious it was; and the little eyes overflowed once more at the thought.

His father had said he must not come, had gone away and left him. Perhaps his mother would take him. Yes, he would go to his mother. The little fellow went up the path between two rows of small white-washed boulders that, peeping up from the snow, outlined what would be the flower beds in summer; up the three wide steps, each a large flagstone, and into the low-ceiled kitchen.

"Carry you au sucrerie, mon enfant, mère de Dieu, you must be crazy, see me bake, see me wash, get out of my way, go outside and play yourself! Go with your father." And she bundled the little man out on to the top step and closed the door.

Down the steps, out into the wide farm yard, past the barrel where Napoleon was dozing lazily, went the child. There was a sturdy look of independance in the tiny face, almost comical to see.

As he wriggled through the bars into the lane he settled his toque firmly on his curls and said "Au sucrerie, au sucrerie" to himself with a half laughing sob in his voice. Outside the little heart was not so stout, and looking back he called, "Come thou, Napoleon, come thou, au sucrerie," but Napoleon only shook himself and rattled his chain in answer.

Down into the gully where the snow was still deep, he followed the well marked path of the stone boat. As it led up the hill and over the pasture fields it followed the snake fence which struggled across to the woods. On the higher ground the angles of the fence were filled with prickly ash and sumach. The rocky bits were brown with tall weed stalks, brightened by the red-gray canes of the berry bushes and the thorny brier rose; and where the fence wound into a hollow, the snow lay high against the blackened logs and the ivy trailed its brown creepers about the tangled alder boughs.

A fringe of young poplars grew close up like fence pickets. The path broke through them, climbed a little gravelly slope that lay bare of snow in the warm afternoon sun, where the tiny maple trees grew up out of the red sand, like coarse gray grass, and

* To the Sugar Camp.

passed in among the full grown maples, that, towering up, held out their bare branches upon which the white flecked blue of the sky seemed to rest.

With a cry of delight Narcisse hurried to the nearest tree against whose bole sat a trough with the sap falling into it drop by drop.

He sipped up its contents greedily. There was little in it, as his father had emptied it only a short time before. He ran eagerly from tree to tree, here tasting the sweetish liquor, there only looking at it with a happy thought of *la tire* which would presently be made at the caboose.

But the caboose seemed hard to find. The tracks of the ox sledge were so many, and crossed each other so often that after following them for what seemed a very long time, he struck off through the forest to where he saw a gleam which must surely be the fire.

The great trees rose up for many feet branchless, with patches of dull green moss on their gray trunks. The spaces between stretched away in rapidly narrowing aisles, and where in the distance they crowded together and walled him in, a warm glow spread over the snow through the underbrush.

Narcisse trudged on towards the caboose as he thought, every now and then calling out to his father. But only the crunching of his boots in the snow broke the silence as he struggled on listening sharply.

By and by he sank down tired out at the foot of a tree where the drift had formed a huge bowl with moss and leaves now at the bottom, walled about with snow and the tree rising out of the centre of it.

As the sun went down Narcisse thought the caboose fire blazed up hot and the trees between began a solemn dance as his mother had told him the Indians used to do.

Round and about they all went, and he closed his eyes; it made him dizzy to watch them. In spite of the great fire how cold, how very cold it was. When he opened his eyes again all the solemn trees stood still. The brightness was almost gone and in the aisles between the trees a mist seemed floating. He thought he was in the great parish church at the Christmas services. And now the organ played, and the children and young girls, how loud and shrill and sweet they sang. The candles upon the altar, too, shone and twinkled and all about were lights, And the brightness and glory before him, ah, yes, it was the smile of the Christ child as he looked down from the Holy Mother's arms in the great picture above the altar.

And in the visioned brightness, as the last spark of the sunset glow went out, the child passed behind the Painted Picture into the Sanctuary.

CHANGE.

Snow after flower and leaf;
After the joy—the grief;
After life death—and after sunshine gloom;
Then—following winter's reign—
Summer will come again,
Bright, smiling, as if earth contained no tomb.

REGINALD GOURLAY.



THE HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.

Professor of Constitutional Law, University of Toronto.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.

THE Government of England—if India is left out of view—has spent a much larger sum of money in establishing and protecting the Colonies of South Africa, than it has in any of the other Colonies of the Empire. At the present time, the Empire is threatened with war in consequence of difficulties which have arisen between one of the Dutch Free States, whose people were born subjects of Her Majesty, and British subjects who have settled within the precincts of that Republic. Germany is seeking to become, like England, a world Empire. She has taken possession of territories both upon the Western and Eastern coasts of Africa, in the immediate vicinity of English dominions, and she is shaping her colonial policy so as to ultimately bring the Transvaal Republic within her own Imperial limits. Were Germany master of the Transvaal, she would be able effectually to prevent the consolidation of the English dominions in Africa; in fact, she might menace their existence. And, expensive as the British possessions of South Africa have been to the United Kingdom, that expense would be enormously increased, if Germany were to obtain a substantial foothold in the Transvaal, or the Orange Free State. The German Government know right well that the Boer has a very great repugnance to England and Englishmen. He has been brought in contact with English rule and with the English people, and he has long acted upon the assumption that he is the superior of every other man, and ought to be, alone, entrusted with political authority, wherever he may be. He has a dislike to those whom he knows, which he does not exhibit, and does not feel, towards those of whom he knows next to nothing; and sooner than to permit the government of the Republic to fall under English jurisdiction, he would, without hesitation, hand it over to Germany, although he would be reluctant to choose a master from any quarter. In order that my readers may understand the feelings and aspirations of the Boers of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal, it is necessary to give a brief summary of the history of the Dutch settlements of South Africa.

The Dutch were not the first discoverers of that portion of the world. The honor belongs to the Portuguese, who were entitled to claim the southern portion of the continent by discovery. But when the Crown of Portugal was seized by the Spanish Sovereign, some of the Portuguese possessions and, among others, the southern portion of the continent of Africa, passed under the jurisdiction of the Dutch East India Company. This part of the African continent was visited by the Dutch as early as 1595. The Dutch East India Company was organized in 1602, and it took possession of the Cape, and erected there a fort for the protection of its interests, in 1619. The voyage from Holland to the East Indies at that period was a very long one, and the Cape became an important half-way house at which the Dutch sailors rested. Here they obtained fresh provisions and supplies, and here they recuperated their health. The East India Company, in 1651, formed at the Cape a regular colony. In 1635 Louis XIV., repealed the Edict of Nantes, and a large number of Huguenots, who could no longer

find protection under the Grand Monarque, emigrated thither, and formed an important section of the Colony at the Cape. They were forbidden to use the French language, and in the course of a few years, were absorbed into the Dutch population.

At the time of the French Revolution, when Holland was overrun by the French army under Pichegru, the Stadtholder took refuge in England, and he authorized the English Government to take possession of South Africa, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the French. When the order of the Stadtholder was presented to the garrison, the Governor refused to surrender it to the English. The English, however, took it, and retained possession until the peace of Amiens when, in 1803, it was again placed under Dutch jurisdiction. The peace of Amiens was shortly after broken ; war was renewed, and in 1806 the Cape was a second time taken by the English. By the Treaty of 1814, confirmed by that of Vienna the following year, the Colony at the Cape, along with Essiquibo and Berbice, was retained by the English. The English Government had, during the war, spent no less a sum than sixteen million pounds sterling, in their defence, and as England further assisted in paying the large expenditure incurred in the expulsion of the French from the Low Countries, and promoted the union of Flanders with Holland, she was held to have given ample compensation for the Dutch Colonies which she was authorized to retain. The truth is, that the wealth and resources of Holland had gradually declined for a long series of years previous to the French Revolution, and she was altogether unable to put forth those efforts which were necessary both for her own defence, and for the defence of her colonial possessions.

The Boers retained many of the characteristics of the people of the country from which they came. They exhibited everywhere an impatience of authority, and a dislike of that legitimate control which is essential to the well-being of the state. Perhaps no better idea could be given of the peculiarities of the government they had at the Cape, and of the characteristics of the people, than that which is afforded by two or three extracts from their ancient law. It was expressly provided that every person, without exception, should stop his carriage and get out of it when he saw the Governor approaching, and he should likewise get out of the way so as to allow a convenient passage to any member of "the Court of Policy" whom he might meet. Every citizen who passed Government House was required to uncover his head, and one below a certain rank could, neither himself, nor could his wife or his daughters, venture to carry an umbrella. The umbrella was an indication that a person who was permitted to carry it, had a certain social rank, and it was not permitted to anyone, that he should venture to aspire in any but the well settled way, to a condition in life higher than that which was actually alloted to him by reason of his calling. After the English had come into permanent possession of the Colony, the Dutch inhabitants admitted that they had been greatly benefited by the removal of the incubus of the Dutch East India Company ; they admitted that the Colony, under Dutch rule, had never approached the condition of prosperity which it had acquired after it became an English possession ; yet, for years after the Cape had passed under English jurisdiction, the Dutch, although they were the subjugated party, were indeed but little disposed to permit the English settlers to have rights equal to those which they claimed for themselves, and they looked with a great deal of jealousy on every colony of Englishmen that arrived in the country.

The first real source of discontent

was shown by the Dutch colonists upon the border in 1813. The border districts were surveyed and a quit rent was charged under which occupants who had been before simply lessees were made permanent owners of the lands they occupied. But the Boers had no notion that their rights were derived from the law; they were greatly dissatisfied with the change, and, although it was unquestionably to their advantage, numbers of them took up arms to resist the authorities. Some too, were fined for outrages committed upon the Hottentots, whom, they thought, on account of their color, they were entitled to abuse with impunity. The result of this two-fold source of discontent, was, that three or four hundred farmers took up arms. They were defeated; six of them were tried for treason; the whole of the Dutch settlers of the surrounding country became interested in their fate and earnestly interceded with the authorities on their behalf; but as they had shown so turbulent a spirit, and had resisted the maintenance of the law by force of arms, five of them were hanged, and one, Kruger, was pardoned. Those who had participated in the insurrection harboured feelings of the deepest resentment towards the British Government for many years, and several families of them emigrated into the interior, to the north of the Orange River.

A second source of discontent arose from the enforcement, within the Colony, of the Act of Emancipation. Slavery was abolished there as well as elsewhere. At the time the Emancipation Act came into operation, there were about 30,000 Kaffirs, Bushmen and Hottentots, held by the Boers as slaves. Nearly two and a half millions of pounds sterling, were appropriated for the purpose of extinguishing the claims which the masters of those slaves might make in consequence of the Act of Emancipation. This sum the English Government reduced by nearly one-half, and they made no provision for the payment of the Dutch Boers within the Colony. The claims which they had could only be made and met by the Bank of England. Parties at once constituted themselves agents to act on behalf of the distant colonists, intending to make as large a commission by their services as they could, and this led to a further reduction, by 20 per cent., on the sum which the Boer was entitled to receive. The result was, that many of the old slave holders at the Cape, received less than one half of the sum to which they were entitled. All were indignant, some refused to take payment altogether; they knew so little of ordinary financial business, that many of them who would have been willing to receive compensation were never paid. The discontent resulting from this want of foresight on the one side, and of business training on the other, led large numbers of them to quit their ancient homes in the vicinity of Cape Town, and to go beyond the Orange River, and the Drachenburg Mountains. More than a thousand waggons started for Natal. Every night as they camped, they sang the war songs of ancient Israel, and read the story of the Exodus from Egypt. They declared that they were marching out of Egypt and from under the authority of the oppressor, as Israel did in the days of old. One colony of the Boers settled between the Orange and Vaal Rivers; another north of the Vaal in the country now known as the Transvaal Republic, and a third made their way beyond the mountains to Natal.

The English traders were already in possession of Natal at the time the Dutch arrived and a few years later, in 1842, Natal was made an English Colony. The Dutch applied for assistance to the King of Holland, claiming that they had taken possession of of the country in his name, and on his behalf, but in a despatch to the English Government in November, 1842, the King of Holland informed the British Foreign Secretary, that the

disloyal action of the emigrant farmers had been repelled with indignation, and that he had taken every possible step to mark his disapproval of the unjustifiable use of his name by the Boers of Natal. Some of the Boer emigrants, when they found themselves unable to escape from English sovereignty if they remained in Natal, returned into the Transvaal country. The Boers had thus two colonies outside of English jurisdiction,—that immediately north of the Orange River and, that lying still further northward beyond the Vaal.

The Orange Free State had been the country of the Bushmen. The Griquas came early into the district from the west. They were armed with guns, and were able to maintain their position against the Bushmen, who had been driven out of the central position of the country by the Matabeles in their march northward. The centre portion of what is now the Orange Free State was then occupied, and thither the Boars from the Cape first went in considerable numbers in 1828. They got immense areas for very small sums of money, or for a few pounds' worth of goods. They were followed later by a great emigration in 1835. The first of these emigrations consisted of about thirty families, who obtained possession of from six to twenty thousand acres each. Those who came later went, as I have mentioned, on to Delagoa Bay: but the climate there proving unhealthy, a large percentage of them died, the remainder, were butchered by the natives and their stock was driven away. The next band of emigrants were but little more succesful, having lost upwards of six thousand head of cattle, and forty thousand sheep.

Perhaps no people in any new country ever experienced a more adventurous life, or encountered more dangers and hardships, than have the Boers of Southern Africa. No Colony held today by the United Kingdom has cost, in men, so many lives, and in money so large a sum as British South Africa, and no other territory within the British Empire presents, within the same space of time, so many matters of historical interest, as do those possessions in South Africa.

The Boers have never hesitated to subject the natives to their jurisdiction, and to appropriate their lands, wherever their interests were served by doing so. The Boer has not been a desirable colonist. Wherever he has gone, his aim has been to acquire an immense private possession, where he can raise what little grain he may require by the labour of slaves, for his own use, and upon which he can maintain his flocks and herds. In the summer he remains upon the uplands, and in the winter he drives his cattle and flocks into the valleys, and resides with his family and his servants in his waggons during the continuance of that season. The immense area of which each family takes possession, is only diminished as an individual holding, if at all, by the natural increase of population, and this diminution is often avoided by many of the sons emigrating into new districts and making new appropriations.

When Sir Harry Smith first visited the Orange River he found the people divided in their allegiance; some favoured placing themselves under English protection and others were for maintaining their individual independence.

In February, 1848, a Proclamation was issued annexing the whole country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers to Her Majesty's possessions. A leading Boer, Andries Pretorius, resisted the English attempt to obtain possession of the country. He called on the farmers on both sides of the Vaal to join him. He formed an Emigrant Association, and he gave notice to all who did not join it, that they must retire from the country. A small garrison was left by Sir Harry Smith under Major Werden at Bloomfontein.

Major Werden was notified to quit the country, and having a wholly inadequate force under his command, he crossed the Orange River, where he remained until he was reinforced by 200 Griquas, and two companies of regulars, making in all a force of about 850 men. Pretorius with the emigrants was encamped at Bloomplaats, upwards of one thousand strong. They were all mounted on horses. They had guns superior to those in the possession of the English. They had chosen an advantageous position, where they were protected against the enemy's fire. After four hours fighting, the Boers were driven from their position, and broke and fled. Their wagons were loaded, all ready for departure, a few miles away. Thither they rode, and taking all their possessions, continued their march until they crossed beyond the Vaal. A garrison was left by the British at Bloomfontein.

On the 22nd March, 1852, Letters Patent were issued erecting the Orange Country into a separate Government. A large party in England, who were totally ignorant of the situation and of the facts, in the following year urged upon the British Government, the propriety of withdrawing altogether from the country. The English Government, being but imperfectly informed, adopted this view, and sent thither Sir George Clarke as a Special Commissioner with instructions to abandon the country. The colonists of the Orange River District, especially those who resided in the villages, and who were carrying on trading and industrial operations in the country, earnestly protested against this course. The natives were equally anxious for the continuance of British protection. They knew Boer rule by a long and disastrous experience. They knew how mercilessly the natives had been treated by the Boers when any difference arose between them, and they were specially interested in the continuance of British authority. The remonstrance was in vain, and in February 1854, the British Commissioner, in a Convention negotiated at Bloomfontein, handed over the Orange Country to the Boers.

Between that period and 1868, many conflicts had arisen between the Boers and the native tribes and chiefs in Basutoland, which lies to the westward of the Orange Free State. These people were driven out of their country by the Boers, and expressed their anxiety to become British subjects, and to place themselves and their district under British protection. Their wishes were acceded to, and a Proclamation was issued, in which it was announced that Basutoland had become a British possession. The Orange Free State protested, maintaining that under the Convention of 1854 the English Government had promised not to interfere between them and the native population, and that the action of the British Government, in taking the Basutos under their protection, was a violation of the treaty. The English Government, however, maintained that the restriction referred to natives within the territory recognized as belonging to the Orange Free State, and not to the natives in the countries beyond. In 1869 the boundary between the Basuto country and the Orange Free State was settled by the treaty of Aliwal. The Republic was allowed to extend its frontier further westward than it had before held. The diamond fields in the vicinity of Kimberley were retained within British Territory, greatly against the will of the Boers.

The Boers of the South African Republic were involved in conflict with the Zulus and other tribes in their vicinity. They had exhausted their resources; the people refused longer to pay taxes to the Government; the Government had endeavoured to negotiate a loan for the construction of a railway; part of the stock had been subscribed and paid for, and the money so obtained had been used for

the purchase of material which was not utilized, and the Republic, involved in a formidable war, with an empty treasury, was on the verge of dissolution, when Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Theophilus Shepstone visited the country and with the ostensible sanction of its Government, took it over as a British possession. In fact, when the country was so brought within the Queen's Dominions, the Zulus under Cetawayo, and the Matabeles under Secocoeni, were making war upon the Boers, and they were upon the point of being overpowered.

The action of Sir Theophilus Shepstone left the Zulus in the position of being enemies to a people that had now become Her Majesty's subjects, and so the English, owning Natal, upon the east, and the Transvaal upon the west, were the only people against whom the hostility of the Zulus could be directed, and no sooner was the territory acquired than the British authorities found themselves involved in a war with the most powerful chief in South Africa, having under his command more than 40,000 men. When the Zulus were subjugated, and the Boers were relieved at the cost of the English treasury from all further danger, they at once claimed that they had never sanctioned placing their country under Her Majesty's sovereignty, and when the English troops were withdrawn from the neighborhood of the Transvaal, they were again in arms against English authority. In two preliminary engagements they had been successful, and when the Government of Mr. Gladstone found that the inhabitants were altogether opposed to English supremacy, he ordered the troops to desist from further conflict, and recognized the Transvaal as an independent state for all domestic purposes; except that, by an article in the second treaty made with these people it was expressly provided that all persons other than natives conforming themselves to the law of the South African Republic, should have full liberty, with their families to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the Republic. They were to be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises, in which they might carry on, by their agents or in person, commercial transactions, and they were not to be subject, either in person or in property, in respect to their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are imposed upon citizens of the Republic. We shall see hereafter how completely this stipulation of the second treaty between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic has been disregarded by the latter.

A wide difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the course taken by Mr. Gladstone has prevailed among the population of the United Kingdom. Sir Bartle Frere, an Indian statesman of distinction, and unquestionably a man of far more than ordinary ability, favored the extension of British authority over the Boers of the Transvaal; and the friends of Sir Bartle Frere regarded the course of the British Government as a disastrous blunder, calculated to damage the interests of the Empire in that quarter of the world; while the friends of Mr. Gladstone maintained that his course was fully justified under the circumstances. Lord Randolph Churchill, who was opposed to the policy that Mr. Gladstone adopted at that time, says, after having visited the country personally :—

"The surrender of the Transvaal, and the peace concluded by Mr. Gladstone with the victors of Majuba Hill, were at the time, and still are, the object of sharp criticism and bitter denunciation from many politicians at home: '*quorum pars parvi fui.*' Better and more precise information, combined with cool reflection, leads me to the conclusion that had the British Government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would have regained the Transvaal, but it might have lost Cape Colony. The Dutch sentiment in the Colony has been so exasperated by what it considered to be the unjust,

faithless and arbitrary policy pursued towards the free Dutchmen of the Transvaal by Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and Sir Owen Lanyon, that the final triumph of the British, mainly by brute force, would have permanently and hopelessly alienated it from Great Britain. Parliamentary government in a Colony where the Dutch controlled the Parliament would have become impossible, and without Parliamentary government Cape Colony would be ungovernable The actual magnanimity of the peace that the Boers concluded with Mr. Gladstone's Ministry after two humiliating military reverses suffered by the armies under their control became apparent, and to the just and sensible minds of the Dutch Cape Colonists atoned for much of past grievance, and demonstrated the total absence in the English mind of any hostility or any unfriendliness to the Dutch race."

Whatever may be thought of the course taken at that time, the trend of events to-day is in the direction of English dominion. The discovery of the gold fields and the diamond fields of South Africa has given to the emigration into those regions an impetus that it had never received before, and there is a fair prospect, for the first time since South Africa became a part of the British Empire, of the English becoming the dominant white race in those regions. At the present time two-thirds of the inhabitants of Cape Colony are of Dutch descent and still speak the Dutch language. In the Colony of Natal there are about 30-000 white inhabitants, of whom two-fifths are Dutch. In the Orange Free State the majority are still Dutch, though if the inhabitants of the diamond fields of Kimberley are counted, the English form at least half the population. In the Transvaal, out of a white population of 160,000, 130,000 are English, and, with a fair government are likely to dominate at an early day, to a still greater extent. In fact, with railways constructed through South Africa, with the mining operations extended into the vast regions under the control of theSouth African Company, there is every prospect of the English speaking dominions in South Africa embracing a region nearly as large as the whole of the United States, and the English language, English ideas, and English sympathies, are likely at an early day to acquire an ascendancy over that entire area. But before this desirable result is attained changes must occur in the Transvaal, and in the Orange Free State, little short of actual revolution.

There are many elements of strength in the character of the Boer, but he is a civilized man of a former period. All his conceptions are out of joint with the conditions of modern society, and while he affords excellent material for good citizenship, he will never be much better than he is, until some other race dominates in the country which he occupies. The Boer is a lover of freedom for himself, but not for anybody else. He wishes to keep an immense area of the world as a close preserve, and he is carrying on his agricultural operations in a way which requires a very much larger planet than the one upon which he finds himself, to afford room for even a very moderate population. He is ever endeavoring to escape from the restraints of law, and should the Vaal be dominated by an English-speaking population, large numbers of the Boers, no doubt, will leave the country, taking with them their families, their servants, their flocks, and their herds, to fight the natives in other portions of Africa, and to expel them from the countries which they occupy, in order that room may be made for themselves. The Boer has again and again, although he has bound himself by treaty not to do so, endeavored to cross the Limpopo River into Mashonaland. He has left the borders of his own territory, and he has gone to Gazaland, to M'Gamaland, to Zanzibar, to the possessions of Portugal which lie to the East of the Transvaal, in fact he is essentially a border man of a particular type, and where he can, he endeavors to escape from the bonds and restraints of modern civilization, to which he is a stranger, and from which he is ever a sojourner,

which he hates even more than he does the ways of the heathen in whose land he dwells, and which, with his rifle, he wins from him.

Since the treaties of 1881 and 1884, by which he has subordinated the foreign relations of his country to England, and by which he bound himself not to impose any tax upon aliens other than those which he himself was called upon to bear, he has paid not the slightest regard to these restraints. He has looked upon the Uitlander as a fair subject for plunder, and he has not only endeavored to make him bear nearly the whole costs of Government, but he has also taxed him in order to afford incomes to the few Boers and their Dutch associates to whom have been entrusted the business of Government. How far he has departed from the stipulation in respect to equal taxation, is shown by the figures given by Lord Randolph Churchill. If he has paid but little heed to the restraints upon his external relations, he has given even less attention to the restraints upon his power to deal unequally with the stranger and sojourner in his midst.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in his account of his journey through the Transvaal, that the city of Johannesburg, which, at the time he was there, contained upwards of 70,000 people, was without streets that were graded, paved, watered or lighted; that footpads could pursue their avocations with little trouble and little risk at night; that in the city there were but few police; that the evils to which Johannesburg was subject would be readily remedied if the people possessed a representative municipality; but that the selfish jealousy of the Boer Government obstinately refused any such concession. There is a Sanitary Board, whose regulations are completely neutralized by a law of the Republic, which provides that no one can be a member of the Board unless he speaks the Dutch, and the proceedings of the Board must be recorded in that language. Johannesburg is an English-speaking town. Extremely few of the inhabitants can speak Dutch; those who do so are not found among the wealthy or the well-informed, so that its municipal government is in the hands of the most incompetent persons to be found among its people. Many of the inhabitants are well qualified to give the city an efficient municipal system, but they have no more voice in the affairs than a negro of South Carolina had in the municipal government of Charleston during the time when slavery was in force in that State. The Boer Government nominates the President of the Municipal Board, and he is not one of those who are elected. The schools which are allowed within the Republic are only those in which the Dutch language is taught, and out of the white population of 160,000, there are 130,000 who have neither rights nor liberties. The city of Pretoria, which is the capital of the Republic, and which contains about 12,000 inhabitants—about one-tenth of the population of Johannesburg—is practically supported by taxes levied from the latter place.

The astonishing thing is that the attention of the English Government was not called to the matter sooner, and that its interference was not demanded on the ground that the whole proceeding was in contravention of the compact. When President Kruger has been pressed to give greater security to life, and greater facility for commerce, his invariable answer has been that he has no money for the purpose. The roads, he declares, were good enough for their fathers, and they are good enough for the men of to-day. Lord Randolph Churchill points out that certain articles of trade, which are essential to carrying on mining operations, are under control of monopolies; that the Boer, for a consideration, is given, not infrequently, an exclusive right to deal in a particular article; that dynamite,

which is imported into the country, is under the control of one man, to whom, in addition to the actual price, a royalty of 12s. 6d. a ton must be paid. He points out that the natural resources of the country are such that had it been under English or American jurisdiction, it would, in all probability, have had within its limits some millions of European inhabitants. It would have had roads and bridges, railways and canals; that there is no place with greater natural resources in the world; but that it has been cursed by the jurisdiction of a few thousand Boers, who, as long as they can retain their supremacy, will prove an insuperable obstacle to the country's progress.

The Uitlanders own more than half the land and they own nine-tenths of the personal property in the Transvaal, and yet they are wholly without representation. Under the present constitution there is no control of any sort over public expenditure. The tax is mainly upon the necessaries of life. There has long been gross corruption in every branch of the public service. Education is practically denied to Uitlanders, for no instruction in any public school is given, as I have stated, except in the Dutch language, and enormous taxes are being imposed at the present time to build forts at Pretoria, and at Johannesburg, simply to overawe those who have been subjected to the grossest injustice and oppresion.

The Uitlanders demand such a change in the constitution as will make the Government fairly representative of the whole people; they ask for a fair franchise law, and fair representation in the legislature; for responsibility in administration; for the removal of religious disabilities; for the independence of the judges; for education in English as well as in Dutch; and for Free trade in South African products. They also ask for a fair postal system, for an efficient telegraph system, and for municipal government.

Notwithstanding the sturdy character of the Boer, he has no scruples in his dealings with Uitlanders. He is said to be a man who loves independence, who is fond of indolence, who hates civilization, and who has no regard for the truth. One of the most interesting studies connected with the Government of the Transvaal is the progressive changes which have been made in the electoral franchise, in order to maintain the authority and jurisdiction of the minority, over the entire population. At first, after a residence of five years a man might become a citizen, and might acquire the ordinary rights of citizenship; but as the British population increased, the period of residence has been proportionately extended, and when an alien is now naturalized he finds that by his naturalization he has lost the rights of a subject of the country of his birth, but he has not acquired the ordinary rights of citizenship in the Transvaal. He may vote for a member of the second chamber which has but little power given to it, but the first chamber, the one that really controls and directs the affairs of the government, he has no voice in at all, as he is not permitted to vote for the election of its members. If, under the present constitution, every Uitlander was a citizen, the government would still be in the hands of the Dutch Africanders. It is indeed a most extraordinary thing, that men of British and American birth, trained in the principles of self government and used to the exercise of popular authority, should, in a country where they have an overwhelming majority, submit to such tyranny and oppression as that which is practiced upon them by the Boers of the Transvaal Republic.

Once reform in the domestic constitution of that country is effected, the first substantial step will have been taken towards the federation of British South Africa. That country is one which admits, under existing cir-

cumstances, of very rapid growth both in population and in wealth. It is one where the English race may indefinitely extend its authority. If ever there was a continent where such a doctrine as the Monroe doctrine fittingly applied it is South Africa. It was indeed a mistake ever to permit Germany to acquire possession, either upon the eastern or upon the western coast. Upon both these coasts the English trade with the native population was far more extensive than that of Germany, at the time that Germany took formal possession. The English, so far, are the one race that go forth to occupy the country which they acquire, to invest their money in it, to cultivate and to subdue it. They have spent in South Africa, through the instrumentality of the government, fifty millions of pounds in subduing the country, in maintaining order, in opening it to trade and commerce. There have been spent in recent years, many millions of British capital by private enterprise, and the interests, both of the Government and of the people, are far too great to permit Germany or any other state to seriously endanger their possessions. German statesmen, no doubt, look forward to the possession of both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. If Germany should acquire those countries, she would soon place within their limits a large German army; she would effectually cut off the British possessions in South Africa from those that are extending to the head waters of the Nile, and to the great lakes of the interior, and she could impose upon the British Empire an expenditure of money, in order that she might give security to her possessions, that would on the whole prove a greater burden than war itself. To the dangers of the situation, the promptness and the energy with which the British Government acted, show very clearly that British statesmen are fully alive. Had the gold fields of the Transvaal been discovered prior to the restoration of Boer Independence, it is not at all probable that that independence would have been conceded. It is almost certain that all the dangers which Lord Randolph Churchill points out as likely to have arisen, if such a course had been persisted in, would have been risked.

This much is clear, that however necessary the concession of independence to the Transvaal may have been, to allay the rising hostility in the minds of the Dutch in Cape Colony, it has proved a source of not a little danger at the present time, and one, certainly of great detriment to the material progress of South Africa. The country is controlled by, and for the present the direction of its affairs is in the hands of men who have been the persistent foes of railway construction, and of all attempts at both material and intellectual progress.

Lord Randolph Churchill has drawn a very dark picture of the Boers, and as a dominant population, it is doubtful whether that picture is overdrawn. He says :—

> "That the day of their authority in the Transvaal, as in every other part of South Africa, is numbered, and they will pass away unhonored and unlamented, and scarcely even remembered except by the native. They have had given to them great possessions and great opportunities. They will be for a time remembered on account of their cruelties towards and their tyranny over the native races, their fierce fanaticism, their ignorance, their selfishness will be handed down to posterity by tradition. They have had one of the finest countries in the world, and one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to a people, but they have failed to confer a single benefit upon a single human being, not even upon themselves, and upon the pages of African history they will leave a shadow, but only a shadow, of a dark reputation and an evil name."

It is not probable that the Transvaal or the Orange Free State, or, for that matter, Cape Colony, would ever consent to be organized into a federation under British authority, where, even in theory, the Imperial Parliament would be permitted to question the exclusive jurisdiction of the local legislature over their own domestic concerns. The British Empire has,

for a long time, been in practice and by the conventions of the constitution, a federation, the local and domestic concerns of which have been in the exclusive possession of local and domestic governments; but the Imperial Parliament has never admitted that the local jurisdiction is exclusive. It maintains, in theory at the least, that it possesses a paramount jurisdiction which, when exercised, would supersede, even in local matters, local bodies. Now it is impossible to acquire even a superficial knowledge of the history of the government of South Africa, without seeing that the Imperial Government must consent to formally withdraw all pretension, legal as well as political, from over the purely domestic concerns of the local governments, once parliamentary powers are fully conceded. Indeed one of the difficulties which every Secretary of State for the Colonies has again and again experienced in dealing with South African problems, has been that the local authorities themselves have never been able there as we do here in Canada, to distinguish between what is local and what, in its nature, is Imperial. Over the whole field of government Cape Colony has more than once claimed exclusive jurisdiction. It has never cheerfully admitted of any interference on the part of the Colonial Office, even where the burden and the responsibility have devolved upon the Imperial authorities, but in every part of the dominions of South Africa, though the days of Boer rule be numbered, yet the character which the Boer exhibits, his habits of mind, his religious faith, his self-reliance, his obstinacy, his selfishness and his courage will long remain an important element in South African character. These qualities are too strong and too deep not to create a distinctive type of men, and although the English population may there increase, and the Dutch be wholly absorbed, yet the Boer is destined to exercise an unimportant influence in the future, not on account of what he has done, but by reason of what he is upon the course of South African history for centuries to come.

A SONG OF MAY

Gentle zephyrs, fragrance-laden,
In the yellow sunlight sigh;
Through the sweet May air rejoicing
Flies the lark so high.

In among the flowers the brooklet
Sparkles, as it laughing winds;
Butterflies sway on the grasses
Which the edges bind.

Oh, how sweet indeed the pleasure
Idly in the grass to lie,
Gazing to th' celestial ether
As the hours slip by.

—*From the German of Reinick,*

EDMUND HARDY.

THE VALUE OF ALL-BRITISH CABLES.

BY DANVERS OSBORN.

RECENT untoward events, with an almost universal display of hostile sentiment towards Great Britain, have clearly demonstrated the necessity for cementing and firmly uniting —with the least possible delay—those material ties which bind us to the remote portions of the Empire, enabling us to pursue and carry out the true imperial policy of "dangerous isolation," glorious in itself, yet fraught with red ruin, should serious disaster overwhelm us, in any one quarter of our extensive possessions.

The question of an all-British cable across the Pacific Ocean, which, of late, has occupied no small amount of attention, is a scheme the imperial authorities and every person interested in the growth of the Empire cannot afford to set aside as undeserving of investigation.

From the start the idea has possessed undeniable credentials: prominent men, whose testimony is not to be minimized, and whose careers have added lustre to various administrations, both at home and abroad, have sacrificed valuable time and deserted the uttermost parts of the earth in order to discuss the preliminary details of an enterprise, which must eventually become a "fait accompli," and prove of great commercial and strategic advantage to the future well-being of the Empire.

As a rival to more than one subsidized concern doing business with the East, the enterprise, staggering under a full measure of unstinted reproach dealt to it by jealous opponents, has survived all adverse pronouncements and found its way to the top of the list of those very necessary and immediate undertakings which the imperial government, sustained by its colonies, very wisely decrees can no longer be relegated to the hidden recesses of a departmental bureau. Without wishing to detract from the usefulness and efficiency of existing corporations, it is, nevertheless, quite evident that the present system of cable communication with Australia—outside of normal happenings—does not recommend itself to public confidence in the event of foreign disturbances.

Interruptions threatening serious consequences menace the system at different points; overland wires across Egypt and spanning the broad expanses of continents are conspicuous weaknesses; so much so, that the recent expression from Lord Wolseley concerning any dependence upon the Indian and Australian cable system in times of imminent danger as "unwise and suicidal," are words in due season painfully suggestive, yet appropriate. Our tenure in Egypt is a precarious one. A section of English politicians constantly clamor for evacuation and, in this particular, receive every encouragement from France, which all along has viewed our occupation with undisguised dislike.

Any serious attempt to dispossess us of our stewardship, would act as an incentive to the native population; the first stage of real opposition to our permanence would involve the destruction of the land lines—the only means of communication between the Mediterranean and Red Sea.

A contest for the rights of possession would suspend, indefinitely, telegraphic communication to the East *via* the Egyptian land lines—a repetition of the chaos and confusion succeeding the Alexandria outbreak of 1882—under such circumstances an

to guard against a recurrence of similar disabilities, an alternative route across the Pacific would prove of incalculable benefit, not being liable to sudden interruption at the hands of the Queen's enemies. State secrets of vital importance are far better off buried in the deep bosom of the ocean. A cable in submerged depths is a better surety for absolute security than the dull outline of telegraph wire and ceaseless array of stilts, which alternate across deserts inhabited by nomadic bands of Bedouins, philosophic enough to believe that another man's misfortune is Ishmael's best opportunity in matters of despoilment and subsequent assessment.

The cable system from England to Aden round the coast of Africa, does not insure immunity from interruption. It is essentially a *peace* cable, laid through shallow waters and fever-haunted districts. Add to these inconveniences the fact that the landings in several places are upon foreign soil, controlled either by France or Portugal, an altercation with either of these countries would seriously jeopardize the utility of the African route.

During a period of five years, thirty-eight breaks are recorded, seventeen on the east coast and twenty-one on the west coast, a region of baneful clime and cosmopolitan combination.

The number of idle days caused by the breaks was 648, of which period the West coast carried off the palm with a dispensation from service of 348 days, whilst the let-up on the East coast amounted to exactly ten calendar months. With these figures before us it is ridiculous to suppose that those who control this system still possess the effrontery to claim meritorious distinction as public carriers. On examination of the two routes it will be seen that neither of them can insure an independent line of communication to South Africa.

Route to Cape Town *via* West Coast of Africa.		Route to Cape Town *via* Egypt and Red Sea.	
Porthcurnow (Cornwall.)		Porthcurnow (Cornwall.)	
1 Lisbon	Foreign.	1 Lisbon	Foreign.
2 Madeira	"	2 Gibraltar	British.
3 St. Vincent	"	3 Malta	"
4 Bathurst	British.	4 Alexandria Landlines to	All stations
5 Sierra Leone.	"	5 Suez	foreign.
6 Accra	"	6 Aden	British.
7 Lagos	"	7 Zanzibar	"
8 New Calabar.	"	8 Mozambique,	Foreign
9 Bonny	"	9 Delagoa Bay.	"
10 Prince's Island,	Foreign.	10 Durban	British.
11 St. Thomas Island,	Foreign	Landline to Cape Town.	
12 St. Paul De Loando,	Foreign.		
13 Benguela	Foreign.		
14 Mossamedes, Cape Town.	"		

The collapse of the above dual system during the exciting days of the Jamieson raid is an object-lesson not easily forgotten. At a critical moment the St. Thomé-Loanda cable on the West coast gave out, and the Lourenço Marques (Delagoa Bay)-Durban section of the East coast route was down also;—all cablegrams for South Africa had to pass through Portugese territory and the Transvaal, thence inland to Natal and the Cape.

Concerning this suspension the London daily papers were—by way of small comfort—able to make the following announcement:

"The Eastern Telegraph Company notify that during the interruption in the cables which was advised yesterday, traffic to and from South Africa is passing *via* the land lines with but little delay."

In other words, as editorially commented on by the *Canadian Gazette* at the time:—"We were dependent upon the good graces of Portugal and President Kruger for every telegraphic message from England to our British colonies of Cape Colony and Natal; knowing from recent experience what ideas President Kruger and his fellow Boers have on the subject of the "supervision" of telegrams—what a

pleasing prospect for British Ministries and British traders to be at his mercy at such a time as this."

As a moral arising from the crisis, and doubtless with a view to calling attention to our telegraphic isolation, Sir George Baden Powell, in a letter to the *Times*, covers the entire field of the empire's shortcomings in the matter of independent cable communication.

He wrote as follows:—

"At the moment we were all of us painfully anxious for prompt and unadulterated telegraphic news from South Africa, from Venezuela, and from other places where there is trouble. Still greater would be our anxiety and our need in time of actual war. The public will do well to bear in mind the present condition of our telegraphic connections.

"In regard to South Africa, the Aden-Zanzibar cable happens to have broken at an inopportune moment; considerable delay occurs on the West coast route. But all these messages, as well as those to and from the Ashanti expedition, have to pass through foreign territory.

"Again, telegraphic connection with British Guiana, with all our West Indian possessions, with our fleet in the West Indies, is maintained by means of land lines across Cuba and across the United States—lines subject to the necessities of local combatants or others who might be hostile to us

"The remedy is simple—viz.: to hasten the inevitable completion of two projected all-British direct cables It is an axiom of to-day that submarine cables, made and laid with all the latest appliances, are certain to pay for commercial purposes; for state and strategic purposes they are indispensable.

"It is, therefore, to be hoped that in these moments of stress the public will read the lesson aright, and see to it that the responsible authorities arrange to provide the two lines of cable communication which our empire may so urgently need in the future—viz.: the shorter line from Bermuda to Jamaica, and the longer line from Vancouver to Australia, with its continuation to Mauritius and South Africa.

"We shall thus obtain alternative and all-British means of communicating between all over-sea points of the empire, invaluable alike for the commerce and security of all its parts."

Further emphasis to the remarks of Sir George Baden-Powell point out the necessity of extending the Halifax-Bermuda cable to England. The possession of an Atlantic cable would forge the last link in the chain of the empire's strategic system. Working in connection with the C. P. R. trans-continental line it would furnish a direct route to Australia, beneficial to the commercial world in times of peace, invaluable and well-nigh invulnerable when the drums begin to roll.

In the matter of a strategic cable system France has for some time been stealthily seeking to undermine British influence, she has already put down a cable 800 knots in length from Bundaberg, Queensland, to New Caledonia.

At that time, Mr. Audley Coote, M. L. C., representing the French Company which undertook the work, made the following significant remarks:—

"You may say that after I had laid the first section of the Pacific cable, I came to Europe for the purpose of arranging for the other sections to go on section by section."

"Those arrangements have been made, and the new cable is now an assured fact. It will be more of an international undertaking than any other cable that has been laid, because there will be not only the Australian goverments interested in the matter, but England, Germany, America and France. The existing rates will of course, be lowered, probably to three shillings per word, the press being met on liberal terms, and each of the governments interested will be allowed to send their messages free in each year to the extent of their guarantee of interest."

"I am on my way now to Australia, and the English public will hear from the Colonial governments very shortly after my return; but there is very little doubt that the various sections will be laid in the specified time, and that the whole thing will be in working order in a couple of years. We have yet to make nearly 17,000 miles of cable."

Since the date of the auspicious occasion which put the convicts of New Caledonia in closer touch with former associations the Colonial goverments *have* been heard from, with a unanimous verdict for an all-British cable, and no other.

With remarkable persistency however the French Government has pursued its avowed policy of completing a system of cables, in the West Indies and Pacific, and makes no secret in declaring that any line of communication *other* than British will serve.

Apropos of Mr. Coote and his intentions to lay an all-French cable across the Pacific, some of the remarks made by Sir Henry Wrixon represent-

ing the government of Victoria at the Ottawa Conference of 1894, are well worth quoting. Sir Henry said:—

"If there is anything of importance to England in making a second cable communication, in case of war, then undoubtedly, there is a very great argument in support of the cable.

"When we look at the enormous sums expended by the mother country for defence, when we are told that there are some £18,000,000 or £20,000,000 to be expended in strengthening the navy, this cable costing some couple of millions, flashing the intelligence or instructions through might mean the safety of the colonies and the empire. If there is any truth in that view, it is a vital question for the whole Empire. But there is another view to which I think I ought to direct the attention of the conference, and, as to which we, in Australia, feel very strongly. If the matter is now rejected, if England throws the thing over, if England will not assist in the laying of this cable, there is very little doubt but that France will lay it. If it is not done by us, and by the Imperial Government, the whole thing will go into the hands of France, which would be a very serious question for us. There is already the cable from Australia to New Caledonia."

Referring to Sir Henry's remarks concerning the sums expended in strengthening the navy, the cost of an all British cable across the Pacific is a mere bagatelle compared with the money spent, and sometimes sunk by our modern leviathans.

Two years ago, writing on this subject to the Halifax *Herald*, I concluded my article with the following remarks:—

"The Imperial government awake to the defective condition of the navy appropriate large sums to maintain it in a state of efficiency. The sum needed to defray the cost of construction of a Pacific cable is a fraction in comparison with the expense incurred in order to fully man and equip four first-class ironclads of modern type.

An ocean cable once laid is unlikely to incur heavy extra expenses or to be abandoned. The expenditure of enormous sums, such as were expended in repairing the warships Sultan, Warspite and Howe need no calculation ; extra burdens to taxpayers, owing to total losses, exampled in the sinking of H. M. S Serpent and the more recent disaster of the Victoria, is a considerable item not to be included. Moreover, in subsidizing the Pacific project, the Imperial government is helping to open a shop with every probability of its becoming a paying concern from the start. The enterprise would not only pay its own way as a public carrier, but would proclaim the healthfulness of its existence by extinguishing all outstanding pecuniary obligations within a limited period.

The time is far spent, June is at hand ; it is the duty of the Imperial government to shake off apathy and declare its intentions—it is to be hoped subventions. The patient and long-suffering colonies will speedily fall into line with the mother country."

Sir Henry Wrixon further went on to say :—

"If this conference, and if the Imperial Government say : 'We cannot trouble about it ; do as you like; we wash our hands of it,' and if that gets abroad, I believe there are plenty of persons, interested in a commercial point of view, who will take up the cable, under the auspices of the French Government, and carry it through We have had an experience of that already, with regard to the cable from Australia to New Caledonia. There are plenty of business men, I will not call them commission agents, but gentlemen who partly occupy that position, who would make something handsome out of such a contract. If it were announced that this conference will do nothing, and that England will not touch it, these gentlemen have a very good opportunity to go to France and say, 'will you now complete what you have commenced? You will have it under your control, it will be a French line, be laid by French ships, and be under French management.'"

The foregoing sentiments, given expression by the representative of a colony whose loyalty to the empire has manifested itself on more than one critical occasion, cannot be impeached as idle testimony. Sir Henry Wrixon, as the mouthpiece for the Government of Victoria, not only voiced the feeling of his own Province, but spoke also for myriads of English citizens apportioned to reside outside of the Mother Country, yet, every bit as jealous of any interference by a foreign power with affairs affecting the future destinies of the fair isle dominating over all our interests.

England cannot any longer afford to turn a deaf ear to the urgent needs of the case. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the coming London Conference will result in satisfying the pressing wants of all the colonies, more especially those places which are threatened with alien control—an undesirable substitute for British management.

Merchants accustomed to transact daily business with Melbourne and Victoria, are well aware that the existing

corporation, controlling the situation without rivals, possesses three weak points in its system, viz., the overland line across Egypt, the land line connection between Bombay and Madras and the trunk lines in Australia.

Sufficient reference has previously been made to the defects of the Egyptian telegraph system: the Bombay-Madras connection, owing to our undisputed possession, is not so liable to molestation outside of the temporary delays due to the elements. In event, however, of native disturbances in India assuming the serious proportions of the mutiny of 1857, the immunity of the telegraph wires from prolonged interruption is extremely doubtful: the complete severance of the Indian trunk line would cut off all communication east of Bombay.

Coming down to Australia, we find that the cables out of Sumatra divide in their landings, two going to Port Darwin, whilst the other is joined to the continent at Roebuck Bay on the north-west coast.

The trunk lines connecting these points with South and Western Australia are more or less subject to delay, as a list of recent interruptions shows:

1894, December 18.—Both routes interrupted for eighteen hours.

1895, January 18-25.—Both routes interrupted.

1895, July 29.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1895, September.—Fault still exists in Western Australian line between Bremer and Esperance Bay; all business much delayed.

1895, November 12.—Western Australian route interrupted between Israelite Bay and Esperance Bay.

1895, November 23.—Western Australian route interrupted to the westward of Israelite Bay.

1896, January 14.—Port Darwin route interrupted for some hours.

1896, January 18-19.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1896, January 22.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1896, February 18-27.—Western Australian route interrupted towards Roebuck Bay and towards Adelaide.

The last notice of interruption cuts off Perth entirely from outside communication by telegraph.

It will easily be seen that the trunk lines of Australia are not reliable means of connection; moreover it is claimed that the above list is incomplete and does not furnish all information owing to the fact that the South and West Australian authorities do not advise the Berne officials by telegraph of the interruptions which occur on the Australian lines.

Telegraph affairs in the western hemisphere, so far as imperial interests are concerned, are no better off. The ordinary channel of telegraphic communication with the West Indies is by American land lines to Key West. In case of interruptions beyond Key West, an alternative route, at prohibitive rates, is available *via* the Gulf of Mexico, West Coast of Central America and Isthmus of Panama, where connection is once more made with the West India and Panama Telegraph Company. In event of storms affecting the American land lines, the cables belonging to these two routes cannot be reached; under such circumstances, the only available route left open to the customer in London wishing to send a telegram to Jamaica, is *via* the Eastern, Brazilian Submarine and Western Brazilian Telegraph Companies, by land line across South America, thence by the cables of the West Coast Company to Lima, Peru.

At this point the message is handed over to the Central and South American Telegraph Company—the competitor of the Eastern system to points in South America; this company transmits it to Panama, where it is handed to the Panama Railroad Company for transmission to Colon, performing the last stage of its long journey over the cables of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company. This circuitous route certainly possesses all the re-

markable qualities of the chameleon in its ever-changing process.

Of the seven companies handling the message, four work the siphon recorder instrument, two companies flash it by mirror, two different Morse codes—American and Continental—are employed to aid in the transmission; a constant metamorphosis, calling into service, ears, eyes and hands—if any of the mirror readers employ writers, the mouth also chants a part.

The heterogeneous and unreliable conditions besetting our cable communication with the West Indies must be improved.

Our misunderstanding with the Washington authorities over the Schomburghk line, should startle us into a recognition of our own impotence in the matter of secure connection.

Handicapped by decided disadvantages, the awful reality of war with the United States means that Halifax and Bermuda—should occasion demand it—would be unable to communicate with the North Atlantic squadron—"Peccavi"—to what purpose? Important orders withheld from the fleet at such a moment, might teach us the lesson which bitter experience often has in store for the unprepared. Little time therefore should be lost in extending the Bermuda-Halifax cable to Jamaica and other islands.

When storm clouds lower, we have hitherto been accustomed to repose all confidence in our navy; it is no figure of speech to declare that up-to-date methods require a cable to fire a cannon, the Admiralty is of the same mind and proposes to construct special 20-knot cruisers fitted with cable laying apparatus to accompany each squadron, so that the commanders can communicate with the mainland should circumstances require it—evidence of the fact, that a perfect system of cables is an important factor to be reckoned with in modern naval warfare.

Sir William Cusack-Smith, Bart., in his naval essay entitled "Our Warships," says in his concluding remarks:—"Naval strength is the result of a combination of many elements and sources of power, having each its special function and sphere of work and operation, but all uniting for the common end; and no one element can claim pre-eminence."

These brief remarks speak volumes, and although—in further quotation—no one element can claim pre-eminence, the lack of an auxiliary or want of proper concentration at a decisive moment, are discrepancies that ought to lie ontside of all calculation. Attention to minute detail often puts a finishing touch to handiwork, rendering it perfection—by no means does this imply that perfection itself is a little thing. Should the coming London conference decide to supply all the desired needs of a strategic cable system throughout the Empire, Canada would occupy no unimportant position in the allotments assigned to her.

Centrally situated, our Dominion would be in direct touch with the Empire's capital, the West Indies and the continent of Australia, maintaining an independent connection across her own territory by Government land lines.

Prominent men of Canada have long labored to bring about these necessary developments.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, whose name is so well known in connection with every improvement requiring intelligent application, has fathered the idea of an all-British cable since its inception; he has furnished statistics and journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the empire, in order to convince various administrations of the soundness and practicability of the scheme Amongst those of his skilful pleadings on the subject, the addresses to the Melbourne and London Chambers of Commerce, and his eloquent address before the Ottawa Conference in 1894, are memorable deliveries that

effectually dispose of all adverse comments detrimental to the scheme.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., have both given the Pacific cable project their cordial support.

The Government presided over by the late Sir John Thompson, decided, in 1893, to send a delegate to Australia, with a view to promote an extension of trade between that country and Canada, also to confer with the Australian Government on the subject of a Pacific cable. This mission was entrusted to the then Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, and resulted in awakening a fresh interest in a scheme tending to draw the two colonies closer together.

Mr. Bowell, as President of the Colonial Conference, held at Ottawa in 1894, gave fresh proof of his interest in all things pertaining to the welfare and development of the Empire.

The proposed direct means of communication with Australia, *via* Canada, furnished opportunity to all opposed to the scheme to give expression to their views. Shortly before the Ottawa Conference inaugurated its session, Sir John Pender, Chairman of the Eastern Telegraph Company addressed a letter to the *Times*, correcting several statements made by the Canadian High Commissioner, in an address before the Royal Colonial Institute.

A newspaper controversy ensued, between the High Commissioner and Sir John Pender, resulting in the wholesale discomfiture of the element opposed to the scheme.

To complete the list of illustrious Canadians interested in the laying of an all-British Pacific cable, it may interest a great many to know, that the last public utterances of the late Sir John Thompson, delivered by him before the members of the Imperial Institute, the night preceding his untimely decease—referred to the Pacific cable project. A reproduction of those words is not amiss. Sir John Thompson said :—

"One of the great objects of the Conference, apart from the question of trade and trade arrangements was to avail ourselves of the opportunities presented by rapid communication, and to lessen the distance and time separating us from each other. Already, as you know, tenders have been called for by the Canadian government for laying the Pacific cable, and it is a gratifying fact that these tenders place the cost of the work within a million dollars less than the estimate previously formed. We can judge by the fact of the possibilities of good results attending the conference. The carrying out of the undertaking must in great part depend upon the action of her majesty's government, as the project is too great for any one colony to materially aid it. But, when I mention the fact that Canada stands ready to support it by a liberal subsidy, and that, I believe the Australian colonies stand in the same position, and seeing, also, that the cost has already been lessened by a million dollars, you will realize how completely within our grasp that undertaking is at the present time."

Canada may well feel proud of her sons.

Further need of assurance is unnecessary to substantiate the declaration, that in the matter of strategic cable enterprise—as well as in all things redounding to the prestige of the empire—Canadians, past and present, have contributed in no small way towards the glorious ends in store for a loyal people. Destined to become a great nation, this fair Dominion is furnishing material for history to relate; bright pages recording the heroism and self-sacrifice of our ancestors, will be illuminated by the nobler works of peace, inaugurated in this present year of grace within measurable termination of the memorable Victorian age.

Proud possessors of the "Civis Romanus sum" of other days, let us see to it in all things affecting the interests of the sovereign country proud to call us her children, that we prove worthy of our inheritance. The stern path of duty made easy by the untarnished memory of past performances, determining all our ways, will entitle us to a like adjudgment from future generations.

GLYDON EPHSCOT'S BRIDE.

BY A. MAUDE JOLLEY.

SHE stands at the window, a dark shadow against the dying day, her fingers idly tapping the sill while her eyes rove over the fair expanse of water where not the faintest ripple disturbs the calm bosom of the great lake, blushing rosy red at old Sol's departing kiss.

"What a beautiful sunset," murmurs the girl, dreamily.

The old fisherman shakes his head, "It'll be a bad night for sailors; there's rough weather in that sky." Even as he speaks a mighty gust of wind of strikes the house. Fishing-tackle and frying-pans clatter to the floor; the door flies shut with a bang.

"Shut the window, lass," shouts the man.

The water, which a second before had lain so placidly smiling in the sunlight, is broken up. Great waves rush angrily against the beach, then drawing back as if to gather new strength sweep fiercely over the sands. The huge waves wash over the pier and dash against the light-house, sending the white spray high in the air. Dark ugly-looking clouds scud rapidly across the sky, and one could almost fancy the bloodred sun gives a hiss as it sinks into the frothing sea. One of the winds so common to the coast had sprung upon them.

"I think I'd better go and see that the *Pretty Marie* is fastened all right. It'll be a hard night for the boats in the slips," murmurs the old sailor, pulling his cap down about his ears; and opening the door a gust of wind almost takes him off his feet. But a man used to the quarter deck of an ocean vessel is not easily daunted, and the square, sturdy figure sturdily faces the breeze

The girl still stands at the window. She does not heed the storm, does not even hear her father's parting words; her mind has gone back to a year ago to-day—a fair smiling day, when strong firm hands had held hers, while a pair of coral eyes had looked into hers and a musical voice had whispered:—

"I'll be back a year from to-day, Irene, to claim my bride."

Then he had gone away and she had never heard from him again. As the year had passed they had told her he was false; but her faith had never wavered, and to-day, as she stands there, something tells her he is coming to her.

The wind steadily increases; night falls black and terrible. Irene and her father sit alone. The girl's face is white and wears a listening, expectant look. Suddenly the door is thrown open, a strong voice shouts above the breeze:—"There's a ship going to pieces out on the reef. She is drifting in. We are going to try and save some lives." Before he has finished speaking, the old sailor has caught up his cap and joined them.

Neither of them notice Irene snatch down a shawl and follow.

The heavy clouds have parted, and let the full moon through bright and clear. Out at sea, not more than a hundred yards from the shore, the black hull of a ship rocks on its side. The life-boat, manned by strong, brave men, is going to the rescue. They are almost within reach when the doomed vessel gives a lurch. There is a sound of parting timbers, the hull slowly falls apart and sinks. As she goes down a figure springs from the deck into the foaming waters.

So centred is all the interest in the boat, that none notice the form of a

young girl kneeling on the beach with clasped hands, her great eyes fixed on the wreck.

When the life-boat returns it is only heavier by one, and that one lies stiff and cold in the bottom of the boat. Very tenderly they lift the poor, bruised form, very tenderly they bear it to the nearest house—the old sailor's—and gently lay it on the bed. Then they start back, for, cold and dead, there lies before them Glydon Ephscot—Irene's lover.

The girl enters, pale but calm.

"Where have you laid him?" she asks.

They feel intuitively that she knows, and reverently draw aside. She goes to him without surprise or change on her face, and kneeling beside the bed, lays her cold lips to his.

"I knew you would come," she whispers. Her head drops forward on his breast—she has fainted, they say.

"Irene," says a kind, motherly woman, "look up," but the girl never moves. The woman raises the bowed head. The spirit has fled. A happy, peaceful smile is on her face. Glydon Ephscot has claimed his bride.

RONDEAU.

"THE SPRING IS HERE."

The Spring is here, a-down doth flow
In muddy streams the once white snow
Down to the river yet unbound,
Yet with the Ice-king's sceptre crowned
Now soon to find its overthrow.

By many sounds kind Spring we know;
See the loud cawing, lonely crow,
The gopher chirping on his mound.
The Spring is here.

See high the geese in serried row
Greeting stern Winter's overthrow,
(For Arctic regions northward bound)
Glad heralds, for their cry (honk) doth sound
"The Spring is here!"

Brandon, Man. H. T. M.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

NATURE and humanity are launching out into new clothes. Nature is prodigal in the quality and quantity of her vernal attire, and we love her for it. Man and his better half, we call extravagant.

There is a new zest to life in these days of sunshine and resin-loaded air—zest which the house keeper puts to practical advantage, but which we idle sun-loving vagrants use up in being happy.

A day or two of sunshine brings us Hepaticas and Spring Beauty, and early Violets, a little later will come the Bell Wort's, the dog-tooth Violets and the Trilliums, the death flower of the early settlers, but the prized treasure, nevertheless, of every wood-lover from babyhood up.

There are slender catkins on the willows, and on the white and yellow birches, and the cherry birch is covered with its thicker grayish ones. There is birdsong in the air and arching blue skies where lowering clouds have hung so long.

And out into the streets and lanes, out upon the doorsteps and piazzas come the white-faced "Shut-in's"—those upon whom sickness and deformity have laid heavy hands. They creep out to bask in the sunshine; to catch a glint of gladness from gladder lives; to listen to the rolling of the great world's wheels; to forget themselves. Old age, too, totters into the springtime, but it is not this spring, the aged see. The other days come back.

—

There is an awful truth in the fact that a good many people are going to make themselves so busy inside their houses, that they will miss half the delights of the spring-time. It is a mistake—it is almost a sin, to be so busy that the loveliest season of the year, with all its witchery of promise, comes and goes without our living it. And the children—poor little city children, with their hearts starved for a sight of the green things that grow so plenteously in the woods, they babble of flowers, and spend their love on makeshift ones, for the mothers are too busy to take them far away from the noise and dust into the sunshine and shade of the woods and the hillsides.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, cry the over-worked women, breaking their backs over dusty carpets, and scolding their broods with all the breath the carpet-dust leaves them.

Unclean houses make unclean minds, but houses filled with unnecessary trappings bring a curse with them. We were not created to live out our days on the dark side of stone walls. We bleach and wither and die there. It is hard enough for the adults, but it seems the very God in Heaven must pity the children who live in narrow streets, or those richer ones taught to play in the shade, lest the stray sunshine might tan their faces.

To be born in the country—to have lived and grown up among the fields and flowers and the birds, to have smelled the hay in the mow, and the yellow grain in the granary—that is life for young things. Nothing could buy the memories of those days from the country bred, who, grown older now, live in cities against the will of their better selves, and hunger in the deepest part of their hearts for the old-time freedom of those other days.

—

The heritage of the little ones of life is a something which the world often

sees dimly. But it acts upon the principle and calls itself generous. The insane, the simple, the crippled, the suffering are provided for by those whose heads are clear, whose wits work well, whose limbs are straight and strong. They do not say the eaters of the world must all work. It is impossible, and, even in their enforced idleness, the weak ones have the right to their share of the world's progress made by their forbears.

It is the legacy. The whole world bequeathed to the whole world a richer earth than was found. Those who cannot take their share and improve it, have yet a claim to the interest It is not charity to protect and care for the incapable, it is only justice.

—

Success is the key note of most lives, and there are many who die discouraged because they have not reached the mark they set themselves. It often happens that the most brilliant careers are not the most successful. We can all call to mind unhonored heroes, unsung martyrs, unstoried successes, among the humble dead in many a country churchyard.

In a quiet part of Canada there lived a man, whose simple, honest life is an inspiration to more than one today. His name meant honesty in the back townships. He was gentle of tongue, firm as the boulders of his own fields in his ideas of right and wrong, ready to help a neighbor, easy to his debtors, calculating in purchase, as much to protect the dealer as himself, living a God-fearing life, loving nature, the friend of the birds in his trees and the dogs on his door-step, aspiring to nothing here—confident of a hereafter.

The recollection of his unswerving honesty, his simple-hearted reverence for the good, was a clear well of inspiration for those who were fortunate enough to have lived beside him. He was not a success as the world goes. He won from the bare earth only his livelihood, and that of his children, but in the pure, rightful meaning of the word success, he was more. He was a benefactor, and a benefactor of dignity, for an absolute goodness dignifies any position.

—

Bobby McCrae was the eldest of five children. His mother was a work-worn woman, with a Scotch burr on her tongue, and a world of sadness in her blue eyes. It was misery she was married to when her hand was put in John McCrae's, and they were pronounced man and wife. John was the ne'er-do-weel of his family in old Scotland, and he told lies to Jeannie to bring her out to America to marry him. He wrote he had a tidy home, and the trusting sweetheart came. For three or four years they worked well together and then, with hard work and caring for babies, the disappointed wife grew lean, hard-featured and sharp-tongued. Then John took to drink. His wages went in carousals, and the poor wife took in washing and went out to scrub or clean. From his boyhood Bobby saw trouble and want, and he was a little old man at ten, possessed of the knowledge of divers ways to keep warm with too little clothing, and sundry shifts to stave off the pangs of hunger. They lived in the town of St. John, a cluster of houses which had grown around a couple of mills, and was surrounded by splendid farms owned by thrifty people.

There were plenty in the village who would have helped them, who would have been horrified to learn that the McCrae's were starving; but Jeannie was proud.

She never let herself betray her distress, and the children were taught to keep their hunger and cold to themselves.

One winter night John McCrae was carried home on a shutter—dead. He had tried to cross the high railway bridge below the town. An express was coming. In his drunken frenzy he began to run, missed his footing, and fell into the bed of the shallow

stream below. Jeannie had no tears to weep. She had wept them all in the ten long years. John was buried at the town's expense, and the children's awe of the funeral soon wore off. They played at the door when the men were coming home from work. When their father lived, they ran in then, to be out of his way.

"Ye're the man of the family now, Bobby," the old man next door said, the day of the funeral. He had not meant very much by it. He felt sorry, and wanted to say something. So he put ten cents in the boy's hand, and the words came easily to his lips. The ten cents went to Bobby's mother, but the words sunk down into Bobby's heart, and he felt himself growing to be a big man.

"Do ye think I'd git stiddy work in a farm, mither?" It was the day after the funeral, and Bobby was turning the wringer as he spoke, for washing must go from the house on time, even if trouble had come in. It was Bobby's work to turn the wringer for his mother. Sometimes he did it half-grudgingly, for he was only ten, and understood the pleasure of snow-balling, marbles, tops, kites, and stray kittens with any boy in the streets. To-night he wore a very business-like air, and his little face was perplexed.

"I'm 'fraid they'd think ye too small, Bobby," his mother answered, wearily. Her enthusiasm had oozed out of her eyes long ago.

Bobby said no more. He intended to see about it, and prudently refrained from discussing the subject further, lest he should be forbidden to try.

The next day he trudged out through the snow into the country, and after three fruitless interviews with astonished farmers, reached the brick house where Stephen Hager lived.

"Stephen, ye're wanted," called his wife from the shed door.

"Who wants me?" he asked, emerging from the ice-house and brushing the sawdust off his sleeves as he spoke, for he thought it might be the Minister, his city cousin, or the tax-collector at the very least.

"It's that red-headed Bobby McCrae, he must see ye whether or no."

"Do ye want a boy to work?" Bobby blurted out, with no ceremony. He had not intended to begin quite there, but the difficulty of the position wrung the truth from him. The quickly uttered words surprised him, quite as much as they did Stephen Hager.

The good-natured farmer laughed, and Bobby grew very red, stood first on one foot and then on the other, and cracked all his knuckle-joints in turn.

"What do ye think of him as a farm hand, Alice?" and the man's brown eyes twinkled humorously again. But the wife's face was sad. Her eyes were bidding for the boy. "He'd be quite a help," she said, "an' company, too, when you're away, Stephen."

Her little boy had died when he was six. It was fifteen years ago, but little boys are always little boys to their mothers.

Bobby's eyes blessed her, and he began eagerly: "I kin turn the wringer an' peel the taties, an' pick chickens an' clean knives, an' rub the sad-irons with salt an'——

"Ye're pretty small, ain't ye?" Stephen asked.

"I'd be bigger ef I was fed up," was the pathetic reply, and Bobby thrust his chest out and tossed up his chin to add to his inches. Stephen thought for a moment, and then he began: "See here, youngster, if you're a good boy and git up early mornin's, you kin git all yer chores done 'fore school time. Then you trot off to school. After ye git home, do up yer night chores an' help the missus all ye kin, and then study yer lessons. How's that?"

"An' me stay here all the time?" Bobby queried, his eyes dancing.

"Imph-m ef you behave."

"When 'll I come?"

"To-morrow."

"Good-bye," Bobby shouted from

the door-sill. I'll go and tell me mither."

He was half down the lane when Stephen called to him: "How came ye to try me first?" he shouted.

"Didn't," screamed Bobby, "went to all the others on the way—none of 'em wanted me."

"Plucky youngster," muttered Stephen, and the ice-blocks seemed lighter to lift when he went back to his work.

"I've got a place mither," Bobby cried, bursting into the room where Jeannie was ironing.

When he had told his story, she drew him to her. "Me poor little lad, me poor little lad," she crooned.

"I thought ye'd be glad, mither."

"It isna' that; it's losing ye, Bobby."

"Alec 'ill turn the wringer," the boy suggested, and Jeannie smiled at the thoughtfulness of him.

Stephen Hager's heart was tender towards the core, and Bobby installed himself in the best part of it.

The years went by, and while still faithful to his farm duties Bobby held a certificate which allowed him to instruct the boys and girls of school section number five. Three years later he took a course at a business college in the city, forty miles away, and then was installed as bookkeeper in a big firm, and his salary was boasted of by his country friends.

Then his romance came. His sweetheart's name was Alice, too, and the Alice out on the farm and the Alice in the city heard much, one of the other, and neither could quite understand why Bobby was so fond of the other.

Bobby had a bank-book in those days, and denied himself a good many pleasures for the little home that was to come out of that bank-book some day.

One autumn holiday he visited St. John. There were gloomy faces at the farm. Stephen was in trouble, but Bobby could not learn the cause. Alice told him. It was a mortgage. Things had been going behind for two or three years. The cattle didn't sell, the apples were scaly, the cheese-factory had shut down and there had to be a thousand dollars raised.

"You'll let me do it, won't you?" Bobby asked, and Alice had only wept her thanks.

But Stephen shook his head.

"No boy, I can't take yer money. I ain't sure o' givin' it back. I'm old now an' nothing seems to pay."

Then Bobby told him a story of a poor lad who was fed and clothed for eight years by a good man, and Stephen yielded.

When Bobby's bank book was next made up the balance was three or four dollars.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWENTY-FIVE CENT MAGAZINES.

DURING the past two years, the most remarkable feature of the magazine world has been the advent of the ten-cent magazine. As it loomed larger and larger in the sky of publicity, it was expected that the brilliancy of the high-priced magazines would be dimmed or they would vanish. On the contrary, they have gained in strength, and continued prosperity in ensuring their continued existence, and their final pre eminence.

Many persons, anxious for the welfare of this magazine, have been enquiring about the prospect of a reduction in price. To these fast friends we desire to say that the publishers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE have no intention of reducing its price. This periodical commences, with this issue, its seventh volume, and the edition this month is exactly *twice the size* of the edition in May, 1895. The sales through the newsdealers have increased over *two hundred per cent.*, while the number of yearly subscribers is greater by thirty-three and a third per cent. than it was a year ago.

Instead of reducing the price of the magazine, the management decided upon a series of improvements which would increase the value of each issue. The external appearance of the magazine has been improved, while the illustrations have been increased in number and in art value. The brushes and pens of the best native artists have been liberally employed. No expense has been spared to secure the best contributions available. Contemporaries were astonished when it was announced that the CANADIAN MAGAZINE had been so audacious as to purchase the exclusive right to publish serially Ian Maclaren's new story, "Kate Carnegie." The price paid was probably the largest ever given for a story by any Canadian publication.

Moreover the general articles have been from Canada's most notable pens. Among the contributors to the volume just completed were: Goldwin Smith, Sir Charles Tupper, Sr., Hon. W. Proudfoot, Hon. J. W. Longley, J. M. LeMoine, Col. Howard Vincent, J. G. Bourinot, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Hon. David Mills, J. Macdonald Oxley, Senator Power, Principal Grant, William Wilfred Campbell, Charles Gordon Rogers, Ella S. Atkinson, (Madge Merton); Jean Blewett, Katharine Blake Watkins, (Kit); and J. Castell Hopkins. These numbers of the Magazine have been exceedingly valuable, as well as interesting. The press of Canada, of the United States and of England, have been loud in their praises of the excellence which has been attained.

By a continuation of their policy, the publishers hope to keep THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE the leading literary publication in this country,—a worthy vehicle for the transmission and dissemination of the best work of Canadian authors.

BRITAIN'S FOOD SUPPLY.

In the March *National Review*, W. E. Bear discusses "Britain's Food Supply in case of War." He states that the average annual supply of wheat, including flour, is, as follows:

	QUARTERS.
Home Production.....	6,263,000
Imports.....	22,827,276
Total....	29,090,276

The principal sources of the imports, are thus stated:

	Quarters.
United States	11,616,879
Russia	3,877,600
Argentine	2,529,185
India	1,582,630
Canada	1,109,000
Australasia	774,170
Chili	418,713
Austria-Hungary	380,000
Roumania and Turkey	308,227
Other Countries	230,872
Total	22,827,276

Just here there is a lesson for Canada and that is, that Canada is doing a very small share, comparatively speaking, in the supplying of Great Britain with its chief food product. The United States sells ten times as much wheat and flour to Great Britain as we do. This is not as it should be. Canada has studied too little the exploiting of the British wheat market. By encouraging shipping and arranging for low freight rates from the Northwest, Canada would be stimulating an industry for which she is pre-eminently suited. But this is an aside.

The article states that many people fear that a combination of the great powers, which included Russia and the United States, could starve Great Britain into submission in six months. Several plans have been submitted to remove this danger. One is, that the British Government build granaries, and store in them 25,000,000 quarters of wheat, which, after the first year would be sold off gradually, while fresh wheat to replace it was being as gradually brought in. Mr Bear does not like this plan, and estimates that it would cost about £8,000,000 per annum for brokerage, storage, interest, shrinkage, etc., and thinks that this sum would be spent to better advantage upon the navy. He thinks such a plan would tend to a Government monopoly and a glutted market

But he recognizes the danger that wheat might, in case of a large war, rise to ruinous prices. In certain years, between 1800 and 1813, £5 to £6 a quarter was the prevailing price, and in 1855, the average price was 74s. 8d., or about $2.27 per bushel. Still he thinks this danger would be much lessened by a strong navy, and closes by saying "if we are to spend several millions per annum to secure ourselves from shortness of food in time of war, we shall do better by devoting the money to the progressive strengthening of our navy than by frittering it away in years of peace in maintaining a reserve stock of one class of food only, to the ruin of our private foreign wheat trade, and the annihilation of wheat-growing in this country."

THE POET CAMPBELL.

Charles Gordon Rogers has an excellent estimate of the poet, William Wilfred Campbell, in *Our Monthly* (published by the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, Toronto), for May. It is a most correct estimate of Campbell's work, though perhaps giving too much praise and too little criticism. It is shown that the poet has founded much of his work "on the principles of naturalness, of faithfulness to that which is true and beautiful and above all of humanity." "He has an intense love for nature, not alone in her pastoral aspects of verdant and maturer loveliness, but also in the gloomy and rugged phases." "He has created nature-poetry that is intrinsically and integrally of this country." Mr. Rogers also points out the highly imaginative power of Campbell's tragedies which are his later works.

Canada may expect much of this poet in the years that are to come, if he be spared to her. He has crossed but half the span of life and, as his sympathies and his ideas of life broaden, we may expect work which, like his most popular poem, "The Mother," will stir and intensify the finer feeling of the nation.

PAUL KRUGER.

A most thorough and instructive character sketch of Paul Kruger (Oom Paul), President of the South African Republic, appeared in the March *Review of Reviews* (English edition). He was born in Cape Colony in 1825, and is thus an Uitlander by birth. When he was ten years old, his parents emigrated to the unknown land of the Voortrekkers—the country they wrested from the Zulus. He was

a warrior in active service at fourteen, and grew up to manhood with the gun in his hand, always ready to use it on lions, Zulus and British. In 1877, he became an official in his country, just then annexed to the British crown, and soon after became a leader in the great revolt. Now he is President of the New Republic, with a salary of £8,000 a year and coffee money.

He is a man of few books and no news papers. The Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a history of the Revolt of the Netherlands, exhaust his library. To him novels are an abomination, and theatres sinful. He smokes much, and if not carefully provided with a cuspidore, expectorates freely in all directions, utterly regardless of his visitors' tastes or trousers. He can be extremely gracious and courteous if he wishes, and is possessed of rare tact. He has been, and is yet, successful as a statesman, soldier and farmer.

"As a speaker, the President is not an orator, but he speaks powerfully, and some of his illustrations are capital. Who can ever forget his apt comparison of the Uitlander conspiracy to a tortoise, which if you wish to kill, you must wait until it has put its head quite out from under its shell—a maxim which he put into practice only too thoroughly. But his speeches abound in some homely and simple metaphors. One hand, he told Mr. Garrett, must wash the other. It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new, is one of his favorite sayings. Of the Swaziland Convention he said, 'It stinks badly, but is not all rotten!'

"Like all peasants, he talks in metaphor and in proverb. He compared the Uitlanders who demanded the franchise, to a man who said to the driver of a waggon: 'Give us the whip and the reins; our stock, our property, our interests, our homes, are also in this cart.' But he replied: 'Yes, that is all very fine. I admit your belongings are also in the cart. But where are you going to drive me to? And how do I know that you don't pur pose upsetting me?'"

Such is the leader of a close national corporation, every member of which hates, most vigorously, everything which bears the name of "British."

ELECTING A PRESIDENT

At the present time, each one of the United States is holding two conventions —one Republican and one Democratic— for the election of delegates to the two great National Conventions which will decide on two opposing candidates for the Presidency. Thus the President of the Great Republic is elected in party conventions and not directly by the people. The great body of electors have really a choice of but two men, the one nominated by the Republican National Convention and the one nominated by the Democratic National Convention.

But even this limited choice is greater than that which the framers of the constitution intended to vest in the people. These departed and lamented statesmen decided that the president should be the best citizen in the country. To choose him there was to be an Electoral College composed of representatives from each state. These men, meeting in solemn conclave, were to choose the greatest man in the country to preside over its destinies.

But the party schemers of the United States are not content to choose the man who in mental and social ability towers head and shoulders above his countrymen. The President must have been all his lifetime a party man, faithful in all things and scrupulous in none. He must be acceptable to "the machine" in a majority of the states. He must be backed up by friends who are willing to spend millions of dollars in securing the election in the state conventions of delegates who will support him in the National Convention of his party.

Above all, he must be a hedger. The United States is a large country, and the man who would be popular in all sections must have opinions which will fit any climate, any soil, any social conditions and any national policy. Take for example, the money views of Col. McKinley, who with Speaker Reed, is likely to be one of the strongest candidates in the coming Republican National Convention. It is not known whether he is in favor of free silver coinage or the maintenance of gold as the single and only monetary standard. Hence in States where there are no silver mines, his friends claim he is for 'sound money," while in the silver

States he is said to be in favor of the free coinage of the grey metal.

A President elected under such circumstances and by such means may be a thorough statesman, but is more likely to be a scheming politician. He is almost certain to be connected with some clique or combine whose objects and aims are to so influence legislation, that they—and not the nation—will be most benefited. He must be an able man, but the chances are that his ability will be used for his party's benefit not the nation's when the interests of these two bodies happen to be divergant.

PRESENT ENGLISH SOCIALISM.

In the April *Forum*, William Morris has an excellent short article on "The Present Outlook of Socialism in England." He points out that that doctrine of *laisser faire*, accepted in the early part of the century as irrevocable, "has been blown to the winds more in practice even than in theory and collective action is admitted everywhere to be the machinery through which we must of necessity strive to make the best of our surroundings." Politics is now the gathering of opinion of the working classes so as to let the governing or possessing classes find out what steps may be necessary to be taken to make the only useful class of the community temporarily contented. In Literature the Romantic School has obtained the ascendancy, and in Art, free scope is given to genius. Buildings are now made both beautiful and useful. Judging by this change, public opinion points towards a new society founded on equality of condition and the association of equals—the principles of the working classes generally. Thus producers are exercising much greater power now than in the early part of the century. The possessing classes have practically admitted the neccssity of a "living wage" for the workingmen—for *all* workingmen All progress is along the lines of greater power for the wage-earner.

Growing more enthusiastic, Mr. Morris says: "There is no progress possible to European civilization save in the direction of socialism;" and predicts the formation of a socialist party in England which "will get to its goal at last and *Socialism* will melt into *Society*."

A TREACHEROUS ELECTORATE.

On June 23rd, the great body of Canadian voters will go up to the polls to vote, to exercise one of the most sacred offices ever given to man. Yet despite the fact that to vote without first having fully and judicially considered the relative merits of each party would be a crime against the state, it is safe to state that not one half of those who mark ballots on that day will have considered both sides of public questions. The Conservatives will vote blindly in favor of Conservatives, and the Liberals will unthinkingly cast their votes for Liberal candidates. A judge who would condemn all accused persons brought before him would be at once removed from the bench; a judge who allowed all such persons to go free, would be loudly condemned; and yet over fifty per cent. of Canadian voters will perform just such unreasonable and inequitable action on the 23rd day of June. Such is party rule.

There is another class of voters which may also be severely criticized. It consists of the men who, though their names are on the voters' lists, will refuse to go to the poll to make the cross which will assist the one party or the other. If voting is a sacred duty, then it is as criminal to refrain from doing it as to do it blindly and without consideration. That a man does not approve of either party is no excuse for his refusing to vote for one or the other. Let him choose the one that comes nearest his ideal, attempt to guide it in the way which seems to him to be best and vote for it despite the discord between the real and the ideal.

Then there is the class of men—no one will call them voters, for all voters are not men—who vote in a certain way for pecuniary profit, immediate or remote. Our election laws for the prevention of bribery are very strict, yet hundreds of dollars will be spent in every riding in Canada to assist in the degradation of its citizens and incidentally to secure votes. The great railways will use their means of transportation in peculiar ways and employers of labor will see that their workmen have thorough ideas as to which party these said employers prefer. Bribery will be rampant in a hundred conceivable forms.

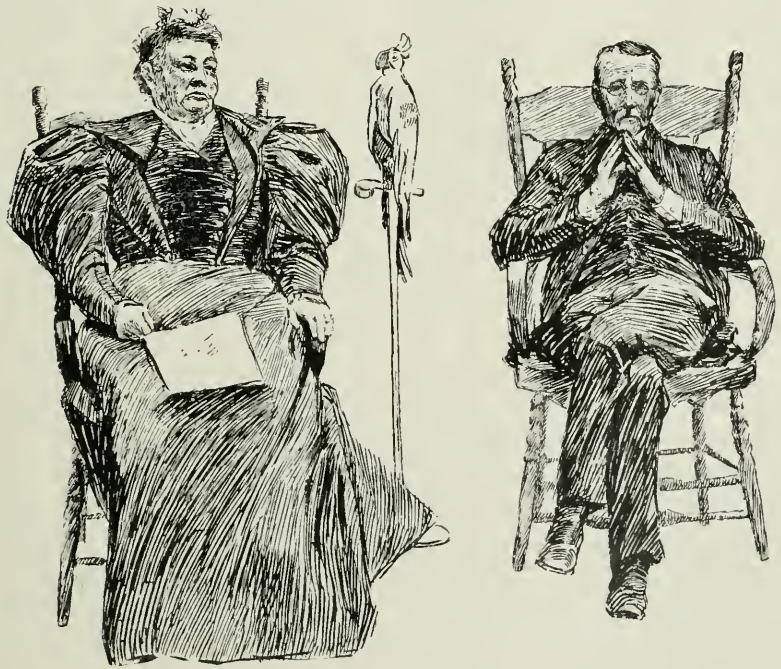
Less than six months ago, I stood beneath the roof of Canada's greatest legislative hall and heard a leading party organizer remark that no man with any regard for his soul or with any sense of honor would remain on the inside of present Canadian party politics; that both the electors and the elected were stinking in their rottenness. One is led to wonder if these are some of the grand and glorious benefits of government of the people, by the people and for the people.

It is to be hoped that the better class of citizens will not allow a treacherous elcetorate and unscrupulous politicians to prevent a proper expression of true public opinion at the approaching quinquennial general election.

THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA.

J. M. Lemoine, president of the Royal Society of Canada for 1894-95, has just issued his presidential address, entitled, "The Archives of Canada," in neat pamphlet form. He says, "If family papers are cherished, claim respect in the home circle as memoirs of an unforgotten past, how much more ought to be prized, carefully garnered and preserved, the records of a whole people, that is, its public archives." Mr. Lemoine then goes on to outline the work that has been done in recent years towards collecting and preserving the various historical documents which throw light upon the story of the achievements of the various races and men who have aided in the upbuilding of this fair Dominion. He reviews the most important discoveries that have been made in recent years, and one cannot fail to be struck with the excellent results which have been accomplished. Future historians of Canada will find much to their hands that past writers and searchers knew not of and missed much. It is to be hoped that those who have the work in hand will be encouraged to continue their self-imposed but noble task.

A HOME THRUST.



MARIA.—John, I think you're bellicose.
JOHN.—Well, that's better than being—adipose.

BOOKS AND AUHORS

"A Lover in Homespun, and Other Stories," of which an advance review appears elsewhere in this issue, will be published simultaneously in Toronto by William Briggs, and in Philadelphia by Henry Altemus.

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Among the forthcoming books announced by William Briggs, are "Making Fate," by Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), "Memories of Margaret Grainger, Schoolmistsess," by Mrs. Burnett-Smith (Annie S. Swan), and "A Knight of the Nets," by Amelia E. Barr.

**

F. Tennyson Neely, New York, has published some very nice books. Some two or three of his recent publications are, however, likely to deceive the public unless they are careful. "The Spider of Truxillo," by Richard Henry Savage, is simply "The Passing Show," republished under a new title; "The Captain's Romance," by Opie Read, is a new title for a collection of short stories by that western writer which have long been familiar to the public, under the title of "Miss Madam." "The Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," by Maibelle Justice, is brought out in a cheaper edition with a new cover. All these books have paper covers, and are intended for that class of people who read to kill time, to have their fancy stimulated, or to be amused—not for those who desire to be entertained and instructed at the same time.

**

Another piece of fiction of the same character is "A Hidden Chain," by Dora Russell, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. It is a common-place book, yet an exciting romance.

**

Hawley Smart's "Breezie Langton," and other stories, are pretty well known in this country, although I doubt if he comes in the list of "favorites." A new volume of his, entitled "A Member of Tattersall's," is to hand.* It contains three fairly-good tales, of which the first, a story of the turf, gives the title to the book. Mr. Smart's tales are brightly told and full of action. These stories have, however, one fault at least. There is a lack of dramatic fire and energy in certain scenes upon which the importance of the stories turn. In other words, there is not sufficient variety in the author's mild recitals.

**

A. Conan Doyle's bright tale of adventure, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," which has been running in *The Strand*, has been published in Longman's Colonial Library.* I had read some of these exploits in the magazine, but I re-read them with pleasure—deep, genuine pleasure. They are tales of the adventures of a soldier who served through all Napoleon's wars, a man who had been with that little autocrat and the Grand Army in Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—had stabled his horse in them all. He rose from Lieutenant to Chief of Brigade, to be a trusted assistant in some of Napoleon's most important intrigues, and bore the reputation of being the best swordsman in six brigades. He could also make love with a ferocious impetuosity, with that sublime confidence and cool nerve which made him a crack swordsman and a noted General. And his military exploits, as told by himself in a most charmingly interesting and daringly egotistical manner, are decidedly exhilarating. For those were stirring times, and a man's physical and mental qualities were tested to the utmost—whereas in these deadly, dull, modern days only the mental count, those were days when men were fully developed animals, with a resource and a dash which marked their superiority; and yet, nothwithstanding the assertion of the mighty Burke, the age of chivalry had not passed, for domestic and courtly qualities still reigned in storm-tossed Europe.

This novel, like a great deal of the lit-

*Bell's Indian and Colonial Library; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

* Toronto, The Bain Book and Stationery Co., paper, 75 cents.

erature of 1895, is distinctly Napoleonic, and as such should sell well in 1896. The illustrations are numerous and well executed.

**

Another volume in the same library* is entitled "The Story of Ulla," and is by Edwin Lester Arnold. It is a collection of short stories, but most of them bright and witty. The first one, which gives the title to the volume, reminded me very much of "Phra, the Phœnician," which is a favorite book of mine. Ulla was a Viking, a Norwegian, who fell in love with an English maiden, lost her, spent long years in search for her, found her, lost her. It is plaintive, but quaint—the quaintness of life among the Norsemen when the centuries of the Christian era were young.

**

The recent death of a well-known reformer has opened the way for a biography entitled "Life and writings of Amelia Bloomer," with portrait, by D. C. Bloomer.† The volume contains a full account of her life, which is told mainly in her own words. Copious extracts from her writings are given, showing how the pioneer in woman's enfranchisement sought to effect her purpose by advocating woman suffrage, woman's right to an enlarged sphere of employment, and consequently to wear a dress that would give her greater freedom of movement. Mrs. Bloomer's strenuous endeavors in advancing the cause of temperance, and in securing better educational advantages for girls, as well as her efforts in behalf of the reforms above noted, were inspired, as her biographer clearly shows, by the belief that woman is created man's intellectual, moral and spiritual equal.

**

The idea of having a volume compiled in order to give a permanency to the history of a "High School" is one which recently took possession of the friends of the Iroquois (Ont.) institution of learning of that grade. Their volume is entitled "Semi-Centennial of Iroquois High School," and was written by Adam Harkness.‡ The illustrations are numerous and well-executed, while the book contains much local history that will be intensely valuable in the days to come. Perhaps the best known graduate of this school is Mr. A. C. Casselman, drawing-master of the Normal and Model Schools, Toronto, and author of the Ontario High School Drawing Books, and of a series of writing books teaching the vertical system.

**

The most complete biography that I have lately seen is one of a United States citizen, a Southerner, who was Minister of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and later was a member of the Supreme Bench. His name was Lucius Q. C. Lamar, and his biographer is Edward Mayes, ex-Chancellor of the University of Mississippi.* The essence of the work is an account of the reconciliation between the North and the South after the Civil War, culminating in the restoration of the South to her proper place and influence. The struggle over slavery extension, the secession and civil war, the reconstruction of the Southern States, the renaissance of the Democratic party, the reconciliation of the alienated sections are treated in such a manner as to present in clear and authentic fashion the development and phases of Southern sentiment. The book should be instructive and interesting to every Canadian who is watching the progress of our sister nation to the south.

**

Some excellent books have recently been issued in Macmillan's Colonial Library.†

"The Trumpet Major" by Thomas Hardy is a tale of the time when there were two arch-enemies of mankind—Satan as usual, and Buonaparte who had sprung up and eclipsed his elder rival altogether, the time when the English soldiers gathered on the Southern shores of John Bull's little island and watched for the boats that were to bear across the channel, the Grand Army.

"Life's Handicap," by Rudyard Kipling is a volume of tales, mostly from India—that country where, the author says, the

* Longman's Colonial Library; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston; cloth, $1 25 paper, 50 cts.

‡ Toronto, William Briggs; cloth, illustrated,; 161 pages.

* Price $5; illustrated, 820pp., royal octavo. Orders should be addressed to Edward Mayes, Jackson, Mississippi.

† Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., cloth or paper.

native and Englishman stare at each other hopelessly across great gulfs of miscomprehension when they endeavor to understand each other's thoughts and feelings. Some of these stories are old, some are new, and all are worth reading.

"Old Goriot (Le Pere Goriot)" by H. de Balzac is translated for English readers. George Saintsbury has an introduction to it in which he remarks upon the similarity between Goriot and Lear, and compares the treatment of Balzac and Shakespeare. From this work one gets a good idea of the peculiar characteristics of Balzac's writings, with glimpses of the artificial character of Balzac's world. The book first appeared in 1835.

"A Ringley Lass" is the title of a volume by Mary Beaumont. It contains five stories of an indifferent character.

"A Modern Man" is an every-day novel, with English characters and English scenes, and is by Ella Macmahon, author of "A New Note."

**

The most polite man I ever met was one whose home was a cottage, whose occupation was of the "daily" kind and whose income was less than $1,000 a year. But he was sincerity, dignity and culture personified. True politeness is seldom found among those of the highest social class.

Perhaps it was an experience and a thought similar to these which led that beautiful woman, Julia Ward Howe, to prepare and deliver a lecture entitled, "Is Polite Society Polite?" She answered the question in her own way, and a helpful way it was Now that her writings have been published,* her opinions may be read and studied. She states that sincerity is the best foundation on which to build the structure of a polite life for the affectation of deference does not impose upon people of mature experience. Flattery is an offence and is usually used with sinister purpose. But while she condemns the flatterer, she also hates the detracter, the one who delights to criticize those who are not present. "Those unfortunate men and women who delight in talk of this sort always appear to me degraded by it. No matter how clever they may be, I avoid their society, which has in it a moral malaria most unwholesome in character."

Speaking of the effect of superior positions on people she says: "For one unspoiled world-favorite, I can show you twenty men and women who, at the first lift of fortune, forsake their old friends, neglect their near relations, and utterly ignore their poor ones." Those who have the luck to rise should never ignore their past for the world cannot be fooled. "It is clever and cunning enough to find out your secret, and when it has done so, it will expose you pitilessly." Polite society encourages these evils by its exclusions, its refusal to recognize those who are in a lower scale. "Those who are not yet recognized are always crowding in. Those first in occupation are endeavoring to crowd these out. But neither of these is polite."

But I may not quote further from this beautiful essay and must leave it to be looked up by the reader who is sufficently interested to secure the book for himself. The other essays in this handsomely printed volume are Paris, Greece Revisited, The Salon in America, Aristophanes, The Halfness of Nature and Dante and Beatrice.

**

We hear of thoroughbred horses, but who ever heard of a thoroughbred man? If it is proper and profitable to keep the breed of horses and other domesticated animals free from all impurities and blemishes, why should not the human animal be strengthened by similar attention and treatment? Why should the human race contain a large percentage of imbeciles, low-grades and monstrosities? Why should there not be a science of human stirpiculture? It would not be necessary to kill off all the weak members of society, but they should be prevented from creating their kind. If I have smallpox, the State isolates me to prevent my injuring my fellow-man. But if I have a mental weakness, a decrepit physical system or a vicious mind, I am allowed to create my image anew, to send on the blemish to the next generation. As says the author of "Ye Thoroughbred;"* "Nor can the day be far distant when

* Is Polite Society Polite? and other Essays by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Boston and New York, Lawson Wolffe & Co., 202pp., price $1.50.

*Ye Thoroughbred, by Novus Homo; the Health-Culture Co., No. 30 East 14th, St., New York.

healthy, wholesome, well-regulated, progressive and really beneficent human society will longer tolerate the known multitudinous procreation of radically diseased, imbecile, or other naturally worthless and injurious low-grade human animals of any class or kind. *Salus populi suprema est lex!*"

The book quoted contains three written articles, Parts: I. Man as an animal; II. Man as a magnetic battery and an Electro-Telegraphic Machine; III. Man Americanized. It is worth reading.

**

"Is there any common ground on which science and religion meet? There is. They meet in modern Spiritualism." These are the opening words of the fifth chapter of a little book entitled "Beyond," by Henry Seward Hubbard* It is to be regretted that the author has so constructed his book that one must read up to the fifth chapter before finding the first new idea or learning what the author is writing about. Verboseness kills many a piece of literary work which contains worthy ideas. In this book there is plenty of space between ideas. On page 57 the author makes his second statement, viz.: "It is asserted by those who claim to know, of whom the author is one, that an inhabitable domain is in immediate touch with the earth, although not discoverable by any of the scientific instruments of investigation, such as the te'escope, etc." Following this is a pretence of proving its existence, and the book closes with a description of this imaginary world.

**

A writer in a recent issue of *The Writer*, says: "The story which appeals to the people, that great body of individuals who constitute the people when it comes to buying books or supporting the Government, is the breezy, lively story of adventure; fiction which deals with real people, that is, people such as we find every day in real life, and deals with them not realistically, but in a healthy way; and good, clean, romantic romances. These things are what the public likes. The people may be persuaded into buying other things because they are of the modern school, but they do not demand them.

An excellent example of "the breezy, lively story of adventure," is Captain Charles King's latest novel,* "Trumpeter Fred." It is a most interesting tale of a young trumpeter who was accused of stealing from a comrade, and of deserting his troop while it was upon an Indian campaign in the western United States. His mysterious disappearance troubled the minds of his friends and nearly killed his father, the brave and experienced sergeant.

The book is of small, neat size, handsomely bound and neatly illustrated. It is a pleasure to handle such dainty products of the printer's art.

**

In a most thorough and laudatory review of S. R. Crockett's new book, "Cleg Kelly," the *Review of Reviews*, says: "In these latter days three Scotch worthies have risen in the land. Stalwart men they are and humorous withal, typical Scotchmen who have spread the name and the fame of the men and women of North Britain through the whole English-speaking world. Mr. J. M. Barrie was the first, Mr. S. R. Crockett second, and the Rev. John Watson, otherwise Ian Maclaren, the third. All three had as discoverer and personal conductor Dr. Robertson Nicol, of the *British Weekly*, whose capacity for discerning merit in his brother Scot is as remarkable as his capacity for misunderstanding brother journalists who have not had the good fortune to be born north of the Tweed.

"Scotland has long enjoyed a pre-eminence in the domain of romance altogether out of proportion to the number of her children. Sir Walter Scott gave her a position which she has never entirely lost. But the glamour of Scott had somewhat faded, and comparatively few Scotch novels were in demand at the circulating library, when Mr. Barrie arose and inaugurated what some would-be humorists of the Scotch call "the literature of the kail yard," and fancy themselves monstrously for that very portentous specimen of an English joke. Mr. Barrie was followed in quick succession by Mr.

* "Beyond," by H. S. Hubbard. Beacon Library Series; paper, 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

* Trumpeter Fred. A Story of the Plains, by Captain Charles King, U.S.A. New York, F. Tennyson Neely; Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

Crockett and Mr. Watson, and the three together have succeeded in re-establishing the Scotch story in its present pre-eminent position.

"Of these three worthies, Mr. Crockett is, in many respects, the most interesting, as he is certainly the most voluminous. Mr. Barrie is devoted to Thrums; nothing can wean Ian Maclaren from Drumtochy, but although Mr. Crockett is not without his local attachment to Galloway and the west of Scotland, he roves further afield, and bids fair before he has done to have laid all Scotland under contribution."

The Methodist Book and Publishing House, report a most gratifying Canadian demand for this really important piece of fiction.

**

A correspondent of *The Christian Guardian*, writing of Dr. Withrow's "Barbara Heck," says: "I hope this book will have a circulation in Canada of at least fifty thousand. Whatever fosters a patriotism that links us still closer to the British throne, and develops a legitimate love of Canadian nationality, is a most desirable thing just now. This book is eminently fitted to do both."

**

"A great compliment was paid to Canadian literature by Madam Sara Bernhardt," says the Hamilton (Ont.) *Spectator*, "when she gave an order to Louis Frechette for a drama to be produced in Paris. Bernhardt is the greatest living tragedienne, and the foremost dramatists of France have been glad to pay her tribute with the products of their genius. Mr. Frechette has been crowned by the French Academy; but this order from the divine Sara is a more substantial acknowledgement of his merits than the gift of a laurel crown."

**

"Dickensian" is the name of an illustrated catalogue of works by and literature relating to Charles Dickens, in the library of E. S. Williamson, 118 Spencer Avenue, Toronto.

**

Chas. F. St. Laurent, Montreal, has written and published a pamphlet entitled "Germanization and Americanization Compared." He endeavors by references to history to prove that the destiny of religion among French Canadians is in the hands of the episcopate. The refrain is, "Give us priests of our nationality (French); give us schools where our children will learn the language of our mothers; do not deprive us of our ancestral inheritance, and we will live and die practical Catholics"

**

A paper edition of "Old Man Savarin" will shortly be placed on the market by the publisher, William Briggs.

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A text-book on "School Management" by John Millar, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, is announced for issue in May, by William Briggs.

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Rev. John McDougall, whose "Forest, Lake and Prairie," is one of the best books that a Canadian boy can pick up, is in the city arranging with William Briggs for the issue of a second volume, covering a subsequent period in his eventful life in the far Northwest. The author promises that in every respect this will be a better book than the first. If it is we envy the boys the pleasure—that only boys can fully enjoy—of reading it.

**

In November, 1893, Allan Eric published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on "Banana Cultivation in Jamaica." This writer's observations in that island have now been published * under the title of "Buckra Land, or Two Weeks in Jamaica." It is well printed and fully illustrated. Every one of the hundred pages is full of interesting facts about the climate, the people and the products of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions. The author is a member of the Institute of Jamaica, and his observations and facts may be relied upon as being thoroughly accurate. Moreover, these are presented in a form which makes them interesting reading.

**

I have been favored with advance sheets of Clifford Smith's forthcoming book of short stories, and fearlessly say that the public will find them a treat. Mr. Smith is a Montreal journalist who has found

* C. W. Willis, 14 Bosworth St., Boston. Price, $1.00.

work in literature, a labor of love. His writings exhibit a critical and descriptive ability, possessed by very few of the many Canadians who favor the public with their productions. Moreover, he excels in accurate delineations of the characters he creates or describes, and in the polished finish which is necessary to make a story a work of art.

"A long-to-be-remembered Dinner," is a bright tale of how a Christmas dinner was cooked on board a snow-bound train, when its occupants were unable to reach any village, and thus have the services of an experienced cook. The fireman, Ovide Tetrault, volunteered to cook.

"Monsieurs, I'm know how for mak de rost turkey, and rost turkey, she's gooder dan de fry turkey, and I'm know, too, how for mak—how for mak—" He rubbed his pointed little chin vigorously to jog his laggard memory, and then continued triumphantly, "Ah, oui! ah, oui! how for mak what de English call de Creesmis plum-puddin', and if you lak I will do de cookin' for you."

If the turkey was a failure, and the plum pudding, which was taken out of the tea-kettle in sections, was a bright yellow because it contained a teacup full of baking powder, there was fun—fun not to be soon forgotten.

In the delineation of French Canadian character, Mr. Smith is a splendid success, as is seen in this story and also in some others, notably "A Lover in Homespun" and "The Faith that Moves Mountains." The dialect is most accurate and never exaggerated, while the emotions and habits of this picturesque people are thoroughly understood and admirably pictured.

Canadian life of nearly every kind is set forth in the various stories and is seen to be not without its strong points of which an artist may lay hold and describe for the instruction and the pleasure of those who love this land and of those who desire to know what manner of nation we are. The book will be a most valuable addition to our rapidly growing native literature. William Briggs is the publisher.

**

The following quotation from a circular explains the character of Miss Kingsley's new book,* "Stephen":

The story of Stephen is the story of a life "hid with Christ in God"; the story of weak mortality glorified and made all-powerful by strong, unquestioning, pure and child-like faith. It is also a story of humanity, in that it deals with life as life has always been.

Religious tales are too frequently dull and uninteresting. "Stephen" is a story full of the passion and fire of life—the life that beats in strong, tumultuous surges about our feet to-day. From the first chapter—when the reader is introduced to the two Egyptian children, Seth and Anat, "nestling like a pair of swallows in the corner of a rock-hewn tomb"—till the end, which finds them, after varying fortunes, safe and happy in the house of their fathers, there is a continuous and unabated interest. Interwoven, like a thread of gold, is the history of the first gathering of the bereft disciples in Jerusalem, pathetic in the utter fearlessness and joy of their new faith.

* *Stephen; A Soldier of the Cross.* By Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus; A Comrade of the Cross." Toronto, William Briggs. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

JUNE FORECAST

JOE. T. CLARK.

A most timely article on the proper sphere and tone of newspapers, by "Mack," (Joe. T. Clark) of the Toronto "Saturday Night," will be one of the leading features of the June number. "Mack" is acknowleged to be a most clever writer and a man with high ideals for his profession. He has been studying on this subject for some time and will have something to say that will be worth reading.

J. M. McEVOY, B.A., LL.B.

A subject at present attracting much attention in Canada, is the proper sphere of the County Councils and the best plan for increasing their usefulness and decreasing their expense. Mr. McEvoy, author of "The Ontario Township," a well-known book, will contribute an article on County Councils to the June number. It will be a most suggestive article and will incidentally criticize the new Ontario Act on this subject.

KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.

Where Jacques Cartier was born, when he died and where he was buried, are matters about which there is much mystery and uncertainty. Kate Westlake Yeigh will contribute an article on "Hunting for Jacques Cartier," which is written in a semi-humorous strain that is very pleasing.

VALANCE BERRYMAN.

A very bright love story under the heading "A Kitchen Affair," will be one of the lighter articles. In fact there will be several short stories in this number, and still more fiction in the July number. A bright story by Wyndom Browne will appear soon.

IAN MACLAREN

Will continue his story "Kate Carnegie." This piece of work is growing more interesting with each instalment.

CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOULTON

Will continue the account of her bicycle trip through Europe. In this letter she will describe her adventures and impressions in Genoa and neighboring parts of Italy.

USUAL FEATURES.

Besides what is stated above, there will be the usual complement of current topics, book reviews, drawings, etc. The CANADIAN MAGAZINE *is having a wonderful success just now, and each issue will be kept up to the high standard which has been evidenced in previous numbers.*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

PER NUMBER, 25c.; YEARLY, $2.50. Toronto, Ont.



Drawn from Life. A. H. H. HEMING.

Canadian Type No. 4.

"A STURGEON-HEAD PUNTER."

One of a crew of eight or ten Halfbreeds who propel, by means of long poles, the freight scows—locally known as "Sturgeon-Heads," owing to their blunt bows—on the Athabasca, Great Slave and Mackenzie Rivers, and their tributaries.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1896. No. 2.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

BY JOE T. CLARK.

WHEN a publishers' association recently offered a prize for the best allegorical figure of The Press, that keen-sighted little paper *Life* came out with a full-page drawing in satirical response. The daily press was represented by a tall hag with wild locks and insane eyes standing in the middle of a public square. She towered above all other figures; in her upraised and talon-like fingers she clutched masses of the dripping filth which formed a bed at her feet, and her occupation consisted in pelting this stuff at all who came within aim. Men, women and children were flying in terror, or had fallen, done to death, along the boulevards or in the gutters. The publishers' association did not award to *Life* the prize for the best allegorical figure of The Press.

Yet, there is in almost every city a daily newspaper of which this is a telling likeness. Its business manager has no enterprise that rises above the level of blackmail. Its editor is alert for stories of crime, and sleepless in quest of scandal. The hanging of a criminal would call forth a special edition, while a Pentecost would be noted in a paragraph. A newspaper, we are told, should have news and views in admirable balance, yet the news of this paper is unclean and its views purchasable. It keys its news to the tone of the vulgarian who delights to read of lust and murder, and its views are determined by bargains made and cheques received in little rooms at the rear of saloons.

This kind of daily paper is not so prevalent in Canada as in the United States, but that we have papers that approach perilously near to the description, cannot be denied. The tendency of the time is downward, for while the daily press, conscious of its unworthiness, puts on a pretense of increased righteousness, its practices are constantly growing more indefensible and its influence more baneful. There is nothing now too sacred for attack, nothing too secret for exposure. There is probably not a daily newspaper of the first grade in Canada that would decline to avail itself of an item of news that one of its reporters secured by deceit, lying, eavesdropping or any other dishonorable manner. News is obtained every day through the perfidy of men who are trusted, through breaches of confidence, through the treason of employés, and no one, apparently, pauses to think of the effect upon morality of such an institution as the press growing ever more

powerful by provoking betrayals of every kind of trust in every level of life. Even if it be contended that the methods of the press are not more reprehensible now than ten years ago, and the contents of the papers no lower in standard, the influence of the same quantity of immorality is greater, for every year gives the daily press a wider field. The papers are cheaper because raw paper is cheaper, because type is set by machinery, and because perfected presses now print twenty thousand papers in the time that the presses of ten years ago printed half the number.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, on a recent Sunday in Washington, burst into a pæan of praise of the daily press. As the politician, the alderman, the business man, the professional man, and all who fear being overlooked and forgotten, pander to the press to their own advantage, so Dr. Talmage pandered. He never approached a subject that required such prayerful preparation; he never addressed himself to an audience more in need of sincere counsel, yet he indulged in oratorical fireworks, and was afraid to deliver his message. In church last Sunday, I thought of Dr. Talmage. In the pulpit stood a man who spent many years in training to fit him for the task of delivering that sermon to a congregation of about five hundred people. During his years of preparation he had been drilled and made perfect in the knowledge of the church to which he belongs—its traditions, its history; he had pored over the writings of its founders and its leading men. He had studied philosophy, psychology, logic, and the ethics. He was taught not only what was believed in other times, but why those beliefs were abandoned, and how truer wisdom succeeded the false. He was taught not only what was true, but why it was true, and was trained in logic so that he would know how to proceed in entirely new premises. More than all, his sincerity, his singleness of purpose and purity of life were tested, and after years of preparation he was finally ready to stand in a pulpit and speak to a congregation of five hundred people, fifty-two Sundays in the year.

The editor of a daily newspaper reaches a congregation, not of five hundred, fifty-two days in the year, but of five thousand, or fifty thousand, over three hundred days in the year. The editor speaks to the members of his congregation, not in an impersonal bulk, but he puts his message in the hand of the individual at the breakfast table, or in the quiet of his room in the evening. The parson reaches only those people who come voluntarily and predisposed to hear and approve what is said; the editor's message goes out in search of auditors, and not only strengthens those who agree with him, but argues with, and perhaps persuades, those who do not agree. Who, then, are the men who wield this immense power and enjoy this vast pre-eminence? They are not trained anywhere. They pass no examination as to knowledge; they possess no certificate of character; they forswear no heresy; they subscribe to no creed; they are not under bonds to respect anything, to promote any good cause, or to overthrow any evil thing. They arrive precariously at editorial chairs, where each one of them addresses daily a congregation vaster than any cathedral would hold; and, as a rule, they are wholly unconscious of their congregations. They wonder why the world is going so fast to Hades, without perceiving that they are standing on a lever to whose slightest depression the whole mechanism of life responds.

A man was hanged the other day—a man who had smothered many women and children. From the time of his arrest to the time of his execution he was, in the columns of the daily papers of North America, treated as the most important and interesting man on the face of the whole earth.

His portrait appeared in every Toronto daily paper, from one to twelve times. For a preacher to read from the pulpit all that has appeared in the local papers about this villain would occupy the time of the morning and evening service every Sabbath for a year. In print it would make a book as large as the Holy Bible. The man, as I say, smothered several women and children.

When at last he was convicted and sentenced to death, we had a right to assume that we should hear no more of him save that the decree of the law had, in due course, been fulfilled. But this man who dare not be allowed to walk the streets, who might have petitioned in vain for liberty to conclude his days in the desert of Sahara, and who was denied the privilege of living out his life shut in forever in a stone cell—this man had placed at his disposal all the appliances of civilization on the North American continent so that he might bring his personality into contact with the individualities of eighty million human beings. It was a foul contact. The press that published that lying story, that mixture of murder and mock sentiment, committed an offence that will be hard of atonement. When an evil thought is suggested to a passive mind the possible criminality of the influence exerted is beyond computation.

The preacher, with eyes looking into his, with faces uplifted to him, and with a more or less safe knowledge of his congregation, is fully conscious of his responsibility. He knows that if he speaks lightly of murder some of those who are listening to him may think lightly of that crime. He knows that if he declares wine to be a good thing some of his hearers will construe the statement into a license to get drunk. If he condones a fault, some will begin to practice it as a virtue. His audience is before him; he cannot forget his responsibility for a moment. The editor sits in his office, alone. He writes in silence. In a general way he is aware that the article he is writing will reach a tremendous audience. He has no precise consciousness of it. He does not note the effect of each succeeding sentence. He is not affrighted at the construction some put upon an original declaration. He sees the article in the proof. It reads well. He likes it. He feels that Smith will agree with it—that Jones will attack it. The vast multitude of people who will read the article are impalpable and unreal to him. He sees the mighty press printing, at the rate of hundreds per minute, the paper containing the article, but this is a detail of manufacture. Each paper does not represent a reader or a family of readers to him. He sees the piles of papers, the wagon-loads of mail bags go out, but is still unconscious of his attentive congregation. He has written his article for the *paper*, not for the people. He forgets it in a day, but the influence of it may be as eternal as the eating of the apple in Eden.

Examine a daily paper. If you are an editor of a daily paper, examine your own. You will find in it despatches from Cape Town, Johannesburg, Matabeleland, Abyssinia, Cuba, Wady Halfa, London, Paris, Berlin, and all parts of our own country. The secret service of any king or emperor that ever lived before the present century—all his couriers, diplomats, spies, hired traitors, soldiers and all—was not equal to that service which the editor of the smallest daily paper in Toronto has at his command. Does the editor realize this? Does he show the breadth and quality of mind that a man should who daily surveys the whole human race? With the vision, the nerves, veins, and arteries of a god, does he not persist in being a very commonplace human. Holding his paper before his face the editor is oblivious of the great multitude who read it. He is unaware and irresponsible; and, concealed from view, he is not held responsible by others.

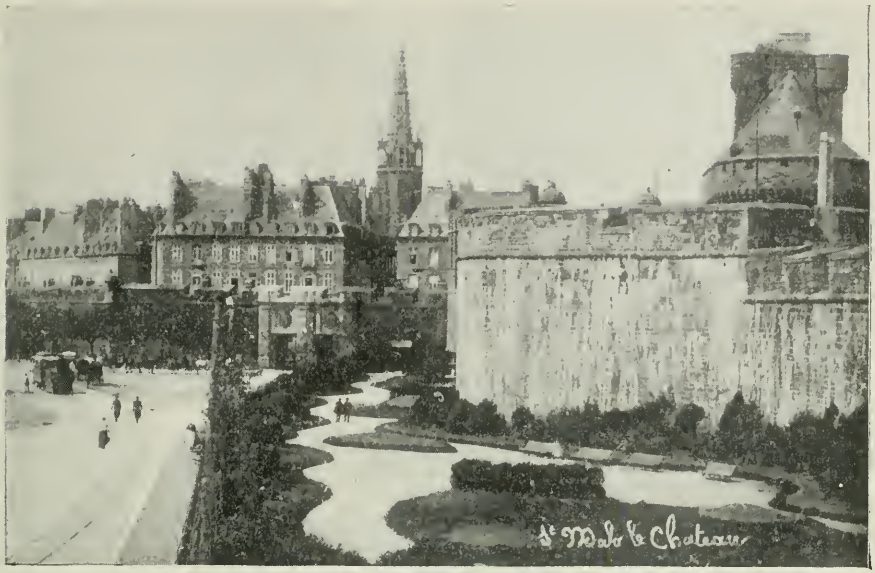
The newspaper of the future, it

seems to me, will be developed, not along the lines of more pages and more pictures, but of more sincerity and more sense. The managing editor who will give his paper as delicate a conscience, and rules of conduct as correct as a gentleman would have in private life, will find, I think, the strange experiment a success. A newspaper whose statements could be relied upon under all circumstances, whose persistent good taste would become a proverb—might it not almost re-make our civilization ?

From the nature and extent of its powers, the press should be almost omnipotent in directing and indicating public opinion. The masses must get their information about public questions from the newspapers, yet we find to-day that when the people acquire the facts from the news columns, they turn in strong dissent from the deductions set forth in the editorial columns. The reader has found that the same set of facts will be twisted, in rival newspapers, to support contentions diametrically opposed to each other. If gifted with average reasoning power, he finds that he can draw safer deductions than either of the two newspapers has done. Each paper is continuously engaged in bending facts to fit a political theory to which it is enslaved. If a truth comes to light which is inconsistent with the pre-existent theory, the editor proceeds to suppress or disfigure that truth. The reasoning reader is not deceived. He realizes that the newspaper is not an arbitrator, but an interested partizan, an intemperate wrangler in the tumult of contrary opinions. The guides quarrel as to the correct route to be pursued, efface the landmarks, destroy the signs and tokens, and leave the traveller worse than guideless. He strikes out a course of his own.

The men who write the political editorials in the daily newspapers are, under the present system, not necessarily in earnest. An editorial writer is employed by the manager of a newspaper, not for the warmth of his convictions, but because of his facility of expression, his extent of experience, or his volume of information. There are prominent editorial writers in Canada who have progressed from paper to paper, changing their points of view with every change of employer — championing the National Policy in one paper, tearing it to shreds in another; leading a crusade in one paper against the influence of French Catholicism in politics, rounding upon fellow-crusaders, a month later, in another paper. While editors continue to be hired and discharged like ordinary laborers, and approach their duties without conviction, the possibilities of the press must remain undeveloped. Daily intercourse between Canada and the United States, the systems of telegraphic news supply and other causes are drawing our newspapers into the wake of the great New York papers. This is to be regretted. The splendid newspapers of London, earnest, honest, respectable and dignified, present finer models to us.





ST. MALO, FRANCE, SHEWING THE OLD CITY WALL.

HUNTING FOR JACQUES CARTIER.

BY KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.

IT was a feeling of love to Canada and loyalty to her traditions that made us choose our route from Jersey to France. We had learned at school, both in history and geography, that our great discoverer owned St. Malo as his birth-place, and as he had taken a great deal of trouble, and travelled a long way to discover us, we thought it was only fair that after travelling quite as far, we should try to discover him.

The idea of what might have happened if Jacques Cartier had not discovered us was startling. Where might we not have been if we had been found by the Cabots alone? If there had been no New France in Canada for Britain to conquer, how unpicturesque the front pages of our histories would have been! Without the romance that surrounds Champlain, Maisonneuve, and Frontenac, and the glory that gilds Wolfe, how dull would our chronicles have been! Had there been no French in Canada to spur our loyalty, who can tell but we might from inanition have joined in the American Revolution and become a fourteenth state in the Union? And what would the monotony of our politics have been with no French-Canadian Question—no North-west Rebellion—no Jesuits' Estates Act—no Remedial Bill?

But Jacques Cartier did discover us, and the eyes of the hardy old salt gazed back to the same fair France and the same rock-girt harbor toward which our sight was straining, and his eyes may have dimmed with tears for love of the land he was leaving and his heart have quailed at thought of the untracked sea and the unknown country beyond.

We sailed placidly over the summer sea, the English Channel being in its

most amiable humor, and before the rocky headlands of the Channel Islands became dim to our view the coast of France rose visibly before us. We passed many islands, some fortified and bristling with cannon, some bare and black, worn smooth by the waves which at flood-tide covered many of them from sight. These great, curiously-shaped rocks surround the spur of land (formerly an island, but now joined to the mainland by a causeway) upon which the citadel of St. Malo is built, and seem like sentinels standing guard about her. On one of the rocky isles is the lonely grave of the author and statesman, Chateaubriand, who, like Cartier, was born in St. Malo. The spot is marked by a plain granite slab, with a railing round it, and at high tide its wave-washed isolation is impressive, but the retreat of the tide makes it accessible from the shore for an hour or two each day, and spoils its spirit of solitude.

The quays are the pride of St. Malo, and are best seen at low tide when the vessels that have sailed proudly into the tidal harbor, lean limply over, their great top masts on a level with the dock, their keels sunk deep in the slimy, oily mud, and their decks only to be reached by the aid of long ladders. The tide rises fifty feet from low water mark, and this aids in making the coast of Brittany one of the most pleasant and most picturesque pleasure grounds in France. We sailed in when the tide was high, and the harbor full of shipping from all parts of the world. A great babel of sounds of all sorts greeted us, but high above the din could be heard the shrill bark of a little yellow terrier, who seemed almost beside himself at the sight of our ship. Our rope was thrown ashore and caught by men standing by, and also by the little dog who gripped it with his teeth, and would not let go, even when he was raised right off his feet. As it was being made fast, the dog strained and pulled with the great rope in his mouth, till his round eyes bulged and his hair stood up like wire, and when the work was completed the satisfied wag of his stump of a tail showed that he thought he had done it all.

We walked ashore delighted with the clatter of foreign tongues, laughing and shaking our heads at those who besieged us with offers of many sorts, but when a bleary and beery old woman in a bedraggled cloak seized my satchel, I protested in plain English, and she jabbered back in vile French. I knew it was vile because I could not understand it—and I had learned French in a good Canadian school. I regained possession by a jerk, and would have walked away but the old creature kept beside me talking very loudly. I took no notice until at length she condescended to speak English, and asked authoritatively, "No seegars? No pare-fume?" Then I knew she was of that strange race, a female customs officer, and I satisfied her curiosity.

It was just like a medieval romance walking up to the great wall that surrounds St. Malo, and entering the city through an archway with ponderous iron gates, guarded inside and out by dear, natty little French toy soldiers. Everything is quaintly interesting, ancient and foreign in St. Malo. The streets are narrow and winding, and run up and down hill and round a corner without any good reason why. Some wind and twist and turn without ever a cross street and land you up against a blank wall, leaving you no option but to go back the way you came. Others all run to angles, and so many streets cross and lanes branch off in all directions, that it would puzzle a politician to know which was the right road, or which was the one he was on. We went along a cobble-paved alley, which had no side walks and very little middle, where we could have shaken hands with people in the doorways on both sides of the street at once. The road was winding and steep, the buildings with high-pitched

roofs and projecting gables nearly met above our heads, and even at noonday the sun had to work hard to catch a glimpse of the pavement. The advent of a donkey hitched to a narrow cart drove us into a dilapidated doorway which belonged to a house once owned no doubt by a proud Breton family. It was very picturesque in its ruin, with wooden pillars and strangely carved criss-cross timber beams, and had a quaint air of standing on tip-toe and bending over to see what might lie at its feet. Its stories projected out so far, one above the other, that it seemed as if a slight shove from behind would send it toppling over — but evidently the shove had been long withheld, as it had stood thus since the fifteenth century.



JACQUES CARTIER.

Though so narrow and tortuous, the road led us to the old cathedral, now only the parish church, the self-same building in which the people knelt to pray when Jacques Cartier set sail to find us. The church was so edged in and built about with houses that hardly any of it could be seen but the imposing spire and roof, but the dim interior was quaint and strangely impressive, despite its tawdry decorations.

The shops and the market were delightful, and the meals at the hotel (where no one spoke English) were more typically French than we found anywhere else. And the people were so merry and light-hearted and so unaffectedly interested in us that we could not help but think them charming. The hotels all face a square where there are trees, a fountain and a bandstand, with the city wall as a background and a view of the castle with its ancient keep and round towers, which is one of the interesting sights of St. Malo. In the square is almost the only bit of green sward to be found, for there are no back yards in St. Malo, nothing but tall houses with narrow streets between.

We walked all around the city on top of the wall and had a grand view out over the sea and the great beetling rocks, which the receding tide had left high out of the water. It was amusing to see scores of women, scantily attired, doing their family washing in the pools left in the hollow of the rocks and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Boys and girls were searching for shells, filling canvas bags with mussels, or catching shrimps; men were fishing, soldiers were lying stretched out on the sands or playing quoits with stones, and it was a happy, jolly scene on St. Malo's playground—which during twelve hours out of the twenty-four was mostly under water.

From the ramparts we could look

down into courtyards that had in the long ago belonged to stately palaces, now turned into warehouses, offices and barracks; we could get vistas of the narrow corkscrew streets and queer old-world houses, we could get glimpses of dim interiors in the homes of both great and lowly. We stood and watched the brave defenders of France doing household work in their quarters and gazed down upon them on their dull grounds—for the military are very much *en evidence* in St. Malo, as was to be expected in an important stronghold (which Britain thrice ineffectually attempted to take).

In all our wanderings we had not forgotten Jacques Cartier, but the inhabitants seemed to be in lamentable ignorance of the place of his birth, and as to his burial they knew no more of it than the Encyclopedia. We found the museum which contains the remains of the ship "La Petite Hermine," in which Cartier sailed to discover us, and many other interesting relics, but we did not find the house in which he was born. They show a room facing the sea in the Hotel de France where Chateaubriand was born, and they seem to think him a greater celebrity than our own Jacques. We asked questions, in all the languages we knew, of many good-natured but very puzzled people, and were disappointed to find Cartier an unknown name to them, until we met a man who understood English a little and who could speak it a little less. He destroyed a cherished illusion by telling us Cartier was not born in St. Malo at all but at Paramè, a fashionable watering place that could be reached by steam tram. Sadly we turned away, but having come purely on Jacques' account we were ashamed to go without discovering him or his remains, and so made our way out under the frowning gates of the castle, which led us into a beautifully laid-out park, only a few acres in extent but with walks shaded by flowering shrubs trees, fountains, seats, turf and masses of blooming plants.

We had been interested for some time in watching squad after squad of soldiers with a bugler at their head marching from all quarters but in the same direction, toward the castle gate. They looked rather untidy, not carefully dressed, and all had bundles under their arm and as they marched merrily past we speculated as to why they were being marched outside the walls, and tried to keep count of how many companies we saw. We decided we must have seen fifty and we could still hear behind us the sound of the bugle call and the tramp of many feet.

Across the park we saw the tramway with a little stubby engine, one car (which was empty) divided into two parts, first and second-class, and another a third-class car into which a motley crowd was climbing. We asked questions of everybody who caught our eye only to be answered in fluent but unintelligible French, but seeing a placard that seemed to indicate that the train went to Paramè we chanced it. We took our seats among the picturesque Breton fish-wives and market-women with their curious caps, turned up blue petticoats and wooden shoes, priests in rusty robes, peasant boys with full baskets and empty faces—all conditions of interesting folk. The guard was greatly concerned about us for we could not make him understand where we wanted to go, and when he politely asked for our fare he seemed to be demanding such an incredibly large sum that I gave him my purse, full of small French coins, and selecting a half franc piece he kept it and returned so many copper pieces I thought he must be making me a donation. However, the amount he took only paid to the first stopping place, and at each section of the road we had to pay again —about two cents each time.

We went steaming along at a rate that would have shamed a mule but it was fast enough for us, for everything seemed interesting. Leaving

the station, looking seaward across the causeway there was a high sea wall but from the car window we could look over the wall to a wide stretch of sandy beach with the sea and the rocks beyond. Suddenly I saw a strange sight and knew not what it was. The sea seemed alive, its surface all broken up and rugged with rolling, tumbling, floating, heaving bodies. I called my companion and we both looked and then we laughed, and we had still more cause for mirth when we heard a bugle sound, then a chorus of bugles, and out from the surf came by fifties and by hundreds the French army—without their uniforms! Prancing up and down were mounted officers and at intervals carbined guards and buglers on foot giving a warning toot to hasten stragglers who had swam a long way out or were delaying their return to duck a comrade. On the sands in orderly heaps forming parallel lines were the soldiers' clothing, and each company took their proper place and each man stood beside his garments while he plied the towel and exchanged his bathing trunks for his regimentals. Thus it was by chance we found out why the squads were being marched outside the walls of St. Malo, and laugh when we recall the droll transformation scene we witnessed when the rolling tumbling white creatures, like sea-monsters disporting themselves, reared their black heads from the waves at the sound of the bugle and walked shoreward—fully a thousand of them.

We found Paramé but learned nothing of Jacques Cartier there and very little addition to our knowledge of him did we find anywhere, but we were delighted with all we saw and would willingly explore the section over again even though we succeeded no better in our search.

In truth the information we obtained about our brave voyageur was meagre, vague and not altogether authentic. Amongst the few facts established was that St. Malo was indeed his birthplace and the very last day of 1494, the date of his birth. His first voyage to our shores was in 1534 but there is a doubt as to which was his last journey hither—it being asserted that he made a fourth voyage, return-



A STREET IN ST. MALO, AND THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

ing to the assistance of Roberval in the fall of 1543, but the evidence of this is not very clear. The balance of his days he spent in his natal town or in the village of Limoilon, of which he was created Seigneur by his patron, Francis I. He was alive in 1552 but the exact date of his death and his place of sepulture are unknown.

TOM'S LETTER HOME.

I WROTE a letter home to-day—had little news to tell,
Just asked the old folks how they were, and told them I was well.
When I had sealed the letter up and put the post-stamp on,
It struck me that I hadn't said a word to brother John.

I opened up that enevlope, and why, I can't just tell,
My throat got aching as I wrote: Dear boy I hope your well,
And having good luck on the farm—you patient plodding John—
How are the horses and the cows and crops now coming on?

Suppose you have to work hard now, since my big help is gone,
And can you manage better when you're running things alone?
Isn't dad getting most too old to plough, and pitch, and sow?
And does he still swear he's forgot more than we'll ever know?

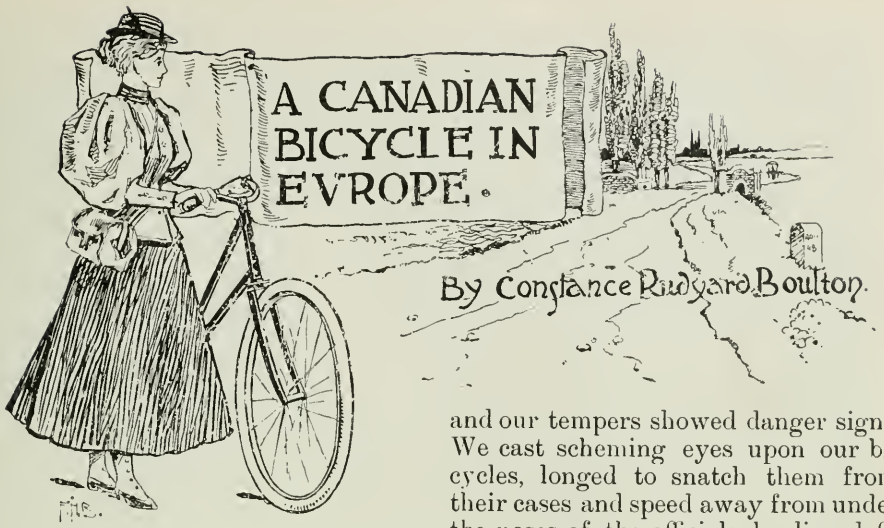
I'm awful glad you aren't built like me—; now you can take
The fault-finding of poor old dad, and bear it for his sake;
Your temper isn't much like mine, you're steady, slow, and true;
There must be comfort in the thought, that mother's proud of you.

Say, does the little mother speak of me sometimes, and cry,
When she sees Dick, or some of my chums go passing by?
And maybe she forgets sometimes that I'm so far from home,
And leaves the old lamp burning clear, waiting for me to come.

I'm homesick as can be to-night, John, will you tell her—low,
That I am not the headstrong boy I was a while ago?
Then there's our little Nellie's grave, be sure you keep it neat,
The flowers ought to grow their best above a child so sweet.

Be good to dad and don't you let dear mother fret or sigh
I'll rush in on you all some day—
God bless you John—good-bye.

ARCHIE MCKISHNIE.



CHAPTER III.

LA BELLA NAPOLI.

PATIENCE on a monument smiling at grief, was no doubt a very prettily behaved young person but she never appealed to my sympathies any more than the amiable woman; those worthy qualities, however, would have stood us in good stead, while waiting the permission of the powers that be, to land at Naples one warm summer day in midwinter.

Eventually we did land, and were plunged headlong into a mad hub-bub of unintelligible Italian (none too soft), amidst the chaos of the customs house. I, though with no claims to amiability, being a frivolous person forgot to lose my temper in the greater amusement of watching the confused throng of cheating Italians, and wild American and Canadian men and women let loose amongst them. I may add, that having a friend at court may in part account for my calm demeanour. Nevertheless, in spite of the aforesaid friend, we were kept hour after hour knocking our heels about in the dust of this small pandemonium, not half large enough for its requirements, till amusements palled and our tempers showed danger signs. We cast scheming eyes upon our bicycles, longed to snatch them from their cases and speed away from under the noses of the officials, hurling defiance as we flew. At last, pale and bedraggled, we were told we could not get them till the next day, the why of which I was not informed.

Our luggage was passed and we stepped out into the air under the fond impression we were free. We proceeded a hundred yards, accompanied by a body guard of dirty, ragged, howling men, when at the gate of the *dogano* we were stopped by a perky little man in grey-blue, who after much agitation of face, and voice, and arms, packed us back to the customs house. I was completely mystified but afterwards discovered we had to run the gauntlet of two sets of customs—the government and city officials respectively, who had little contests over our prostrate bodies, so to speak, as to whether our luggage should be passed or not. Finally we were allowed to go in peace and the next day returned to tackle the knotty question of our wheels.

More talk, principally of hands and arms, ensued (the Italians do more talking in a given time on any given subject than any other nation on the face of the earth). The Italian fact gradually sifted through our Canadian brains, that if we had taken the bicycles out the previous day we would have had to pay only forty-two francs deposit money each; in the

twenty-four hours a new law had come in force, obliging us to pay as much again on each machine.

The situation was strained. Peg and I looked at each other expressively, then slowly counted out our money. At this moment, a tall American, a fellow passenger of ours appeared on the scene looking rather wild about the eyes, (he had a bicycle). "I wouldn't give the Bowery for the whole of Italy; I want to get out and they won't let me—I want to ship that blamed wheel right back to New York and they won't let me—of all the confounded"—My eye-brows jumped—he stopped, turned on his heel, and we saw him no more.

Upon receipt of the money, with much ceremony and many officials, a lead tag was tied to the bar of each bicycle with a piece of coarse string. We were then warned that if this valuable piece of metal escaped the clutches of the small boys and other means of destruction, and was intact when we crossed the border, and we could produce papers proving that we had paid the money, the whole would be returned, otherwise it would be forfeited. We were deeply impressed and left the customs sadder but wiser women.

Our hearts grew lighter as we settled for a spring into the saddle, but a detaining hand was laid upon us and we were further informed that the wheels must be sent to the City Hall to be kept for a day, and then on proving that we were foreigners travelling through, we would be given permission to use them for a certain time without paying the tax. This seemed the last straw, and if the American had been there then, we would have allowed him to use what language he pleased—and felt better.

Our first ride along the Santa Lucia by the sea front to the Riviera Chiaja and on towards Posilipo, was like strong wine after the wearisome nagging we had experienced. The sea lay shimmering beside us, only separated by a sea-wall and a narrow strip of beach. Idle fishermen, with the Neapolitan costume of picturesque dirt covering them, lay face downwards on the narrow sands, or with still more palpable idleness slowly pulled at the long ropes attached to the fishing nets out at sea.

Fishing boats lolloped softly on the swell, breaking up the flooding light with faint shadows; far to the left the labouring mountain, just now sleeping its treacherous sleep, lay undulating and soft in the sunlight, only a white crown of mist suggesting the slumbering strength. Around its base, stretching away from Naples without a break, clustered foolish, trusting villages seeming so white and clean by reason of their distance. Beyond, Castellammare, Mount Angelo and Torrento followed the curving line of the beautiful bay, and farther still, faint yet distinct, rose the graceful shores of Capri. Close about us gathered the densely populated city rising up from the sea in the amphitheatre form so often described. It was a lovely dreamy picture to gaze upon, drawing about a restless weary spirit a longing to be very still.

To our no little astonishment, a very short ride was sufficient to show us we were objects of remarkable curiosity to all grades of people; at first it was amusing, but at times became almost embarrassing. "La bella Segnorina," "Bravo Segnorina," followed us everywhere. On the first occasion of this pleasing approval on the part of a discriminating populace, I called Peg's attention to the fact that they had called me "La bella Signorina."

"Excuse me," retorted she tartly, "they referred to me."

We argued the question with great vivacity as we wheeled along energetically, coming to no conclusion however, and our observations on life that day amounted to—nothing. I fear Peg is conceited.

La bella Napoli! Beautiful with a beauty that grows with the days and



NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

weeks, as the fascinations of its many-sided nature take hold of one, like the moods of a beautiful wayward woman, each one more winsome than the last, in turn giving place to a new beauty unsuspected, till we are enslaved hopelessly, and we smile with its smiles and weep with its tears, singing and sighing again and again, La bella Napoli!

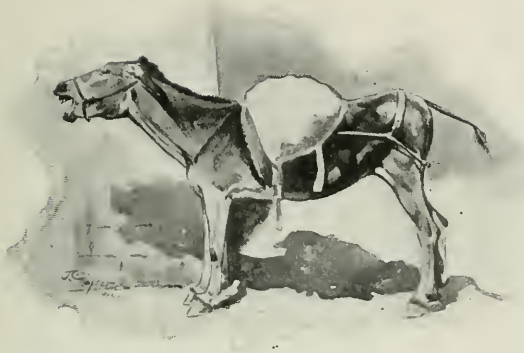
Amidst the tangle of one's thoughts and impressions, it is difficult to present even a slight picture of the pulsing heart and life of that fascinating city—yet I have a secret hope that the reader's keen imagination will help me out, and between the lines find lights and shades I never dreamed of painting.

With a helpless sense of the hopelessness of it all, one wanders through the babel of the teeming streets. Charm and repulsion are so closely intermingled that it is impossible to separate one from the other, and the knowledge that no finite mind can grasp the problem of life there, leaves a load of depression on one's spirit.

Fashion, gorgeous and complacent, if not in the best taste, jostles the hungry and naked and diseased as it whirls past in splendid carriages, drawn by proudly prancing horses with skins like finest satin. Cheek by jowl, with its ruffled mat of thick, mouse-colored fur, comes the meekly impertinent, sturdily patient little donkey, trot, trot, trotting amongst them with apparently all the worldly goods of his master piled behind. Of a sudden the meek animal lifteth up his voice, and after much squeezing and spluttering, a leonine roar comes forth and echoes far and wide, then dies away in a choking sneeze, while one stands petrified, momentarily expecting the melancholy demise of the little beast, by reason of its own vehemence. The cabmen crack their whips; the pedlars yell their wares and importune the helpless foreigners to buy their trinkets of coral, imitation tortoise shell, etc., turned so daintily as oftentimes to ensnare the unwary; the flower men dodge through the reckless crowd with a blaze of exquisite color borne aloft on their heads. Wretched, broken winded starved brutes, with the skin rubbed to open sores by the cruel, ill-fitting harness, kicked and beaten by their brutal masters, are passed by beautiful little cobs, with chunky bodies and slender legs going like the wind, spreading terror and confusion amongst the hapless pedestrians, there being no pavement, or only an apology for one, at long intervals.

Down on the Santa Lucia, the home of the Lazzaroni (though the original class which bore that name are extinct), we felt loudly-expressed curiosity. The street swarmed with family life, pursued entirely on the public way in the glare of the hot sun; chairs and tables scattered about; the women chattering, sewing, knitting, combing each other's hair; the washing and all domestic matters duly attended to with a frankness truly admirable, and the children gambolling, like puppies, at their feet.

The men circulated about, with small, portable stalls, vending their goods, and generally a little coke stove cooking castagna (chestnuts), fish, and various savoury eatables, ladled out by tempting looking hands, —a crowd of rascally, good-natured, grasping, patient, unambitious, hopelessly dirty humanity. We pity them —and yet there are sorrows which can never reach them, a world of hidden pain that sometimes wraps the heart about with a desolation so complete as to be beyond the reach of God or man, yet still with a proud pretence lying upon the lips, the bravery of which is surely noted by the recording angel. The careless, thoughtless, happy Lazzaroni know nothing of these things, but have something akin to the nature of the dancing, laughing, drinking fawn depicted so often by the masters of their arts. Blessed are they that feeleth not, for they shall not suffer.



"The meek animal lifteth up his voice."

One Sunday we made up our minds to go to the museum, which was an ungodly proceeding; but being in the interest of art, and in the interest of our purses, our consciences did not trouble us especially. Having consulted the map with regard to our bearings, we decided to ride, though most of the way was up a long gradual hill. A little after ten o'clock we started up the winding Corso, part of the time quite believing we were going to die; the rest of the way, it being down hill, concluding we should probably live. It is wonderful how big a little hill is when one is on a bicycle.

The people stared somewhat, but by this time we were accustomed to being public characters, and being not unduly afflicted with shyness, kept steadily on our way, though I managed to upset a carriage *en route*. Without serious mishap we reached the museum, and spent two delightful hours. I went because I have a strong sense of duty, and though possessing no innate love of museums, I have my own mental welfare and that of others strongly at heart. I stayed, because no museum ever attracted me so much before.

Everybody, except myself, knows all about it of course, so I refrain from writing *a la* guide book. The wonderful fresco work from Pompeii and Herculaneum, full of rich, soft coloring and ease of treatment, the exqusite little figures with delicate lightness, representing sporting genii, bacchantes and satyrs, were a particular delight to me. The rich dark bronzes full of energy and life, and the silent, yet speaking purity of the beautiful statues, many of which had lain buried in the ruins wrought by Vesuvius during nearly two thousand years, filled one with reverence as one looked upon their noble faces and grand bearing.

But, alack and alas! I must be honest, and my unfortunate appreciation of low life and low comedy was fully satisfied by the Drunken Faun, a magnificent bronze; the expression of imbecile delight on his face, and the helpless abandon of the whole figure being simply delicious.



"Gabble, gabble went the crowd."

At one o'clock we prepared to leave the museum, with our minds attuned to a proper pitch by the lofty matters we had been considering. With becoming gravity we asked the porter for our bicycles and trundled them out.

In a moment, while tying books and wraps to the handles, I became conscious of a surging mass of people about us. I looked up and found we were surrounded by a crowd of men and boys; we both bravely tried to keep our heads as well as circumstances would allow, but it looked doubtful if we would ever again find the balance of our wheels. It was impossible to mount and almost impossible to move, but we managed to make our way slowly along the terrace to the street.

We turned one way, the crowd turned also. We made for a shop, the crowd made for it too. We got more desperately hot and more uncomfortable every moment. Gabble, gabble went the crowd, "La Signorina, la bella Signorina, monta, monta," they cried. Then Peg and I got separated. I began to laugh nervously, the crowd laughed too. Suddenly Peg's head appeared above the heads of the people, I followed her example and mounted somehow, while a dozen hands held the handles; determinedly forcing the crowd apart, without thought of life or limb, I rode wildly down the street, past wagons and carts by a hair's breadth, setting a man dancing a jig till he didn't know which was back or front, and escaped taking his life or my own by a miracle.

On we went, full tilt, down hill through the erratic whirl of a Neapolitan Sunday crowd. Peg called out:

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know; anywhere to get out of this," I replied breathlessly, and on we tore.

Presently, thinking we were safe, we dismounted to tie our things on properly, and enquire our way. In an



NAPLES—THE SANTA LUCIA.



instant we were surrounded; they seemed to spring out of the earth. However, our admirers being mostly small boys, and having grown accustomed to the unique situation, we quietly arranged our belongings with the help of the company in general, and once more started off with remnants of our appreciative audience scattering along after us as long as their strength would permit.

When we announced to a small circle our intention of riding to Baiae, accompanied by a carriage with three friends, a young Italian, pleasing and good-natured, suggested insinuatingly that he should come too, affirming that he could manage a wheel. We were nothing loth, since we still found the Italians slow to comprehend their own language, and closed with him on the spot.

We conveyed ourselves and bicycles in the *finicular* up to the highest available point behind Naples, and wended our way down the gentle winding slope of the mountain.

I noticed our friend was somewhat stiff about the neck and arms, and was not as much up-lifted by the beauties of nature as one might have expected, but I concluded that familiarity breeds contempt and felt sorry for him. His extreme unsociability, however, roused my ire; when I offered some platitudes in good English, he replied in monosyllables that were not encouraging, neither looking to the right or left. Then I tried some shots at my new found Italian, whereupon his wheel wiggled violently and he managed to gasp, "Don't do that again, or I'll come off." I felt hurt, but realized that the laws of balance were still a mystery to him, and presently discovered that "coming off" was a matter of serious moment.

By degrees our cavalier got farther and farther in front, apparently without the slightest desire for our company. Peg and I thought it strange, but did not weep over the circum-



"While tying books and wraps."

stance, and swept serenely on our way, finally making up our minds that our friend had upset himself into the aqueduct of an amphitheatre.

A little later, coming round a bend in the road, we descried in the distance a melancholy form which we identified by the attendant wheel. On coming up with him, we were inclined to a haughty mien, but the apologetic expression of his figure appeased our wrath, while in a shamefaced manner, with a slight blush tinging his swarthy skin, he asked us to hold the bicycle while he got on, explaining that once he got going he couldn't stop or turn until the bicycle landed him in the ditch—and then he couldn't start again. A shout of derisive laughter and sharp sallies from some jolly old Italians, basking in the sun by the roadside, added to his confusion and our merriment, and the usual "Bravo, la bella Signorina," followed us as we hopped on our wheels in hot pursuit.



THE ISLAND OF NISIDA.

We sped on without the slightest effort, always ascending. Stretches of plain spread away to our right, laid barren and desolate by frequent volcanic eruptions, where, under the Roman Empire, had been smiling valleys studded with the villas of the rich and great, who vied with each other to obtain a few feet of ground on this once favored spot to spread abroad the hand of wealth and luxury.

On the left the mountains rose higher and higher, as we glided swiftly, silently down the splendid road, as smooth as a billiard table, cut out of the face of the rock; and shortly we were in full view of the beautiful bay of Pozzuoli dimpling in the sunlight, the mountainous land fading into the misty distance of Cape Misenum, with the island of Ochia beyond.

Near at hand, separated by a narrow channel, rose the island of Nisida, with the round walls of a prison perched aloft on the highest point, casting gloomy sha-



"Some jolly old Italians."



A VIEW OF BAIAE.

dows, increased by the gloom of tradition as being the refuge where one of the false friends of history found shelter for his dishonored head; and faint on the sighing breeze an exceeding bitter cry seemed wafted up the mountain side—"Et toi Brutus."

Posilipo, Pozzuoli (the Puteoli of the New Testament), and Baiae are crowded with historical interest, till our brains whirl with the effort. Quotations from the prolific pens of Greek, Latin and Italian poets, from the earliest times, are flung at us till we feel as bebattered as though we had taken part in a mental carnival of flowers. Virgil, Homer, Silius Italicus, Pliny, Horace, crush us with the thoughts of all we do not know. The holy name of St. Paul throws its sacred charm. The footsteps of Dante and Boccacio may be traced, and nearer to our own times can be heard the sweet singing of our own Shelley and Byron. A tomb, wherein once lay the ashes of the poet Virgil, is to be seen, with somewhat of an air of disputation hanging about it; Nero, with his dark deeds of cruelty and exhibitions of stupendous strength; Cæsar, Diocletian, Hadrian; the insane Caligula and his bridge of boats; and others, wise and utilitarian, or governed by dark deeds of tyranny and mad unreason, have left legend and history without end. Through all is a delicate woof of delicious romance, woven of the silken threads of old mythology.

Now the land is a barren waste, with nothing to mark its departed glory but a few ruins escaped from the wrath of internal furies, which have worked desolation far and wide, burying cities under the



"Small touches of nature."

sea, the remains of which can be seen beneath the water; raising up mountains from out sleeping valleys in a single night; crumbling the crests of mighty hills, crushing in their downfall priceless art treasures, and the lore of peoples gigantic in their resources and attainments.

But a bicyclist is not supposed to discourse of such things. One of the wise men of the earth has said somewhere quite lately, that, after a long course of observation, he had come to the conclusion that the brain of the bicyclist has but one movement, and that a rotatory one in sympathy with his wheel: also the said brain is incapable of taking in more than one idea—to wit, "sticking on" I sit at the feet of wisdom and imbibe, but never contradict. No doubt the wise man referred to, found "sticking on" as brainful a problem as he had ever desired to tackle.

We rode through the streets of Baiae, stopping *en route* to investigate the whispering gallery of Mercury. We had lunch in the Temple of Apollo, and bathed our hands in the waters of Avernus, near which is the Grotto della Sibilla, and within the "Entrance to the Infernal Regions," where we saw the veritable river Styx, down which Charon towed his passengers to Hades.

Later on we were advised not to go and see the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, and promptly did, finding it excessively interesting, with its lions' dens and subterranean passages for the influx of the sea when representations of naval battles were to take place. Three small touches of nature brought us to everyday life, in the shape of ragged urchins whose garments were hanging by a thread. They made me nervous, when, in hopes of soldi, they insisted upon turning wonderful somersaults with alarming rapidity in white dust a foot deep, while I, in vigorous Italian, called "Voi piccolo porco," a free translation of "You little pig," receiving for reply from a whirlwind of dust in a burst of giggles, "Manga maccheroni."

We had a lovely ride back in the cool of the evening along the lower road by the sea, coasting for miles, the bay of Naples being seen at the very flood time of its beauty—sunset; such a glorious glow of rose in a cloudless sky, shading and warming the deep purples of Vesuvius, touching with roseate hue the lingering snows in the chill places of Mount Angelo, while Capri still lay in golden light, clear though distant. And nearer the sweet peacefulness of the villages of Castellammare and Torredell Annunziata, and the larger life of Napoli, rising terrace upon terrace up the mountain side to St. Elmo and Capodimonte, bathed in a glory of dazzling waning light.

(To be continued.)

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER IX.

A DAUGHTER OF DEBATE.

THEY met under the arch of the gate, and Carmichael returned with the Carnegies, Kate making much of him and insisting that he should stay to luncheon.

"You are our first visitor, Mr. Carmichael, and the General says that we need not expect more than six, so we mean to be very kind to them. Do you live far from here?"

"Quite near—just two miles west. I happened to be passing; in fact, I'm going down to the next parish, and I . . . I thought I would like to call and . . . and bid you welcome;" for Carmichael had not yet learned the art of conversation, which stands mainly in touching details lightly and avoiding the word I.

"It is very cruel of you to be so honest and dispel our flattering illusions"—Kate marvelled at his mendacity—"we supposed you had come 'anes errand'—I'm picking up Scotch—to call on your new neighbours. Does the high road pass the Lodge?"

"Oh no; the road is eight miles further; but the Drumtochty people take the near way through the woods; it's also much prettier. I hope you will not forbid us, General? Two people a week is all the traffic."

"Forbid them—not I," said Carnegie, laughing. "A man is not born and bred in this parish without learning some sense. It would be a right of way case, and Drumtochty would follow me from court to court, and would never rest till they had gained or we were all ruined.

"Has it ever struck you Mr. Carmichael, that one of the differences between a Highlander and a Scot is that each has got a pet enjoyment? With the one it's a feud, and with the other it's a law suit. A Scot dearly loves a 'ganging plea.'

"No, no; Tochty woods will be open so long as Kate and I have anything to say in the matter. The Glen and our people have not had the same politics, but we've lived at peace, as neighbours ought to do, with never a law suit even to give a fillip to life."

"So you see, Mr. Carmichael," said Kate, "you may come and go at all times through our territory; but it would be bare courtesy to call at the Lodge for afternoon tea."

"Or tiffin," suggested the General; "and we can always offer currie, as you see. My daughter has a capital receipt she wiled out of an old Hindu rascal who cooked for our mess.

"You really need not take it on that account," as Carmichael was doing his best in much misery; "it is only meant to keep old Indians in fair humour—and not to be a test of good manners. By the way, Janet has been sounding your praises: how have you won her heart?"

"Oh, very easily—by having some drops of Highland blood in my veins; and so I am forgiven all my faults, and am credited with all sorts of excellences."

"Then the Highlanders are as clannish as ever," cried the General. "Scotland has changed so much in the last half century that the Highlanders might have become quite unsentimental and matter-of-fact.

"Lowland civilization only crossed

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the Highland line after '45, and it will take more than a hundred and thirty years to recast a Celt. Scottish education and theology are only a veneer on him, and below he has all his old instincts.

"So far as I can make out, a Celt will rather fish than plough, and be a game-keeper than a workman; but if he be free to follow his own way, a genuine Highlander would rather be a soldier than anything else under the sun."

"What better could a man be?" and Kate's eyes sparkled; "they must envy the old times when their fathers raided the Lowlands and came home



THE ORIGINAL CELT.

with the booty. It's a pity everybody is so respectable nowadays, don't you think?"

"Certainly the police are very meddlesome," and Carmichael now devoted himself to Kate, without pretence of including the General; "but the spirit is not dead. A Celt is the child of generations of cattle-stealers, and the raiding spirit is still in the blood. May I offer an anecdote?"

"Six, if you have got so many, and they are all about Highlanders," and Kate leant forward and nursed her knee, for they had gone into the library.

"Last week I was passing the cattle market in Edinburgh, and a big Highland drover stopped me, begging for a little money.

"'It iss from Lochaber I hef come with some beasties, and to-morrow I will be walking back all the way, and it iss this night I hef no bed. I wass considering that the gardens would be a good place for night, but they are telling me that the police will be disturbing me.'

"He looked so simple and honest that I gave him half-a-crown and said that I was half a Highlander. I have three Gaelic sentences, and I reeled them off with my best accent.

"'God forgive me,' he said, 'for thinking you to be a Sassenach body, and taking your money from you. You are a fery well-made man, and here iss your silver piece and may you always hef one in your pocket.'

"'But what about your bed?'

"'Tuts, tuts, that will be all right, for I hef maybe got some six or five notes of my own that were profit on the beasties: but it iss a pity not to be taking anything that iss handy when a body happens to be in the south.'"

"Capital." Kate laughed merrily, and her too rare laugh I used to think the gayest I ever heard. "It was the only opportunity left him of following his fathers. What a fine business it must have been, starting from Braemar one afternoon, a dozen men well armed, and getting down to Strathmore in the morning; then lying hid in some wood all day, and collecting a herd of fat cattle in the evening, and driving them up Glen Shee, not knowing when there might be a fight."

"Hard lines on the Scottish farmers, Kit, who might be very decent fellows, to lose their cattle or get a cut from a broadsword."

"Oh, they had plenty left; and seriously, dad, without joking, you know, what better could a Presbyterian Lowlander do than raise good beef for

Highland gentleman? Mr. Carmichael, I beg pardon; you seem so good a Celt that I forgot you were not of our faith."

"We are not Catholics," the General explained, gravely, "although many of our blood have been, and my daughter was educated in a convent. We belong to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and will go into Muirtown at a time, but mostly we shall attend the kirk of my old friend Dr. Davidson. Every man is entitled to his faith, and Miss Carnegie rather . . ."

"Forgot herself." Kate came to her father's relief. "She often does: but one thing Miss Carnegie remembers, and that is that General Carnegie likes his cheroot after dinner. Do you smoke, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, I am allowed to stay, if you don't object, and have forgiven my rudeness."

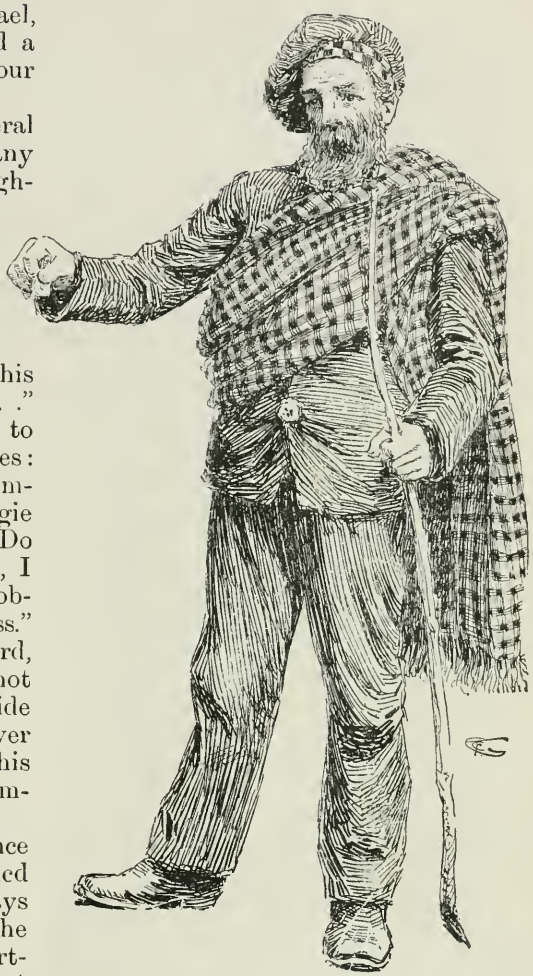
"You make too much of a word, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael was not a man to take offence till his pride was roused "Very likely my drover was a true blue Presbyterian, and his minister as genuine a cateran as himself.

"Years ago I made the acquaintance of an old Highland minister called MacTavish, and he sometimes stays with me on his way north in the spring. For thirty years he has started at the first sign of snow, and spent winter spoiling the good people of the south. Some years he has gone home with three hundred pounds."

"But how does he get the money?" enquired the General, "and what does he use it for?"

"He told me the history of his campaigns when he passed in March, and it might interest you; it's our modern raid, and although it's not so picturesque as a foray of the Macphersons, yet it has points, and shows the old spirit lives.

"'She wass a good woman, Janet Cameron, oh, yes, Mr. John, a fery exercised woman, and when she wass dying she will be saying beautiful things, and one day she will be speaking of a little field she had beside the church.



"Here iss your silver piece."

"'"What do you think I should be doing with that piece of ground," she will be saying, "for the end iss not far off, and it iss not earth I can be taking with me, oh no, nor cows."

"'"No Janet," I said, "but it iss a nice field, and lies to the south. It might be doing good after you are gone, if it wass not wasted on your mother's cousins twice removed in Inverness, who will be drinking every drop of it, and maybe going to the Moderate Kirk."

"'It wass not for two months or maybe six weeks she died, and I will be visiting her every second day. Her experiences were fery good, and I hef told them at sacraments in the north. The people in the south are free with their money, but it iss not the best of my stories that I can give them; they are too rich for their stomachs.

"'Janet will often be saying to me, "Mister Dugald, it iss a thankful woman that I ought to be, for though I lost my man in the big storm and two sons in the war, I hef had mercies, oh, yes. There wass the Almighty and my cow, and between them I hef not wanted, oh no."

"'"Janet, you will be forgetting your field that iss lying next the manse, and the people will be thinking that it iss a glebe; but I am telling them that it iss Janet Cameron's, who iss a fery experienced woman, and hass nefer seen the inside of a Moderate Kirk since the Disruption."

"'Maybe you will be astonished, Mister John, but when Janet's will will be read that piece of ground wass left to the Free Kirk, which wass fery kind and mindful of Janet, and I made a sermon about her from the text of the "elect lady."

"'It wass a good field, but it needed a dyke and some drains, and it wass not our people that had the money. So I made another sermon on the text, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it," and went down to the south. It wass not a dyke and some drains, but enough to build a byre and a stable I came back with. That wass in '55, and before '60 there will be a new manse with twelve rooms that iss good for letting to the English people. But it wass ten years the church needed, and a year for the porch to keep it warm, for I am not liking stoves, and will not have one in Crianshalloch.

"'It iss wonderful how much money the bodies hef in Glasgow, and it iss good for them to be hearing sound doctrine at a time. There will be no Arminianism when I am preaching, and no joking, but maybe there will be some parables, oh yes, about the sheep coming in at the manse door for want of a fence, and the snow lying in the pulpit.'

"There is a cateran for you, and, mind you, a good fellow, too. It's not greed sends him out, but sheer love of spoil. Would you like to see MacTavish next time he passes up with the cattle?" for Carmichael was emboldened by the reception of his sketch.

"Nothing we should like better, for the General and I want to know all about Scotland; but don't you think that those ministers have injured the Highlanders? Janet, you know, has such gloomy ideas about religion."

"There is no doubt, Miss Carnegie, that a load of Saxon theology has been landed on the Celt, and it has disfigured his religion. Sometimes I have felt that the Catholic of the west is a truer type of northern faith than the Presbyterian of Ross-shire."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carnegie, "for we had one or two west Catholics in the old regiment, and their superstitions were lovely. You remember, dad, the MacIvers."

"That was all well enough, Kit, but none of them could get the length of corporal; they were fearfully ignorant, and were reported at intervals for not keeping their accoutrements clean,"

"That only showed how religious they were, didn't it, Mr. Carmichael? Hadn't the early Christians a rooted objection to the bath? I remember our Padre saying that in a lecture."

"There are a good many modern Christians of the same mind, Miss Carnegie, and I don't think our poor Highlanders are worse than Lowlanders; but Catholic or Protestant, they are all subject to the gloom. I cannot give the Gaelic word.

"What is that? Oh, a southerner would call it depression, and assign it to the liver, for he traces all trouble to that source. But there is no word for

this mood in English, because it is not an English experience. My mother fell under it at times, and I saw the effect."

"Tell us, please, if all this description does not weary you?" and Kate shone on Carmichael, who would have talked on the Council of Nice or the rotation of crops to prolong his privileges.

"It comes on quite suddenly, and is quite a spiritual matter—a cloud which descends and envelops the soul. While it lasts a Highlander will not laugh nor sing; he will hardly speak, and he loses all hope about everything. One of our men has the gloom at a time, and then he believes that he is . . . damned. I am speaking theologically."

"The regiment must have been fond of theology, dad. Yes, we understand."

"Once he went out to the hill, and lay all night wrestling and agonising to be sure whether there was a God. You know he's just a small farmer, and it seems to me splendid that such a man should give himself to the big problems of the universe. Do you know," and Carmichael turned to the General, who was smoking in great peace, "I believe that is the reason the Highlanders are such good fighting men. They fear God, and they don't fear any other person."

"I'll vouch for one thing," said the veteran with emphasis; "our men put off the gloom, or whatever you call it, when they smelt powder; I never saw a panic in a Highland regiment in more than forty years' soldiering."

"What's the reason of the gloom? I believe that I have a touch of it myself at times—don't stare at me, dad, it's rude—just a thin mist, you know, but distinctly not indigestion. Is it a matter of race?"

"Of course, but that's no explanation." Carmichael had fallen into his debating society style. "I mean one has to go farther back; all our habits are shaped by environment."

"One moment, please. I have always wanted to ask some clever person what environment meant. I asked Colonel MacLeod once, dad, and he said it was out of the new book on tactics, and he was thankful he had retired. Now Mr. Carmichael will make it plain," and Kate was very demure.

"It is rather stupid to use the word so much as people do now," and Carmichael glanced dubiously at Kate; "scientific men use it for circumstances."

"Is that all? Then do pray say environment. Such a word introduces one into good society, and gives one the feeling of being well dressed; now about a Highlander's environment, is it his kilt you are thinking of, or his house, or what?"

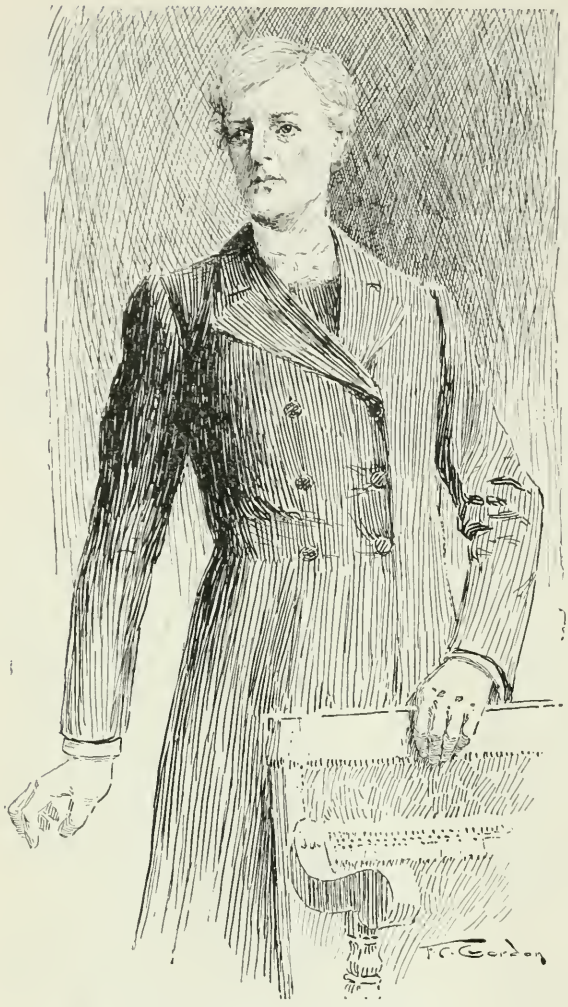
"His country"—and Carmichael's tone had a slight note of resentment, as of one ruffled by this frivolity—"with its sea lochs, and glens, and mists. Any one who has been bred and reared at the foot of one of our mountains will have a different nature and religion from one living in Kent or Italy. He has a sense of reverence, and surely that is a good thing."

"Nothing more needed nowadays," the General broke in with much spirit; "it seems to me that people nowadays respect nobody, neither the Queen nor Almighty God. As for that man Brimstone, he will never cease till he has ruined the Empire. You needn't look at me, Kate, for Mr. Carmichael must know this as well as any other sensible man.

"Why, sir," and now the General was on his feet, "I was told on good authority at the club last week by a newspaper man—a monstrously clever man—that Mr. Brimstone, when he is going down to the House of Commons to disestablish the Church, or the army, or something, will call in at a shop and order two hundred silk hats to be sent to his house. What do you call that sir?"

"I should call it a deliberate——"

"*Jeu d'esprit.* Of course it is, dad," and Kate threw an appealing glance to Carmichael, who had sprung to his



"I should call it a desperate——"

feet and was standing stiffly behind his chair, for he was a fierce Radical.

"Perhaps it was, lassie—those war correspondents used to be sad rascals—and, at any rate, politics are bad taste. Another cheroot, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, nonsense; you must tell my daughter more about your Highlanders. They are a loyal set, at any rate, and we all admire that."

"Yes, they are," and Carmichael unbent again, "and will stick by their side whether it be right or wrong. They're something like a woman in their disposition."

"Indeed," said Kate, who did not think Carmichael had responded very courteously to her lead, "that is very interesting. They are, you mean, full of prejudices and notions.

"If a Highlander takes you into his friendship, you may say or do what you like, he will stand by you, and although his views are as different from yours as black from white, will swear he agrees with every one. If he's not your friend, he can see no good in anything you do, although you be on his own side.

"In fact, he has very little judgment and no sense of justice; and I think you said," Kate went on sweetly, "his nature reminded you of a woman's?"

"You're sure that you like cheroots?" for the General did not wish this lad, Radical though he was, sacrificed on his first visit; "some men are afraid of the opium in them."

"Please do not interrupt Mr. Carmichael when he is making a capital comparison," and Kate held him to the point.

"What I intend is really a compliment," went on Carmichael, "and shows the superior fineness and sensitiveness of a woman's mind."

Kate indicated that she was sure that was his meaning, but waited for details.

"You see," with the spirit of one still fresh to the pulpit, "a man is slower, and goes by evidence: a woman is quicker, and goes by her instincts."

"Like the lower animals," suggested Kate sweetly, "by scent, perhaps. Well?"

"You are twisting my words, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael did not like

being bantered by this self-possessed young woman. "Let me put it this way. Would a jury of women be as impartial as a jury of men? Why, a bad-looking man would have no chance, for they would condemn him at once, not for what he did, but for what they imagined he was."

"Which would save a lot of time and rid society of some precious scoundrels," with vivid recollections of her own efforts in this direction. "Then you grant that women have some intelligence, although no sense of justice, which is a want?"

"Far brighter than men," said Carmichael, eagerly; "just consider the difference between a man's and a woman's speech. A man arranges and argues from beginning to end, and is the slave of connection. He will labour every idea to exhaustion before he allows it to escape, and then will give a solemn cough by way of punctuating with a full stop, before he goes on to his next point. Of course the audience look at their watches and make for the door."

"What would a woman do?" Kate enquired with much interest.

"A lady was speaking lately at Muirtown for an orphanage at Ballyskiddle, and described how Patsy was rescued from starvation, and greatly affected us. 'Patsy will never want bread again,' she concluded, and two Bailies wept aloud.

"Then she went on, and it seemed to me a stroke of genius, 'Speaking about Patsy, has any lady present a black dress suitable for a widow woman?' Before we knew that we had left Patsy, the people were in a widow's home, and the Bailies were again overcome. I mention them because it is supposed that a Bailie is the most important human being in Scotland, and he feels it his duty not to yield to emotion.

"No, a woman speaker never sacrifices her capital; she carries it with her from England to France in her speech, and recognizes no channel passage. In fact," and Carmichael plunged into new imagery, "a man's progress is after the manner of a mole, while a woman flits from branch to branch like a——"

"Squirrel—I know," came in Kate, getting tired.

"Bird," I meant. Why do you say squirrel?" and Carmichael looked suspiciously at Kate.

"Because it's such a careless, senseless, irresponsible little beast. Have you met many women, Mr. Carmichael? Really they are not all fools, as you have been trying to suggest for the last ten minutes."

"Highlanders are a safer subject of conversation than women," said the General, good-naturedly, as he bade Carmichael good-bye. "And you must tell us more about them next time you call, which I hope will be soon."

Carmichael halted twice on his way through the woods; once he stamped his foot and looked like a man whose pride had been ruffled; the other time he smiled to himself as one who was thinking of a future pleasure.

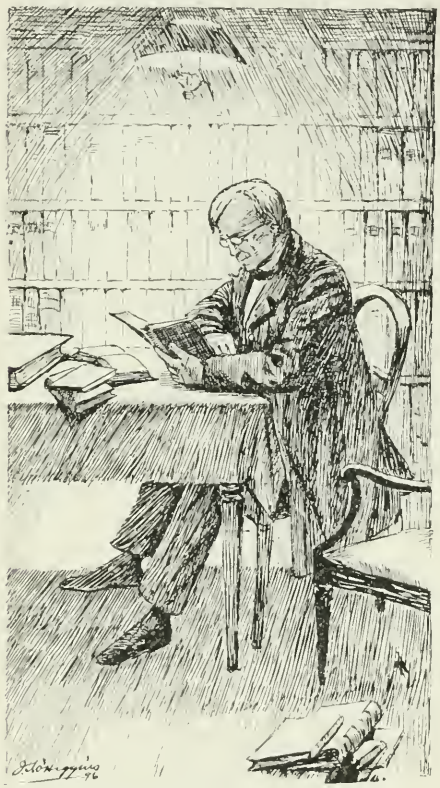
It was dusk as he crossed Lynedoch Bridge, and he looked down upon the pool below where the trout were leaping. Half an hour passed, and then he started off at high speed for Kilbogie Manse. "Please God if I am worthy," he was saying to himself; "but I fear she is too high above me every way."

CHAPTER X.

A SUPRA-LAPSARIAN.

JEREMIAH SAUNDERSON had remained in the low estate of a "probationer" for twelve years after he left the Divinity Hall, where he was reported so great a scholar that the Professor of Apologetics spoke to him deprecatingly, and the Professor of Dogmatics openly consulted him on obscure writers. He had wooed twenty-three congregations in vain, from churches in the black country

where the colliers rose in squares of twenty and went out without ceremony, to suburban places of worship where the beadle, after due consideration of the sermon, would take up the afternoon notices and ask that they be read at once for purposes of utility, which that unflinching functionary stated to the minister with accuracy and much faithfulness. Vacant congregations desiring a list



JEREMIAH SAUNDERSON.

of candidates made one exception, and prayed that Jeremiah should not be let loose upon them, till at last it came home to the unfortunate scholar himself that he was an offence and by-word. He began to dread the ordeal of giving his name, and, as is still told, declared to a household, living in the fat wheat lands and without any imagination, that he was called Magor Missabib. When a stranger makes a statement of this kind with a sad seriousness, no one judges it expedient to offer any remark, but it was skilfully arranged that Missabib's door should be locked from the outside, and one member of the household sat up all night. The sermon next day did not tend to confidence—having seven quotations in unknown tongues—and the attitude of the congregation was one of alert vigilance; but no one gave any outward sign of uneasiness, and six able-bodied men collected in a pew below the pulpit knew their duty in an emergency.

Saunderson's election to the Free Church of Kilbogie was therefore an event in the ecclesiastical world, and a consistent tradition in the parish explained its inwardness on certain grounds, complimentary both to the judgment of Kilbogie and the gifts of Mr. Saunderson. On Saturday evening he was removed from the train by the merest accident, and left the railway station in such a maze of meditation that he ignored the road to Kilbogie altogether, although its sign post was staring him in the face, and continued his way to Drumtochty. It was half-past nine when Jamie Soutar met him on the high road through our Glen, still travelling steadily west, and being arrested by his appearance, beguiled him into conversation, till he elicited that Saunderson was minded to reach Kilbogie. For an hour did the wanderer rest in Jamie's kitchen, during which he put Jamie's ecclesiastical history into a state of thorough repair—making seven distinct parallels between the errors that had afflicted the Scottish Church and the early heretical sects—and then Jamie gave him in charge of a ploughman who was courting in Kilbogie and was not averse to a journey that seemed to illustrate the double meaning of charity. Jeremiah was handed over to his anxious hosts as a quarter to one in the morning, covered with mud, somewhat fatigued, but in great peace of soul, having settled the place of elec-

tion in the prophecy of Habakkuk as he came down with his silent companion through Tochty woods.

Nor was that all he had done. When they came out from the shadow and struck into the parish of Kilbogie—whose fields, now yellow into harvest, shone in the moonlight—his guide broke silence and enlarged on a plague of field-mice which had quite suddenly appeared and had sadly devastated the grain of Kilbogie. Saunderson awoke from study and became exceedingly curious, first of all demanding a particular account of the coming of the mice, their multitude, their habits, and their determination. Then he asked many questions about the moral conduct and godliness of the inhabitants of Kilbogie, which his companion, as a native of Drumtochty, painted in gloomy colours, although indicating that even in Kilbogie there was a remnant. Next morning the minister rose at daybreak, and was found wandering through the fields in such a state of excitement that he could hardly be induced to look at breakfast. When the "books" were placed before him, he turned promptly to the ten plagues of Egypt, which he expounded in order as preliminary to a full treatment of the visitations of Providence.

"He cowes (beats) a' ye ever saw or heard," the farmer of Mains explained to the elders at the gate. "He gaed tae bed at half twa, and was oot in the fields by four, an' a'm dootin' he never saw his bed. He's lifted abune the body a' thegither, an' can hardly keep himsel' awa' frae the Hebrew at his breakfast. Ye 'ill get a sermon the day, or ma name is no Peter Pitillo." Mains also declared his conviction that the invasion of mice would be dealt with after a Scriptural and satisfying fashion. The people went in full of expectation, and to this day old people recall Jeremiah Saunderson's trial sermon with lively admiration. Experienced critics were suspicious of candidates who read lengthy chapters from both Testaments, and prayed at length for the Houses of Parliament, for it was justly held that no man would take refuge in such obvious devices for filling up the time unless he was short of sermon material. One unfortunate, indeed, ruined his chances at once by a long petition for those in danger on the sea—availing himself with some eloquence of the sympathetic imagery of the 107th Psalm—for this effort was regarded as not only the most barefaced padding, but also as evidence of an almost incredible blindness to circumstances. "Did he think Kilbogie wes a fishing village?" Mains enquired of the elders afterward, with pointed sarcasm. Kilbogie was not indifferent to a well-ordered prayer—although its palate was coarser in the appreciation of felicitous terms and allusions than that of Drumtochty—and would have been scandalized if the Queen had been omitted; but it was by the sermon the young man must stand or fall, and Kilbogie despised a man who postponed the ordeal.

Saunderson gave double pledges of capacity and fulness before he opened his mouth in the sermon, for he read no Scripture at all that day, and had only one prayer, which was mainly a statement of the Divine Decrees, and a careful confession of the sins of Kilbogie; and then, having given out his text from the prophecy of Joel, he reverently closed the Bible and placed it on the seat behind him. His own reason for this proceeding was a desire for absolute security in enforcing his subject, and a painful remembrance of the disturbance in a south country church, when he landed a Bible—with clasps—on the head of the precentor in the heat of a discourse defending the rejection of Esau. Our best and simplest actions—and Jeremiah was as simple as a babe—can be misconstrued, and the only dissentient from Saunderson's election insisted that the Bible had been deposited on the floor, and asserted that the object

of his profanity was to give the preacher a higher standing in the pulpit. This malignant reading of circumstances might have wrought mischief—for Saunderson's gaunt figure did seem to grow in the pulpit—had it not been for the bold line of defence taken up by Mains.

"Gin he wanted tae stand high, wes it no tae preach the word? An' gin he wanted a soond foundation for his feet; what better could he get than the twa Testaments? Answer me that?"

It was seen at once that no one could answer that, and the captious objector never quite recovered his position in the parish, while it was not the least of Kilbogie's boasting, in which the Auld Kirk will even join against Drumtochty, that they have a minister who not only does not read his sermons, and does not need to quote his texts, but carries the whole book, in at least three languages, in his head, and once, as a proof thereof, preached with it below his feet.

Much was to be looked for from such a man, but even Mains, whetted by intercourse with Saunderson, was astonished at the sermon. It was a happy beginning to draw a parallel between the locusts of Joel and the mice of Kilbogie, and gave the preacher an opportunity of describing the appearance, habits, and destruction of the locusts, which he did solely from Holy Scripture, translating various passages afresh, and combining lights with marvellous ingenuity. This brief preface of half an hour, which was merely a stimulant for the Kilbogie appetite, led up to a thorough examination of physical judgments, during which both Bible and Church history were laid under liberal contribution. At this point the minister halted, and complimented the congregation on the attention they had given to the facts of the case, which were his first head, and suggested that before approaching the doctrine of visitations, they might refresh themselves with a Psalm. The congregation were visibly impressed and many made up their minds while singing:

"That man hath perfect blessedness,"

and while others thought it due to themselves to suspend judgment till they had tasted the doctrine, they afterward confessed their confidence. It goes without saying that he was immediately beyond the reach of the ordinary people on the second head, and even veterans in theology panted after him in vain, so that one of the elders, nodding assent to an exposure of the Manichæan heresy, suddenly blushed as one who had played the hypocrite. Some professed to have noticed a doctrine that had not been touched upon, but they never could give it a name, and it excited just admiration that a preacher, starting from a plague of mice, should have made a way, by strictly scientific methods, into the secret places of theology. Saunderson allowed his hearers a brief rest after the second head, and cheered them with the assurance that what was still before them would be easy to follow. It was the application of all that had gone before to the life of Kilbogie, and the preacher proceeded to convict the parish under each of the ten commandments—with the plague of mice ever in reserve to silence excuses—till the delighted congregation could have risen in a body and taken Saunderson by the hand for his fearlessness and faithfulness. Perhaps the extent and thoroughness of this monumental sermon can be best estimated by the fact that Claypots, father of the present tenant, who always timed his rest to fifty minutes exactly, thus overseeing both the introduction and application of the sermon, had a double portion, and even a series of supplementary dozes, till at last he sat upright through sheer satiety. It may also be offered as evidence that the reserve of peppermint held by mothers for their bairns was pooled, doles being furtively passed across

pews to conspicuously needy families, and yet the last had gone before Saunderson finished.

Mains reported to the congregational meeting that the minister had been quiet for the rest of the day, but had offered to say something about Habakkuk to any evening service, and had cleared up at family worship some obscure points in the morning discourse. He also informed the neighbors that he had driven his guest all the way to Muirtown, and put him in an Edinburgh carriage with his own hands, since it had emerged that Saunderson, through absence of mind, had made his down journey by the triangular route of Dundee. It was quite impossible for Kilbogie to conceal their pride in electing such a miracle of learning, and their bearing in Muirtown was distinctly changed; but indeed they did not boast vainly about Jeremiah Saunderson, for his career was throughout on the level of that monumental sermon. When the Presbytery, in the gaiety of their heart, examined Saunderson, to ascertain whether he was fully equipped for the work of the ministry, he professed the whole Old Testament in Hebrew, and MacWheep, of Pitscourie, who always asked the candidate to read the twenty-third Psalm, was beguiled by Jeremiah into the Book of Job, and reduced to the necessity of asking questions by indicating verbs with his finger. His Greek examination led to an argument between Jeremiah and old Dr. Dumsday on the use of the aorist, from which the minister-elect of Kilbogie came out an easy first; and his sermons were heard to within measurable distance of the second head by an exact quorum of the exhausted court, who were kept by the clerk sitting at the door, and preventing MacWheep escaping. His position in the court was assured from the beginning, and fulfilled the function of an Encyclopædia, with occasional amazing results, as when information was asked about some Eastern sect, for whose necessities the Presbytery were asked to collect, and Jeremiah showed clearly, with the reporters present, that the Cappadocians were guilty of a heresy beside which Morisonianism was an unsullied whiteness. His work as examiner-in-general for the court was a merciful failure, and encouraged the students of the district to return to their district court, who, on this rumor of him, had transferred themselves in a body to a Highland Presbytery, where the standard question in Philosophy used to be, "How many horns has a dilemma, and distinguish the one from the other?" No man knew what the minister of Kilbogie might not ask—he was only perfectly certain that it would be beyond his knowledge; but as Saunderson always gave the answer himself in the end, and imputed it to the student, anxiety was reduced to a minimum. Saunderson, indeed, was in the custom of passing all candidates, and reporting them as marvels of erudition, whose only fault was a becoming modesty—which, however, had not concealed from his keen eye hidden treasures of learning. Beyond this sphere, the good man's services were not used by a body of shrewd ecclesiastics, as the inordinate length of an ordination sermon had ruined a dinner prepared for the court by "one of our intelligent and large-hearted laymen," and it is still pleasantly told how Saunderson was invited to a congregational soiree—an ancient meeting where the people ate oranges, and the speaker rallied the minister on being still unmarried—and discoursed as a carefully chosen subject—on the Jewish feasts, with illustrations from the Talmud, till some one burst a paper bag and allowed the feelings of the people to escape. When this history was passed round Muirtown Market, Kilbogie thought still more highly of their minister, and indicated their opinion of the other parish in severely theological language.

Saunderson's reputation for unfathomable learning and saintly simplicity

was built up out of many incidents, and grew with the lapse of years to a solitary height in the big strath, so that no man would have dared to smile had the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie appeared in Muirtown in his shirt-sleeves, and Kilbogie would only have been a trifle more conceited. Truly he was an amazing man, and, now that he is dead and gone, the last of his race, I wish some man of his profession had written his life, for the doctrine he taught and the way he lived will not be believed by the new generation. The arrival of his goods was more than many sermons to Kilbogie, and I had it from Main's own lips. It was the kindly fashion of those days that the farmers carted the new minister's furniture from the nearest railway station, and as the railway to Kildrummie was not yet open, they had to go to Stormont Station on the north line: and a pleasant procession they made passing through Pitscourie, ten carts in their best array, and drivers with a semi-festive air. Mr. Saunderson was at the station, having reached it by some miracle without mistake, and was in a condition of abject nervousness about the handling and conveyance of his belongings.

"You will be careful—exceedingly careful," he implored; "if one of the boxes were allowed to descend hurriedly to the ground, the result to what is within would be disastrous. I am much afraid that the weight is considerable, but I am ready to assist:" and he got ready.

"Dinna pit yirsel' intae a feery farry(commotion)," but Mains was distinctly pleased to see a little touch of worldliness, just enough to keep the new minister in touch with humanity. "It'll be queer stuff oor lads canna lift, an' a'll gie ye a warranty that the'll no be a cup o'the cheeny broken;" and then Saunderson conducted his congregation to the siding.

"Dod, man," remarked Mains to the station-master, examining a truck with eight boxes; "the manse 'll no want for dishes at ony rate; but let's start on the furniture; whar hae ye got the rest o' the plenishing?

"Naething mair? havers man, ye dinna mean tae say they pack beds an' tables in boxes; a' doot there's a truck missin'." Then Mains went over where the minister was fidgeting beside his possessions.

"No, no," said Saunderson, when the situation was put before him. "It's all here. I counted the boxes, and I packed every box myself. That top one contains the fathers—deal gently with it; and the Reformation divines are just below it. Books are easily injured, and they feel it. I do believe there is a certain life in them, and and they don't like being ill-used," and Jeremiah looked wistfully at the ploughmen.

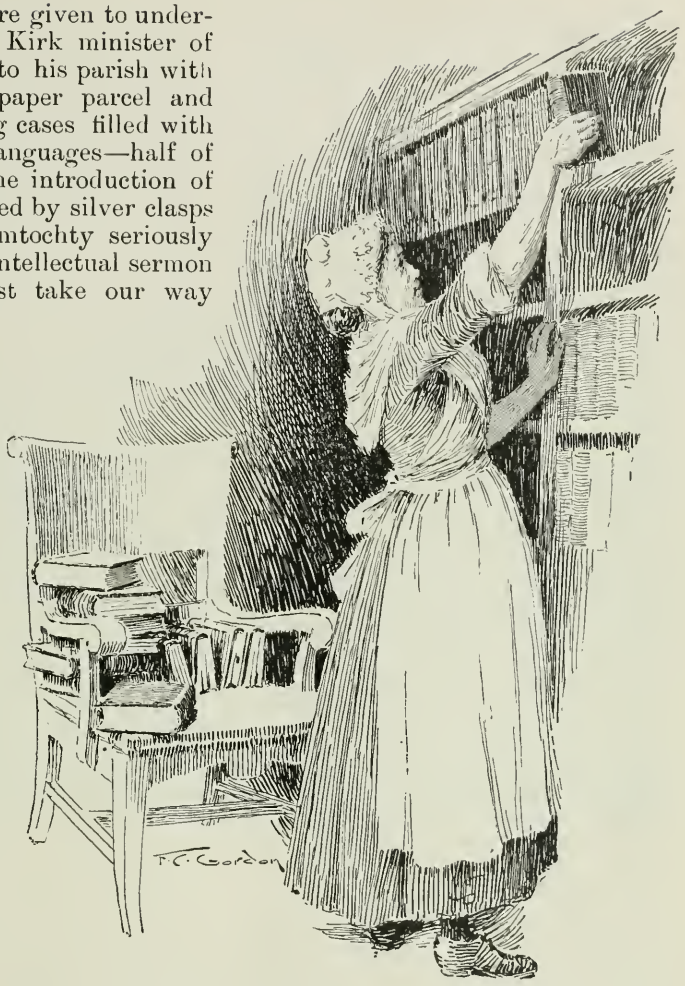
"Div ye mean tae say," as soon as Mains had recovered, "that ye've brocht naethin' for the manse but bukes, naither bed nor bedding? Keep's a'," as the situation grew upon him, "whar are ye tae sleep, and what are ye tae sit on? An' div ye never eat? This croons a';" and Mains gazed at his new minister as one who supposed that he had taken Jeremiah's measure and had failed utterly.

"Mea culpa—it's . . . my blame," and Saunderson was evidently humbled at this public exposure of his incapacity; "some slight furnishing will be expedient, even necessary, and I have a plan for book-shelves in my head; it is ingenious and convenient, and if there is a worker in wood"

"Come awa' tae the dogcart, sir," said Mains, realizing that even Kilbogie did not know what a singular gift they had obtained, and that discussion on such sublunary matters as pots and pans was useless, not to say profane. So eight carts got a box each; one, Jeremiah's ancient kist of moderate dimensions; and the tenth—that none might be left unrecognized—a hand-bag that had been on the twelve years' probation with its master. The story grew as it passed westward, and when

it reached us we were given to understand that the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie had come to his parish with his clothing in a paper parcel and twenty-four packing cases filled with books, in as many languages—half of them dating from the introduction of printing, and fastened by silver clasps—and that if Drumtochty seriously desired to hear an intellectual sermon at a time, we must take our way through Tochty woods.

Mrs. Pitillo took the minister into her hands, and compelled him to accompany her to Muirtown, where she had him at her will for some time, so that she equipped the kitchen (fully), a dining-room (fairly), a spare bed-room (amply), Mr. Saunderson's own bedroom (miserably), and secured a table and two chairs for the study. This success turned her head. Full of motherly forethought, and having a keen remembrance that probationers always retired in the afternoon at Mains to think over the evening's address, and left an impress of the human form on the bed when they came down to tea, Mrs. Pitillo suggested that a sofa would be an admirable addition to the study. As soon as this piece of furniture, of a size suitable for his six feet, was pointed out to the minister, he took fright, and became quite unmanageable. He would not have such an article in his study on any account, partly because it would only feed a tendency to sloth—which he explained, was one of his besetting sins—and partly because it would curtail the space available for books, which, he indicated, were the proper furniture of any room, but chiefly of a study. So great was his alarm that he repented of too early concessions about the other rooms, and explained to Mrs. Pitillo that every inch of space be rigidly kept for the overflow of the study, which he expected—if he were spared—would reach the garrets. Several times on their way back to Kilbogie, Saunderson looked wistfully at Mrs. Pitillo, and once opened his mouth as if to speak, from which she



"She had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books."

gathered that he was grateful for her kindness, but dared not yield any further to the luxuries of the flesh.

What this worthy woman endured in securing a succession of reliable housekeepers for Mr. Saunderson and overseeing the interior of that remarkable home, she was never able to explain to her own satisfaction, though she made many honest efforts, and one of her last intelligible utterances was a lamentable prophecy of the final estate of the Free Church manse of Kilbogie. Mr. Saunderson himself seemed at times to have some vague idea of her painful services, and once mentioned her name to Carmichael in feeling terms. There had been some delay in providing for the bodily wants of the visitor after his eight miles' walk from Drumtochty, and it seemed likely that he would be obliged to take his meal standing for want of a chair.

"While Mrs. Pitillo lived, I have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that the domestic arrangements of the manse were better ordered; she had the episcopal faculty in quite a conspicuous degree, and was, I have often thought, a woman of sound judgment.

"We were not able at all times to see eye to eye, as she had an unfortnnate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning.

"With all her excellences, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavor of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again, and unto this day I cannot lay my hands on the service book of King Henry VIII., which I had in the second edition, to say nothing of an original edition of Rutherford's Lex Rex.

"It does not become me, however, to reflect on the efforts of that worthy matron, for she was by nature a good woman, and if any one could be saved by good works, her place is assured. I was with her before she died, and her last words to me were, 'Tell Jean tae dust yir bukes aince in the sax months, and for ony sake keep ae chair for sittin' on.' It was not the testimony one would have desired, but yet, Mr. Carmichael, I have often thought that there was a spirit of . . . of unselfishness, in fact, that showed the working of grace." Later in the same evening, Mr. Saunderson's mind returned to his friend's spiritual state, for he entered into a long argument to show that while Mary was more spiritual, Martha must have been within the Divine Election.

(To be continued.)



THE WIGWAM—FORESTERS' ISLAND PARK.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD (MEG).

IT has been said that the most important movements in the progress of humanity are controlled by some strong personality, and that, in spite of the assertion of philosophical students to the contrary notwithstanding, the effect of the individuality of the leader is often exaggerated and that the great changes which society has made would have come in some form at all events, with or without the one whose name has been made great thereby. Nevertheless it is for the most part true, that history is a series of biographies and that the leader is a factor equally potent with the sentiment which calls him into being.

Of no one can this more truly be said than of Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters. A biographical sketch of Dr. Oronhyatekha could not be written with Forestry left out any more than a history of the Order be given with no mention of Dr. Oronhyatekha, since through his masterly management this organization has been brought up from a membership of a few hundred to many

thousand in America alone, with a growth scarcely less phenomenal in England, Scotland and Ireland. All other pursuits have been made subordinate to this, the great object of his endeavors to make the Independent Order of Foresters the largest and best trusted of all fraternal organizations.

To master the first difficulties of such a position, and to win the reputation which his personal ambition naturally coveted, it will be understood, exacted from him great labor, hard study and a will to over-ride all discouragements. Of course he had his friends about him in the Order to cheer his hopes and stimulate his efforts to the task; but these friends were also his competitors in his struggles for leadership, men of established renown, reputed for their talents in politics and in the professions; and so it may be regarded as no doubtful praise of the new associate in the fraternity to say that he speedily earned, and has sustained in the estimation of the Order and the public generally, a fair and acknowledged title and place on the same platform socially and—I had almost said politically, which they occupy. But Dr. Oronhyatekha has not permitted himself to have political aspirations, though time and again well-meaning friends have urged him to announce himself a candidate for parliamentary honors, painting in alluring colors the advancement awaiting him along that road. But he has thought best to adhere to the organization whose name has almost become a synonym for his own, and in which he has had all the satisfaction only to be experienced by a man having built up such an order as that of the I.O.F. For this same reason, doubtless, Dr. Oronhyatekha has declined flattering, editorial offers that have come to him through the recognition of his ready, graphic and forceful pen. Not easy sacrifices these, for the frequent echo of one's name as a gifted speaker or writer, and the agreeable fillip to personal vanity which is given by the notice of the press magnifying into matter of public importance the conceits of one's brains and rendering his thoughts a commodity in the market is flattery not unrelished by even the most modest, and straightway sets the wits at work again to redouble the echo and its accompaniments.

At the time we first hear of Dr. Oronhyatekha in connection with the I.O.F., he was practicing medicine in London, Ontario, and his professional career was being characterized by a rapid and steady progress upward to the attainment of reputation, influence and independence. But carrying the same energy and enthusiasm into Forestry that he had into the practice of his profession he was soon elected to the office of High Chief Ranger of the province, and in this capacity showed such steadfast devotion to the order, marked by its regular and continued advancement which it was recognized could only have come by his unremitting watchfulness and toil, that he attracted the attention of the entire Forestric world and was rewarded by the highest office within the gift of the order, that of Supreme Chief Ranger.

The increasing demands of the organization under his leadership finally necessitated the abandonment of his profession, which must have seemed a great sacrifice at the time. However, the reward has been great, for to-day he has the proud distinction of standing first in fraternal societies of America, with the splendid new home of Forestry, now going up on the corner of Bay and Richmond streets, Toronto, to stand forever a memorial to his zeal and efficiency.

The City of Toronto in particular and the Dominion in general owe Dr. Oronhyatekha a debt of gratitude greater than they know. It is doubtless not generally understood that Canada is not the birthplace of the I.O.F. Like a few other good and useful things it is of Yankee origin, Newark, New Jersey, having been the



FROM A RECENT PHOTO

DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

cradle of the order. How long it was nursed and rocked in the Union is immaterial, since for so many years it has had its headquarters in Toronto and been officered chiefly by Canadians. Is it such a common occurrence for Canadians to supplant capable men of the United States in official positions and to take hold of, and build up societies that have been born under the stars and stripes, that no one has thought to question how the I.O.F. came to be transplanted? Has it not occurred, that the movements of the Society have been controlled by some unusually strong personality? And do not all fair minded Canadians see in such a leader of men one to whom they should be proud to "crook the pregnant knee?"



DR. ORONHYATEKHA AT 21 YEARS OF AGE.

Not only is the S.C.R. a born Canadian but also born a full-blooded Indian, and one as loyal to his blood as to his country and to the great order he represents, which leaves nothing to be added in way of either personal, patriotic or fraternal pride.

The romantic story of his birth, early struggles and varied education is as a twice-told tale already, but one too full of dramatic situations to ever lose in interest. He was born at the Six Nations Reservations near Brantford, Ont., in 1841, his education was begun at home in an Industrial School, established by "The New England Company" for the training of young Indians. This school was the stepping-stone to Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., where he passed several terms before going to Kenyon College, Ohio, where he remained two years. This course was followed by another at Toronto University, all the while being entirely dependent upon his own resources. But adversity we know, is not unfrequently the most healthful ingredient in the cup of human experience and the best tonic to brace the mind for those encounters in which virtue is proved, renown achieved and success won, developing by patient ordeal and many hard knocks the genuine, but destroying the spurious.

Even as early as Kenyon College days we find in the character of Dr. Oronhyatekha, evidences of that shrewdness, boldness and ability as an organizer, that has marked his entire course. Apropos of these characteristics is a story coming from his college associates to the effect that, finding his limited exchequer nearly depleted at the end of one term and the chances for another consequently at the vanishing point, he organized an Indian show. With one "really" Indian and several of the most raw-boned white men he could induce to receive instructions in war dances, songs, and blood-curdling war whoops, and be painted and feather-trimmed to suit the requirements of the show, he put in the vacation "starring" through the country, with the result that the next session found the young showman, in the language of the street, with "money to burn."

It was while Oronhyatekha was a student at Toronto University that the Prince of Wales made his memorable visit to Canada. The Chiefs of the Six Nations deputized him to deliveran address to the son of the "Great Mother," as they called the Queen. The impression the young Indian made upon the Prince and the royal party was so favorable that he was invited to continue his studies at Oxford, England, under the care of Sir Henry Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine, and out of this relation of teacher and pupil, sprung a friendship that will likely last to the end of life.

To Sir Henry Acland, Dr. Oronhyatekha would have us give the lion's share of credit for whatsoever of good or cleverness we find in him to-day. His only son, Acland Oronhyatekha, he named for the beloved preceptor, and in every way that a man of wealth and position could, the Doctor has honored the man who directed his studies, stimulated his energies and cheered his life with all the tenderness of a father, when he was a poor Indian boy among a strange people. That the friendship established between these two, teacher and scholar, continues to the present time, the follow-



PROFESSOR ACLAND AND DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

ing letter of introduction to the celebrated Doctor Alan Herbert, of Paris, will show :

OXFORD, June 6th, 1891.

MY DEAR ALAN HERBERT :—

May I introduce to you Oronhyatekha, with his wife and daughter. He is a pure Mohawk, whom I met when in Canada with the Prince of Wales in 1860. He came to Oxford as an undergraduate, upon my invitation, and subsequently became a most excellent physician and surgeon. He has left medicine and is now at the head of a great society of Foresters—a large insurance body in America.

He was attached to us and we to him. Be kind to a rare fellow-man.

Very affectionately,

H. ACLAND.

Oxford days over, Dr. Oronhyatekha, like the man in the Bible, "married him a wife," selecting her from among his own race. Mrs. Oronhyatekha has the distinction among her people of having been well born, since she is the great-grand daughter of Captain Joseph Brant the celebrated Head Chief of the Mohawks of Revolutionary War fame. She is an educated woman, full of an almost girlish enthusiasm in all she undertakes, and she undertakes much. In her the Doctor has found a ready sympathizer and capable helpmate. To them has been born several children, only two having lived to manhood and womanhood.

Acland, the son, seems following in the footsteps of his father professionally, having been graduated a physician, but given up the practice to look after the interests of Forestry in England. In the selection of a wife however, he departed from parental example, having married an English woman, thereby introducing the first white blood into the family.

Miss Oronhyatekha, christened by the musical name of Karawinah, with the pretty interpretation of "moving sun," is a young lady who seems to have made the most of her advantages for education and travel, and would do credit to any parents. She is intellectually active and progressive, is a musician, a superb horsewoman and one who can row and shoot like the proverbial woman of her race.

Notable men are often studied to best advantage in their own homes and among their own people. It has been the privilege of the writer to "study" Dr. Oronhyatekha in each of his several homes, for in the matter of residence the Doctor has provided for his family after the fashion set by royalty. In the zenith of his fame he has not lost sight of his obligations to those who watched his first steps and protected his earliest infancy; therefore the home nearest his heart is that one called "The Pines," situated in the midst of his people on the Mohawk Reservation, six miles across the plains from Deseronto, Ontario. Another favorite residence is the newer home on an island in the Bay of Quinte, at Deseronto, which has been suggestively named "The Wigwam," it stands upon storied ground, having been in the possession of Mrs. Oronhyatekha's ancestors and by them known as "Captain Johns Island." This island is a veritable gem in the midst of the waters of the far-famed Bay of Quinte and was purchased by Dr. Oronhyatekha, and renamed "Foresters' Island Park." Of all places on earth in which to loaf and invite one's soul, this island home is the place pre-eminent.

But the demands of the order on his time makes all loafing on the part of "the chief" entirely out of the question and barely leaves time to "invite the soul," or for the pleasure of the family circle. The City of Toronto claims him for her own, and upon her streets his picturesque figure daily attracts attention. Among any number of men of distinguished appearance he would claim first and last notice, and not by reason of his color alone, but by his splendid dignity uncommon repose, and general polish, outward evidence of the inner man. Those who know him best do not need to be reminded how distinctively his face and figure suggest his Indian

blood. The massive and bold outline of his countenance, the keen eye that can either warm the heart of a friend or wither an enemy; the expressive nose, ample chin, the height, rather above six feet; the shoulders broad as those of Robin Hood; capacious chest and general fullness of development all equally characteristic of his race. His countenance eminently suggestive of "muttering thunder" in repose, is full of sunshine in animation; the ever changing expression of his lips at one moment sobered with thought and in the next radiant with a rich lurking humor which coming straight from the heart provokes a laugh before a word has been spoken. These are traits of character that enliven whatever might be supposed to be saturnine in the merely national cast of his countenance.

Dr. Oronhyatekha has a definite personality, one that awakens immediate interest and exerts an instant charm. He is a man who will win the admiration of the generation which succeeds him as it has those who have had the honor to be his contemporaries. Those who look for the outward evidences of a masterful man in Dr. Oronhyatekha are not disappointed. He might be mistaken for a statesman on duty, but not for a country storekeeper off for a holiday. His is a composite character. The first element in his composition is will, and the words should be written in italics; the second is infinite patience and genius for details; the third is a great power to compromise differences in the Order; the fourth is to keep his word; and the fifth to keep silent.

It is paradoxically true of him that he is both stubborn and pliable. Once satisfied he is right he goes ahead promptly. His methods are practical. He believes in money, influence and activity without noise. He rules with an iron or a velvet hand as the case requires. He studies the tendency of public thought as earnestly as does a statesman and contrives to turn up always at the front and leading in the popular direction. As a leader he practices the policy of conciliating his enemies if he can, but whipping them if he must. If smitten upon one cheek he does not turn the other exactly but will watch for a favorable opportunity to show the aggressor, in a plausible and friendly way, that he was in the wrong.

At the head of a large organization his life has been in great part, life in the noon-day,—in the presence of sharp-sighted critics. Public life has always two sides, one acting sentinel upon the other and a blunder or a slovenly neglect of the matter in hand, never escapes without comment. Dullness is deficiency and is sure to be stamped or patented with such sufficient publication as to go forever unquestioned upon its settled and intrinsic demerits. But there has been no such short-comings or inefficiency charged up to Dr. Oronhyatekha. Through professional jealousy, leaders of rival organizations have turned the search light of investigation on both the I.O.F. and the personal character of the S.C.R., but both have stood the test.

Much of Dr. Oronhyatekha's wonderful success as an organizer is doubtless due to his talent as a public speaker, which talent so well qualifies him to contest for first honors in the several societies with which he has become identified. He has been an active worker in the temperance cause, ever since old enough to realize right from wrong. For 39 years he has been a member of that body known as Good Templars. At a session of the Supreme Lodge held in Edinburg, Scotland, a few years ago, he was elected to the highest office belonging to the organization—that of Supreme Templar.

In Masonry, Dr. Oronhyatekha has received the degrees of the Royal Arch Chapter; Knight Templar, 33rd degree in the Scottish Rite, and that of the Mystic Shrine, and is also Most Worshipful Grand Master Mason of

the Dominion of Royal and Oriental Masonry.

An English periodical speaks of him in debate as being "calm, courteous, imperturable, clear and decisive. His weapon is as smooth and incisive as a Damascus scimitar; his dexterity in wielding it, and his quickness in watching the fence of an opponent, are extraordinary and admirable. As a presiding officer he shows even to better advantage, maintaining and expediting business without apparent effort; keeping discussion within legitimate bounds, and extricating it out of tangles by his tact and intimate knowledge of the law and rules of debate." An orator he may not be in the strict sense of the word, having none of that eloquence which struts around the heart without entering it, but he is forceful, poignant, witty and scholarly, for be it known hereafter by all who have thought the Doctor's knowledge begins and ends with Forestry, that he is an omniverous reader. His own room, whether in Toronto, at "The Pines," or in the "Wigwam," is that of the student and scholar. His possessions are all impressive tributes to the refinement and good taste which brought them together. His pictures, marbles, bric-a-brac, and books represent extensive travel and a wide knowledge of people, places, and things.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a man beloved for his social virtues as much as for his executive ability. In his personal relations he is gracious and unassuming. He never turns anyone away with a short answer, save as "no" is a small word. Everyone who calls upon him may see him, unless the exigencies of official duties and obligations, or in conference, make it impossible to spare even a moment, and may talk to him as long as he has anything worth hearing to say. As a rule it is the visitor who does the talking, unless he be one in whom the Chief has confidence, when be will open the doors of his speech and talk freely and most entertainingly.

Though a public functionary, he is one who, having no relish for politics, has consequently been but little identified with that public history which so often imparts the only value to biography; but the waters of oblivion will never submerge the name of Oronhyatekha so long as the Independent Order of Foresters exists, or is remembered as having existed.

RECOMPENSE.

I SAW two sowers in Life's field at morn
To whom came one in angel guise, and said
"Is it for labor that a man is born?
Lo! I am Ease. Come ye, and eat my bread!"
Then gladly one forsook his task undone
And with the tempter went his slothful way:
The other toiled until the setting sun
With stealing shadows blurred the dusty day.
Ere harvest time, upon Earth's peaceful breast
Each laid him down amid the unreaping dead.
"Labor hath other recompense then rest,
Else were the toiler like the fool," I said,
"God meteth him not less, but rather more,
Because he sowed, and others reaped his store."

JOHN MCCRAE.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

BY HÉLÈNE E. F. POTTS.

NOT everybody could live in the village.

It was not because the climate was too bad, even if the marsh and river were only a mile off, nor was it on account of any social or ethical considerations, but because not every person was possible to Bombastes Furioso.

Bombastes Furioso—so called by the grace of God and his own nature, but by his fellow-villagers B. F.—wanted everyone under his thumb.

Unsophisticated creatures, with independence of mind and a certain amount of moral tenderness, who previously to this had existed on three meals a day without the consent of B. F., found his microscopic surveillance of body and soul intolerable, and—objected, but later on fled the village in horror with the howlings of B. F.'s parasites making pandemonium in their hearts.

B. F. was a banker with money, and did business in an unpretentious two-roomed house on the main street; but higher up, on a considerable knoll in the centre of the village, he lived on verandahs surrounding three sides of of a red-brick structure which stood four square, facing west, and holding in view six miles of river and marsh, and half the back-kitchens of the village

B. F. had been growing stout for years.

But strange, as his body grew in grossness his soul grew in leanness, until by the time he weighed three hundred pounds, his soul was as fine-drawn and tough as a fiddle-string, and the villagers whispered to one another—just whispered, mind,—"Does he ever expect to go to Heaven?"

But one Frenchman did better. He came out of the little bank parlor and went directly across to the saloon, ordered drinks for the crowd, and swore by the Virgin Mary and all the saints, until the glasses clinked on the bar. that he would "do" him yet. "Dat man," he said between his teeth, in his peculiar idiom. "Dat man, Mon Dieu! he have no entrails."

This was in eighty-seven—I think he said eighty-seven—and the name of the village is Brag's Dorf—I think he said Brag's Dorf—names of villages slip away like objects in a fog.

In any case, it was the year in which the Rev. Augustus Jones came to locate in the village.

The previous summer the Rev. Augustus had spent his holidays in Ontario, and in passing through the villages had noticed the neglected little church with its grass-grown pathway, and its bell rusting in the belfry. He noticed also the brow-beaten and otherwise heathen condition of the natives, so he went back to his home in New York, and reflected.

The Rev. Augustus was a young thing. The dawn of manhood had as yet shewn no signs on lip and chin; and his delicate girlish face was tinted with a soft pink like the flush on the warm side of a peach. His hair was curly and wonderfully brown, and he parted it in a line with his nose. His hands were small, and more transparent than a girl's, and he played the violin delightfully. More, his cassock hung on his slender frame with a grace not unbecoming a woman.

But these femininities did not reflect upon his intellect. He had been first prize and medal man in his college days, and since, had written a thesis on "Failure and Success," which had attracted the attention of the whole theological, not to say,

thinking world. Moreover, he had a sweet-blooded and unselfish nature, and was Scotch on his mother's side, and "canny-going." He had zeal enough to reform the world, so he thought he would like to try what he could do with Brag's Dorf.

By the time he had been with the people six weeks they loved him. Before six months, they worshipped even his attenuated shadow.

They loved him for himself, they worshipped him for his preaching. He did not preach "Creed" or "Baptism" or "Church," or any inscrutable doctrine with which former parsons had been wont to deluge them, and rouse first their orthodoxy, then their ire. No, not these things! He told them rather of the unsearchable riches of Christ and the consolations of his commandments, and the infinite issues attending upon every day duties. And his flute-like voice would grow higher and higher, and he would strike right out from his tender shoulder and pour forth words which fell from his lips like live coals and burned where they fell—words in which he pointed out to them the ugliness of their lives,—the wrong of this—the cowardliness of that. And then afterwards he would draw a picture describing the beauty of Christian life and the sweetness of holy living, and assured them most certainly and unmistakably that

"What began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

And the soft June air came in at the open windows, bringing with it the languorous scent of the blooming lilacs and the busy humming of the summer insects, while the church seemed filled with the swish of angels' robes, and the congregation listened with a rapt intentness, besieged with thoughts that were not of this earth.

And they got it all for nothing.

This was the item always greatly prominent to the mind of B.F. For, Augustus Jones was the only scion of a noble and wealthy house, and he spent his money freely on the little church and his people.

When he had first come to the Dorf, B.F. had taken him warmly by the hand and welcomed him to "our little town," in most cordial tones. A "parson" who would work for nothing being an altogether unheard of but very desirable anomaly.

But as the months went away into nothing, B. F. found him less desirable. He was too gentle, too unassuming, too inoffensive, too popular, too altogether "good" for B. F.'s liking. He was a constant and not silent reminder, and made B. F. feel uncomfortable; and on that particular June Sunday spoken of above, B. F. walked out of the church expanding his broad waist-coat to the fullest, and smiling his blandest, most fishy smile, but nevertheless having an inward misgiving that the "parson meant him," by his sermon. Besides, he fancied he detected covert sneers in the greetings of his fellow-villagers.

That settled it.

It was noticed that afternoon by the neighbors that B. F. did a good deal of pompous strutting back and forth—back and forth on his verandahs. It was his habit to do this every morning, accompanied by the loud tapping of the heavy cane which he carried by way of support and ostentation, as one who should say, "It is I. Behold me! Bombastes Furioso."

But this perambulation in the afternoon was unusual, and more unusual yet, was the appearance of the coachman with the "buggy," into which B. F. lifted his ponderous weight and was driven off.

B. F. wanted to see two men.

One was a youngish man by the name of Karsbrook, doing business in the village, and who was constantly in that condition known as "pressed for cash." He had no other peculiarity that I ever heard of. Just at present he had notes falling due with horrible regularity and composure, and stood in daily need of B. F's. favor.

The other man wss old Benks—likewise a factotum of B. F., but for a very different reason. Benks had been a farmer in his day and a great sinner; but he had long ago repented in sackcloth and ashes, and had been converted; at least outwardly. There were, however, certain little "goings on" of Benks that were known to B. F.—What was there B. F. did not know?—and Benks was in constant, deadly fear lest these things would be disclosed to the Church and his reputation for piety and exemplary living ruined forever.

For instance:

Benks was fond of his glass, and upon one occasion, some roystering young fellows got him into a quiet room and plied him with his favorite beverage, and then prevailed upon him to tell his famous story of the time he went to fight the Fenians. But this night Benks couldn't get on with his story. He got as far as "and I wore a three-cornered hat and a long-tailed coat," and there he stuck. The utmost assistance to his memory from his companions could not hoist him over this vision of himself in his bygone glory. And by constant maudlin repetition he got the words mixed and kept on saying "ye should 'av seed me in me three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat—three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat." And while being helped home not long afterward, he shouted continually, "three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat"

Ever after, it was sufficient for B.F. to say "three ———"

Benks was on his knees at once.

These two men were asked to meet B. F. in the little bank parlor that evening.

B. F. opened the conversation thus:

"Do you remember the time you got 'let in' for that two hundred dollars, Karsbrook?"

"Do I remember? Shall I ever forget!" said Karsbrook in a tone of protest and indignation at the touching up of an old sore.

"He was a Yankee, I think," went on B. F.

"Yis, yis," broke in Benks, "he wuz a Yankee. I trust the Yankees fer bein' smart."

"You're right there," said B. F., "there's no tellin' what a Yankee won't do."

Both Benks and Karsbrook knew perfectly well that this was only beating about the bush, and each waited in some trepidation the further disclosures of B. F's. mind, having each his own reason for feeling uneasy.

After a pause, B. F. went on:

"There's that 'new woman' business now. They do say as how half the women in the States is going about in men's clothing—bloomers they call 'em, but they might just as well dress as men out and out."

"Thet's so, thet's so," said Benks. He felt called upon to say something. He had no very clear ideas about bloomers, but when B. F. intimated so positively that they were a disgrace, he must acquiesce.

B. F. continued:

"And these women are going into all the professions, too. Heaps of them are doctors and ministers. D'ye know what I heard?"

It was coming now—and the three heads came closer together. If there was anything they particularly relished in those dull times, it was a bit of news; and their minds were somewhat relieved, for they felt that the matter, whatever it was, was extraneous to themselves.

"You needn't say anything about my telling you. In fact, I could have told you before, but I didn't believe it myself, but now it can't be denied, and it must be told."

"Yis," said Benks, scenting a scandal, and as eager as a hound on the trail of blood.

"Well," B. F. went on, his voice dropping to a whisper. The three rascally heads were almost touching now. "Well—, well—, the parson's a woman—a new woman."

"Ah!"

The three heads drew apart with a dignified check.

"Ah!"

B. F. watched them closely. He knew his men.

Their eyes sought the corners of the room. They did not care to meet his look, for they knew he was lying, and they did not want their face to betray them.

After a long silence Benks brought his eyes down from the opposite wall where he had been trying to trace out the pattern of the wall-paper in the dim light, and said, "I never did hold with them cassicks."

"Hear! hear!" said B. F. in a hearty tone, and when B. F. said hear, hear, it was like the boom, boom of a bittern in the sedges.

This broke through the icy constraint, and a long conversation ensued, carried on in whispers, while the summer moon streamed in through the curtainless window at the back, and shed her soft radiance over these unholy creatures, planning the discomfiture and possible disgrace of a fellow-creature with the same precision and nicety of detail which one might expect in a train-wrecker, who intends to overthrow the on-coming express; or of a gambler who works for the ruin of some moneyed youth. For evil consists not in action but in character, and the motive which animates a man to rob a fellow-being of his reputation, is no less evil than the motive which prompts the murderer to his hellish work. The consequence of each is death—and it is far-reaching and brings injury to those who never saw it.

The next morning as Benks was leaving his home, he met the young clergyman face to face.

"Why? Good-mornin' to ye. Ye look as fresh 's a daisy."

"Yes?" said the Rev. Augustus, questioningly, smiling and shewing all his pretty teeth.

"Yis, indeed. I wuz just sayin' yisterday to B.F. that yer 're as good-lookin' and fresh as a woman, with all yer white teeth a-shinin'."

The young man laughed a sweet, bird-like laugh, looked at his pretty feet, and—blushed.

Benks went straight to the bank and in to B. F. and whispered:

"I do b'lieve he's a woman. I charged him with it, and he blushed. Mark my words, he'll be out of the place in twenty-four hours."

"Didn't I tell you? Of course he's a woman," said B. F. in some glee, for he saw that Benks was becoming convinced that it was a reality. Benks belonged to that class of ignorant persons who are always ready to believe anything to another's disadvantage.

He had, however, no authority whatever, for saying that the Rev. Augustus would leave the village, and he was the most surprised man in the Dorf when it was reported to him that the young clergyman had taken the mid-day train for the South, leaving no word as to his possible destination or return.

Before night the Dorf was ringing with the news.

The men stood about in knots here and there, laughing, deriding, jeering. Many didn't believe it and were fearfully indignant. No one could trace the story to its fountain-head, although a great many of the older men imputed it to B. F. They had known him long and had had many dealings with him.

For three days talk ran rife in the Dorf. Business in the shops was almost suspended, and B. F. was revelling and grovelling in the mire of his triumph.

But it was short-lived.

For on the arrival of the daily papers on Friday, there was a little conventional notice copied from a New York paper which ran something in this wise:

JONES—LLAB. On Tuesday, June 23rd, in St. Thomas Church, New York, by the Rev. Arthur Didgeworth,

Cicely Evelyn Gertrude Llab, only daughter of the Hon. Beauchamp Llab, to the Rev. Augustus Jones, incumbent of Brag's Dorf, Ont.

The tables were turned in very earnest. It was now the time for those who had been indignant to jeer and laugh and taunt. The Dorf was in an uproar, in fact it had not been in such a commotion since the last election. Drinks were given and received, and whiskey flowed as plentifully as water. More strenuous efforts than ever were made to find out the originator, and B. F.'s name was mentioned freely—too freely for the peace of that gentleman.

Towards night, the little Frenchman who had sworn "to do" B. F., got on a table in the saloon and called for drinks all round, and when glasses were charged, he held his aloft and shouted:

"Here's to the parson and his bride, three times three!" such a shout! and all as if from one throat. Never in the long history of that dingy saloon had there been heard anything like it.

It was some weeks before the Rev. Augustus returned to the Dorf with his shy bride—just a shade sweeter and prettier and smaller than her fair young husband,—and by this time, the Dorf had somewhat settled down again into its habitual somnolence. So the story did not leak out, and the Rev. Augustus was as innocent as a lamb of the past commotion.

But it was too good to keep, and a few weeks later when the Bishop of the Diocese came to the Dorf to hold Confirmation Services, one of the church-wardens being invited into supper after the service, by Mrs. Augustus, rose up and told the tale, and the Bishop laughed long and heartily and told the story afterwards at headquarters, and it was so rich that it was told, and told, and told again, and finally got into all the papers and magazines, and——well, things got so hot and uncomfortable for B. F. that he gave up business, and sold his verandahs, with the house attached, and moved to another part of the country.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

THE pines are draped in night and cloud,
Earthward their stately heads are bowed;
Their weird shrieks, their mighty groans
Sink shuddering to half-smothered moans
As the sinuous wind goes by,
As the wind goes reeling by.

The pines are decked by morning gray,
Stern sentinels on duty, they
Watch o'er a cold and dusky form,
A victim of the midnight storm
When the sinuous wind went by,
When the wind went reeling by.

The pines are flushed by noon-day glow,
They tell not of their charge below.
The pure white snow is softly spread
And shrouds from gaze that tired head,
Where the sinuous wind goes by,
Where the wind goes reeling by.

H. A. Cody.

THE NEW COUNTY COUNCIL.

BY J. M. M'EVOY.

CIVILIZATION has developed many systems of local government. Every system of national government, as has well been said, requires three elements, a central government which directs the general trend of national affairs, determines what shall be the course pursued by citizens in their civic life; some local machinery whereby the central government may make itself felt in the distant parts of the empire; and some link connecting these two parts of governmental machinery.

Whether there was a time with Anglo-Saxon people, either in England or in the Valley of the Rhine, when the local divisions of the kingdom dominated over the central government and determined its course, or whether there was no permanent central authority, need not be discussed here. But as the art of government has advanced—or retrograded, as you choose to view it—local government has become more and more powerful and important to the nations. Many systems have been tried; various changes and improvements have been grafted on to each of these systems in different countries. In the United States, local government has worked itself out in a slightly different form in almost every individual state. In our own Dominion, there is a slight difference of form in each of the provinces, with scarcely any difference in principle; or, rather, there was not much difference in principle until the bill which received its third reading in the present Legislature of Ontario was borne in upon us.

In Ontario we began our local government by a system naturally enough brought originally from England to the Northeastern States, and from there carried to Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then called. This was merely following the course of emigration. This system gave the government of the Province, as one would naturally expect to find a hundred years ago, almost complete and arbitrary control over the minutest affairs of local administration. The government, by commission, appointed magistrates or justices of the peace in the various localities or settlements of the province. The country had, by surveyors, been struck out into townships, and these were grouped at one time into four large districts, but before the system of local government became a very important factor in the management of the affairs of the province, these had been sub-divided so that there were some eleven or twelve districts. Three to five of our present large counties were included in a district. The magistrates appointed by the government were chosen usually for party purposes. They met in an assembly at the central town of the district and the body was known as the Quarter Sessions. It possessed judicial and administrative, and, to some extent legislative functions. Many of the functions performed by our County Judges now, at certain sittings, which are known as the Quarter Sessions still, were then performed by the chairman and magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled. Even at the present time, the magistrates of the county have the old common-law right to sit on the Bench with a County Judge at Quarter Sessions, and in many counties, if a magistrate whom the County Judge knows to be a magistrate enters the court room during Quarter Sessions he is asked by the judge to take a seat on the Bench. Nothing has been done

to legally take away the right of the magistrate to sit and assist in performing certain of the functions which were a part of the duty of the Quarter Sessions to perform at this early period. So that there is theoretically a residuum of power in this well-nigh extinct body. Most of their powers, however, have, by acts of Parliament, been delegated to other bodies.

At or about the passing of the Reform Bill in England the more modern spirit which took hold upon the Anglo-Saxon world at that time made itself felt with us, and an elective body was created to perform the administrative and legislative functions of the Magistrates in Quarter Sessions.* This new administrative and legislative body was known as a "District Council" and in many respects would correspond very closely with the body which it is designed to call into existence by the New Bill. The District Council, created in 1841, did all the legislative and administrative work of local Government which was being done by any corporate body at that time, the Quarter Sessions retaining its judicial powers. There was no Township Council. The system was found not to work satisfactorily for many reasons, the principal one being the lack of accurate knowledge as to the conditions and needs of all the various parts of the wide territory for the welfare of which each District Council was responsible.

In 1849, the system, which has from that date to the present been at work in Ontario, was inaugurated. It was the combination of two systems. Township Councils were created to manage the more local part of municipal business and at the same time each township, according to its population, was given one or more representatives —chosen from the Township Council —in the County Council. Thus the County Council was created by the same act and was made up of a certain proportion of the members of the various Township Councils, known as Reeves and Deputy-Reeves. The functions of the old District Council were cut in twain and handed over either to the Township Council or to the County Council, as convenience and expediency, owing to the nature of the work, required. This system has developed naturally with the province and is a part of its civilization. It is a thing which enters into and makes up a large part of the public life and opinion of the rural population and is regarded with no small feeling of reverence by a large portion of that population. The people have become attached to it. Experience has ingrafted upon it most complicated and numerous amendments and improvements. It has worked well.

The new Ontario Act cuts in upon this system. It can hardly be said that the change effected by it is an amendment or in any sense a development of the present system. It is a breaking away from the old ideas and a beginning upon a new principle.

Whether or not it will prove advantageous on the whole is a very grave question and of great moment. This will be appreciated when it is stated that the various municipal bodies collect and disburse about double as much money annually as does the Ontario Government. No doubt there has been a considerable demand for a change, but whether that demand has arisen from well-considered conclusions or from a desire to catch the popular fancy by finding fault with existing things, it is not easy to determine.

The one objection which in late years has been successfully urged against the present way of constituting County Councils is its expensiveness. It was contended by a large number of persons with more or less experience of the workings of municipal institutions in Ontario that the number of County

*This change affords an excellent illustration of the new idea which had taken possession of Anglo-Saxons the world over as to where the ultimate authority in matters of government ought to rest.

Councillors was too large—rendering these bodies cumbersome and costly. That one objection, it is thought, is the only potent objection that has been urged against the County Councils as they now exist.

It would not be easy to reduce the number of County Councillors, and yet preserve the principles under which they are at present elected. The difficulty arises in this way. Villages have sprung up in almost every township. Little towns require side-walks, lighting, fire protection and various other accommodations not at all used or needed by the farming community. As a consequence, it was found necessary to incorporate these villages and give them a public body authorized to levy rates and provide the various public services required by them as distinct from the farmers in the locality in the nature of their needs. It would not be wise to continue to administer the affairs of a village of more than seven or eight hundred people by a Council elected by a whole township of farmers. Many difficulties would arise. It would be not less dangerous to the village than to the township. The close relationship and natural cohesion among the villagers would give them an undue weight and influence in Township Councils were they to be retained as an integral part of the township after their population exceeded the number mentioned. When the village was given the right to choose a body to act for it in a corporate capacity it was thought as of course to require a representative in the County Council.

It could not be represented by less than one man, and if a village were given one man to represent its population, it would result in the necessity of giving in some townships five men to represent the population of the township. In this way our County Councils grew to be little parliaments with thirty to fifty members in each of them.

It was decided to reduce these numbers, and owing to the difficulty suggested in the last paragraph it was thought necessary to do away with the principle of representation by townships, towns and villages, to sever the connection between County and Township Councils entirely by electing members to the County Council directly from a district not coterminus with any township, town or village, but from a group of townships, towns and villages, as the case may require. The number of Councillors for each County will be about one-third of what it formerly was, and a member of the Township Council will not be eligible for election as a member of the County Council after the first election.

The advantages and disadvantages of the change are both important. One of the advantages expected from the change is the reduction of the expense connected with the administration of County affairs. County Councillors, under the present system, vote themselves a per diem indemnity for the days they actually sit in Council, varying from $1.50 in some counties, to $3.00 in others. Three sessions of five days each are usually held annually. Two-thirds of this indemnity would be saved by the proposed change. It is probable, too, that the smaller body will be able to transact the business more rapidly than the larger and more complicated one has done in the past, and that the sittings will be shorter. It has been said that a saving is likely to be affected in the amount formerly spent in payment of various members of the Council for committee work during the time when the Council as a whole is not in session. There is not a doubt that in some counties a considerable sum has been paid in the past to such committees—chosen to do particular pieces of work or to look after some one or more of the various interests of the County or to take action in cases where promptness is required. It is doubtful, however, if any saving could be affected in that direction. On the

contrary it would seem probable that committee work will become more expensive under the new system. The larger territory represented by each member will necessarily make him more distant from the different points of the County which have to be visited by these committees. It has been the practice heretofore to have committees upon bridges and other matters composed largely of the members of the County Council residing in the vicinity of the particular work required of that committee. It is not urged that there will be any reduction in the amount of committee work, and, in all probability, no reduction in the per diem payment for the work. So that no considerable saving can be looked for in this direction.

Another anticipated advantage is that the County Councillors will be brought more directly face to face with the electorate, and that their actions in the County Council will be more closely scanned than they were under the old system. As it is now, there is no doubt a danger that a man's conduct in the Township Council will be the principal factor in determining his re-election, while his conduct at the County Council is carelessly passed over by the average voter.

The disadvantages which suggest themselves are more numerous and perhaps more formidable, though possibly not so popular. With our too wide franchise the prospect of an immediate saving of a few dollars, especially if it is to be cut from the income of some man who is looked upon as a leader in his neighborhood, is too powerful just at present to redound to the best interests of the country.

An objection which occurs to one's mind at once, is that under this new system a new division of territory is brought about. This is undesirable. The political strength of democracy is anchored in the mutual confidence of the aggregation of voters that are obliged to work together. Every time a new contingent of electors is introduced into the old body which has been wont for years to work together and to know its various members and their respective powers, as well as the amount of confidence each has earned, a strong element of distrust is introduced, and the power of democratic action is weakened. The splitting up of the old territory into smaller districts is not so harmful, but that new grouping is always dangerous is agreed by all modern and thoughtful writers on the subject.

There is no doubt that a smaller number of men could transact the business of the County Council as quickly and possibly as safely and well as the present number, provided that they had the necessary knowledge at hand. It must not be forgotten, however, that a large part of the duty of each member of the County Council is to bring to the council chamber his quota of local knowledge of the needs of the roads, bridges and other matters within the cognizance of the council, as well as of the feeling and desires of the people in his locality. It is agreed by all persons of experience in County Councils that the actual business is, even at present, directed in each county by a few of the leading members It is equally well agreed that if they were not informed by the less prominent members of all the facts and opinions necessary to be considered before determining any course of action, that they would of necessity be obliged to go to the various localities and acquaint themselves with these facts on the ground. It is doubtful if anything could be saved in the matter of time, certainly nothing in matter of expense, if this course were pursued; and pursued it must be unless the more dangerous course of proceeding without information should be adopted. The difficulty is that a considerable part of the work of the County Council is work requiring an immense amount of local information, and this cannot usually be had by a few men

without each of them makes a special effort to get it, while men in the immediate locality gather the information without effort. It is a part of their every day life. This point is not of as great importance as it was in the time of the District Councils because the territory proposed to be under the County Council now is smaller than that which was under the old District Council. The importance is still further lessened because Township Councils take charge of a large amount of the necessarily localized municipal work.

Again, it occurs to one that the new course will tend to bring into municipal life both in Township and County Councils, a weaker and possibly a bad class of men. There is a danger of bringing into the County Council the professional politician. Hitherto men have been elected by a constituency each voter of which knew personally the man for whom he voted. With enlarged constituencies, men will per force assume the roll of "candidate." The legitimate rewards for his trouble will be inadequate, and there will be a temptation towards reimbursement by questionable methods. Moreover, there was an advantage in having a man who has sat in the County Council come in immediate contact with every voter. Even under the present system, there is not too strong a desire on the part of desirable men to enter Township Councils. If what is at present the principal inducement, namely, the opportunity of sooner or later sitting in the County Council, is taken away, it is feared by many that the result would be very disastrous in lowering the class of representatives in both Township and County Councils. From expressions of opinion gathered from many County Councillors, it is difficult to say whether any desirable men will be willing to contest an election for a seat in the County Council if it is cut off from the Township Council. He will be obliged to put himself in contact with a much larger constituency than he has at present to do, and his expenses will be necessarily increased while his remuneration will be confined to County Council indemnity only. Is there not a danger of it becoming necessary to pay the smaller number almost as large a sum in the aggregate as was formerly paid the larger number?

Following this line many things occur to one and it is very difficult to say what results all the ramifications may produce. Another matter which strikes one as being of very great importance is the educative value of County Councils. Their powers in this direction are felt in several ways. The men engaged in carrying out the work of the Township Councils in each of the townships in a county, meet at County Council under the present system, and discuss not only in the council chamber, but casually, the various methods for performing township services employed by the respective members in their several townships. The result is that the joint experience of all the townships in a county is brought to bear on the problem of improving township administration and is kept constantly bearing upon that problem. Under the proposed system this will undoubtedly be lost. Besides this the more accurate and enlightened methods of doing business which prevail in the County Councils as compared with those employed in some of the townships is now carried home and gradually improves the conduct of business in the several Township Councils. This advantage will also be lost.

We pay, and think we are justified in paying, large sums of money every year for the education of our citizens in various schools and academies. The only principle by which this is justified is that safety to the state in democratic countries rests upon the enlightenment of the citizens of that state. Knowledge is power. Their political education is of first importance. It is the opinion of many per-

sons well qualified to judge that the money spent in paying County Councillors for attending the County Council for a week three times a year is well spent money, merely for the education it disseminates. One might venture the opinion that if for the sake of argument it was admitted that the business of the County Council could be as well and safely done by one man as it is by the whole body of the County Council, yet, even then, good value would be received for the money paid the County Councillors because of the training and improvement in their political education which is obtained through the discussion of the Council Chamber and the association of the members during the session. There is no doubt that during this time a good many schemes are hatched and propagated relative to Dominion and Provincial Politics. This is perhaps rather desirable than otherwise.

Neither our Dominion nor our Provincial Parliament will be any the worse for the somewhat organized watching bestowed upon them by the leading spirits from the townships of each county. The fashion has recently grown up with our County Councils of passing resolutions calling upon Parliament to effect certain pieces of legislation. And more recently still an effort has been made to unite the various County Councils in urging desired legislation upon Parliament. It may possibly be a little irksome at times, but chastening is never joyous for the present but rather grievous. All political action under our system of Government must be born of organization. County Councils in Ontario are powerful assistants to organization. Lack of wise and well directed organization is what makes sin so comfortable and profitable a thing with our Parliaments. One would think it entirely unwise to take any step which would result in a weakening of the mutual confidence of the people of a country by disassociating a large number of the leading spirits in each neighborhood who are now sent to County Council largely because they are confided in by their neighbors. If this mutual political confidence can be enlarged through the association of these leaders so as to become the confidence of counties instead of the confidence of neighborhoods it were no bad thing, and is possibly worth more to the community than the *per diem* saving to be affected by the new Bill.

It has been said that the cost of County Councils as compared with the controllable expenditure under their supervision is unreasonably large.

Adopting this principle and applying it to other public bodies one gets strange results. Suppose for example that one deducts from the annual expenditure of the Province all the amounts paid for fixed services, and other expenditures which must be made annually and over the amount of which the Government of the day has practically no control. Then strike a proportion between the balance thus obtained and the annual cost of the House. Lay the result of this operation along side the result obtained by comparing the uncontrollable expenditure of an average county with the cost of its County Councils and the county will not appear to a disadvantage. It is not meant to insinuate that the cost of the Provincial Parliament is unreasonably large, but rather to suggest that the test which has been made to do duty against the County Councils is not safe in principle. In truth a political body might be of first rate importance and not expend a dollar. The County Council has large and varied spheres of usefulness outside the mere spending of money.

It was urged by leading members of the Ontario House that County Councillors would never advise the abolition of their own office and that opposition to the Bill must be expected from them. Some little knowledge of the men who occupy seats in the House as well as of those who sit in County Councils leads to the observation that

a great number of the men who are elected to the County Councils have in all human probability the good of their respective counties just as closely at heart as the gentlemen who urge this doctrine—indeed it is doubtful if the members of the local Parliament have a monopoly of the strong desire for the welfare of the province itself.

It would not be fair to criticize the minor provisions of the Bill. If the principle involved is a wise one the Bill will grow into harmony by amendment.

While not in any sense seeking to condemn the step taken by the House in this matter one might be permitted to express the opinion that it would be well to hold the Bill in abeyance for a time. All of the County Councils in their June Session shall have had an opportunity to express opinions upon it. It is thought that amendments worth incorporating in the Bill will be suggested in some of the County Councils, and it would be a mistake to create, in introducing the Bill, any friction that can be avoided, as at the best the Bill is creating no small disatisfaction. Speaking as a student of municipal Councils and approaching the subject from a purely academic standpoint, it must be admitted that although the financial argument—if it really be founded in fact—is a powerful one and may outweigh all other considerations, yet a thoughtful examination of the multiform influences and forces engendered by the County Council with their result upon our political life has thrown most serious doubt on that view.

THE ADVENT OF JUNE.

JUNE stands at the portals of morn,
And cries "O! pray open to me!"
But Time, with the key in his hand,
Looks dreamily over the sea;
And answers, "Have patience, my child,
The gate soon shall open to thee."

All nature stands wonderingly, near,
For June is most heavenly fair,
With the smile of the stars on her face,
And the moonbeams a-twine in her hair,
See the gleam in her violet eyes!
Ah! laughter delights to dwell there.

She seems but a beautiful wraith,
In fleecy clouds daintily drest;
Pink roses caress her white brow;
Red roses she wears at her breast;
And a rose-shower falls at her feet,
For that is their haven of rest.

Gay melodies, thrilling and sweet,
From her scarlet lips tremblingly start,
As Time turns the key in the lock,
And flings the vast portals apart.
Ah! June, through the gateway, has flown,
And clasp'd the warm world to her heart.

LIZZIE E. DYAS.

"A KITCHEN AFFAIR."

BY VALANCE BERRYMAN.

IT was only "A Kitchen Affair," as Miss Van Horton said, with a laugh, one day when her *fiancé*, the Hon. Arthur Pennington, drew her attention to the big fellow who leaned over a side-gate of the Van Horton mansion, talking earnestly to a pretty, tired-looking housemaid. Yes, she could laugh, shrug her shoulders, and think no more of the scene, but to those two leaning on the gate things seemed almost tragic.

Sandy McTavish had been "coortin'" his old playmate, Jeanie McGregor, for two years now, and yet seemed no nearer being able to make a home for her than ever. It was not that he was lazy. He worked hard when he could get anything to do; nor yet that he drank, for, as he truthfully said, "Not a wee drap had he tasted for twa years an mair." No, it was simply that he was unfortunate. Just as he seemed to be getting on something disastrous would happen. Once a factory in which he was working took fire, and in jumping from a second story window, he broke a leg. When discharged from the hospital he got a position as driver of an omnibus, but had not held that post long before he was kicked by a horse, with the result that one arm was in a sling for a month. As if this were not enough, his chapter of accidents was completed by a heavy packing case falling on and crushing one foot while he was acting as porter. After each fresh mishap, Jeanie would cry over her poor mutilated lover, and sympathize with him in a way which was truly sincere and comforting, even if the voice were not so well modulated, nor the touch so delicate, as that of her dainty mistress. When Sandy came limping to see his true little lassie, after his last misfortune, she put her small red hands on his broad shoulders and said, with a little laugh that was half a sob, "It's no yoursel', Sandy, that should 'a been a big mon. Ye've ower muckle room for breakages." Then she looked at his tall, strong figure with anxious eyes, as if alarmed to see so much territory which had, in the natural course of things, yet to come to grief.

Sandy and she were all the world to each other, for neither had any near relative living. They had lived side by side in a little Scotch town all their lives till the time when Jeanie's mother followed her father to the little "kirkyard;" then Jeanie had come to London with Mrs. Van Horton who, while spending a few days in the quaint little town, took a fancy to "McGregor's lassie," as the townsfolk called her, and when she heard the girl was left alone, and was anxious to obtain some work, offered her a place in her household, and Jeanie, seeing nothing else before her, reluctantly accepted and, with a heavy heart and eyes swollen with much weeping, left her native village with its quiet life, sleepy little business street, where no business was ever done greater than supplying the very frugal wants of the villagers, and its little green kirkyard, which held for her such sad memories, and presently took up a busy life in the great city. Here she was followed in a few months by Sandy—Sandy the unfortunate—her staunch protector who had never failed her. Sometimes Jeanie would be sad, and say to Sandy how she longed for some near relation—a father or a mother; then her sweetheart devised a little scheme to supply the deficiency. He said as he

was so big, he would divide himself and be her father too. "It's no a great mind I hae, Jeanie," he said one day, but what there is 'll be a father to ye. He'll be an awfu' sma' mon I'm thinkin', but he'll be canny. Then ma' heart 'll be me, ye ken lassie; so when I talk to ye wi' great prudence that 'll be ye'r father an' when I talk wi' great affection, why that 'll be just Sandy." He was a fanciful fellow, this great lumbering Scotchman.

But now Sandy was talking of going away across the big sea to America, and Jeanie's heart was nigh to breaking as she and her lover left their post at the gate (when Miss Van Horton entered the house) and went slowly into the kitchen. But she kept up a brave front, for it was she who had suggested it, and she knew it would be for Sandy's good. A man for whom he had once worked was going, and offered to get him employment in the new country. At first Sandy pretended to think Jeanie wanted to get rid of him, and upbraided her bitterly, but when he saw the look of pain on her honest, careworn face he repented immediately, and listened to the arguments she had rehearsed over and over to herself while doing her work, and which nearly choked her now in the utterance. And when Sandy was about to cry out that it was impossible, she stopped him gently by laying her hand on his arm, and, looking up in his face, said:

"Ye need na think o' the money part o't, laddie. I've a nice little bit o' siller laid by, an it's a' your's, as ye ken right weel, for I ha' no use for it masel'; so tak' it a' Sandy, and there's oceans o' love tied up wi't."

So saying, she thrust a small bag into his rough hand, and tried bravely to smile at him. With a quick choking sound he turned aside and put the bag on the table, while his eyes filled with hot tears. Long, long they sat discussing the fateful step, and still Jeanie urged, and still Sandy held back, but at length she won from him a promise that he would go. She made him take the bag with all her little savings, and smiled as she gave it to him, telling him how happy she would be, thinking of him in the new country where he was sure to become a great man; and when he was gone she buried her head in her work-worn hands, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Sandy! Sandy! I didna think ye'd be sae easy persuaded to leave me." Which shows the inconsistency of woman, who uses all her strength of will to obtain some end, and weeps when it is granted her.

So Sandy went off to the wonderful land across the seas, and left Jeanie to her work, her great love, and her loneliness. She heard from him occasionally; he was not a great letter writer, and sometimes she couldn't quite make out all he had written for he had had more education than she, and was not so careful about forming all his letters. But she knew they were kind letters, though not very demonstrative, and gathered from them that her lover's former ill luck had not pursued him to his new home, for he spoke of a "flourishing business," and in one epistle about three years after he had left England, said something about having a house built for himself. Poor Jeanie's thin cheek flushed as she read that, and a fond look came in her tired eyes as she conned it over and over with a smile, and said to herself: "He'll be sendin' for me in a wee while now, and to think o' Sandy an' me livin' in oor ain hoose like the gran' folk." She treasured that letter more carefully than any of its predecessors, and stole a moment sometimes in the midst of her work to take a look at it.

She had all the more need to treasure it because no other came. One weary month passed after another, still no word from Sandy; the months drifted into years but no letter came though Jeanie had written three times

anxiously asking after his welfare—and it was no light task for Jeanie to write a letter. First she spread a large newspaper so as not to get stains on the kitchen table. Then she spread herself out with both arms on the table and held her ruled paper tightly with one hand while with the other she slowly traced the words in laborious round-hand, copying her letter from one she had previously scrawled in lead pencil.

When, at length, three years had passed and still no word from Sandy, Jeanie made a great resolve and straightway carried it out. She made up her mind to go to America and look for him. She knew his address and had plenty of money, for she had been well paid in service, and spent scarcely anything. So one day, in spite of advice to the contrary from her mistress, she sailed for "Sandy's country," as she always called it. When she reached New York she was utterly bewildered, being often pushed about and laughed at, for her quaint old-fashioned appearance and broad Scotch accent attracted a good deal of attention.

A man who had been on board the boat kindly showed her the way to a quiet hotel where she could rest for the night till she could get a train for "Sandy's Town," which was but a short distance from New York. The hotel clerk thinking to have a little fun at the expense of this demure little woman in her Puritan garments, first looked round with a grin and a wink at the few men lounging near the counter, then addressed poor Jeanie in a tone of mock deference:—

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but our best suite of rooms is at present occupied. However we have another on the third floor which, perhaps, you would not mind putting up with. Your maid, I suppose, will require a room next yours." And he again winked facetiously at his listerners.

During this speech Jeanie looked at the smiling clerk with frightened eyes, and when he finished, said, with a little tremble in her voice "I dinna ken a' ye'r fine words, ma good sir, an, its no maid I want nor sweets either—its just Sandy; but I'll thank ye kindly to give me a wee bit room to rest masel' for I must be going on farther the morrow."

And she turned aside, and hastily brushed one hand across her patient eyes. There was something in the pathetic little gesture, and the tired sigh accompanying it, which made the clerk's face grow suddenly grave, as he dropped his bantering tone and spoke gently and courteously; while the other men, looking rather sheepish, stared hard out of the big window in silence.

Next afternoon saw Jeanie at the depot in "Sandy's Town," which was quite a thriving place. Two or three times she ventured to ask some official if he could tell her where to find "Sandy," but they were all busy; some merely laughed, but most of them passed on paying no attention. One said, "There are about ten Sandies in this town, my good woman, you must be more explicit." But as she didn't answer immediately, he, too, went on, leaving her with a puzzled look on her face.

"Ten Sandies!" That was a strange idea. To her there had just been one, and one only, in the world, and she had been sure she would just have to ask for that name and they would take her to him directly. But now she must ask for "Sandy McTavish." She must remember that. But none of the people looked friendly and all seemed to be in a hurry, so, leaving the station, she walked aimlessly up the main street, till, seeing a great crowd in a large square before her, she ventured to ask a man what was going on. Upon hearing it was a big meeting and the mayor was to make a speech, she determined to go and watch for Sandy in the crowd for he had always been fond of "speakin'."

But though she wandered round and

round the outskirts, she never caught a glimpse of any one the least bit like Sandy; so she stood still and let the people pass her, and, by and by, as the crowd kept shifting, she found herself just in front of a raised platform where the mayor was giving a very eloquent address. She didn't care for the mayor, however, it was Sandy she wanted. But once a word pronounced with a distinctly Scotch accent startled her, and she looked up at the speaker's face.

Then suddenly stretching up two thin arms cried: "O! Sandy, Sandy! I've found ye at last."

The mayor broke off abruptly in his carefully prepared speech, and stared at the woman before him with a look of horror.

"Sandy! Its ye'r Jeanie. O, laddie, laddie! Don't look at me like that —speak to me Sandy."

The mayor turned to an officious policeman who came forward at this moment and said in cold, slow tones, "I think the poor thing is insane, you had better take her in charge. Just keep her at the police station and I will see her presently, as she evidently fancies she knows me."

Then, taking up the thread of his speech he continued as if nothing had happened, while Jeanie went off quite quietly with the officer of the law, only stopping once to shiver and put a trembling hand to her head as if in pain.

When Mayor McTavish drove up to the police station three hours later, he found Jeanie in a high fever and a doctor in attendance. He told the officials that he had discovered the woman to be an old servant of his family, and her devotion had touched him so that he wished to have her moved to his own house. So the doctor, who gave little hope of her recovery, undertook to transfer his patient to the mayor's handsome residence, where the unconscious Jeanie was placed in a neat little room at the back of the house which had formerly been occupied by one of the servants. When the mayor's fashionable wife expressed surprise at having a strange woman brought to their house, her husband repeated his former explanation. Jeanie lingered in the little back room for some days, conscious at times but nearly always wandering a little.

One afternoon Sandy sat beside her, and as she laid her thin hand on his, she said brokenly "Is this the hoose, Sandy, lad? Ah, but its a gran' room here." After this she lay quiet for a long time, and Sandy, thinking she slept, said half aloud, "I can never tell my wife."

Jeanie's eyes opened slowly and a faint, pleased smile crossed her lips as she whispered the one word of the sentence which had caught her dull ear, wife. Ay, his wife—Sandy's wife. Then seeming to gain a little strength for a moment, she roused herself and said. "Your wee wife, Sandy. Ay, that was—your heart that time—it was just Sandy—said that—that other day—it was father—sae prudent. But laddie I always knew—ye'd be true—and now—what was it ye ca'd me?—wife. Ay, Sandy—I—"

Twenty minutes later the mayor's wife dressed for driving, came to seek her husband. When she reached the door of the little back room, she saw the cold dignified mayor kneeling on the floor; his head was buried and one hand clasped a still, cold, white one lying on the counterpane.

"Upon my word," exclaimed his wife, irritably, "this devotion to family servants goes rather too far; I have been waiting—"

But her husband lifted a face so haggard and worn, that she was positively frightened.

"What is it?" she asked, in an awe-struck voice.

"She was a saint," said her husband, quietly.

THE COLONIES AND THE NAVY.

BY A. H. LORING, HON. SEC. IMPERIAL FEDERATION (DEFENCE) LEAGUE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Either means must be found for including the great self-governing Colonies containing 11,000,000 of our own race, in the system by which the Navy is provided and administered, or they must be fairly warned that this cannot be done, and that they must see to their own safety."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, takes as his text the sentence quoted above, which he attributes to me and upon the strength of which he proceeds to deliver a somewhat violent and personal attack upon the advocates of Imperial Federation for Defence in general and upon myself in particular.

I have referred to the *Times* of August 15th last, as quoted by Sir Charles Tupper, and I find that no letter of mine appeared in that issue; I have also carefully read the prolonged correspondence in the *Times* upon this subject, in which I took part last autumn, without being able to find the sentence to which he refers, nor do I know from whence it comes.

However, it seems to me to be very good sense and to express very clearly the necessity for some understanding as to how the defence of the Empire is to be provided in future, and I gladly adopt the words. It is quite possible that I may have used them somewhere else. At any rate they give me an opportunity of addressing Canadian readers upon a subject to which I have devoted a great deal of attention and with the urgency of which I am strongly impressed; they also enable me to reply to some of the remarkable statements which Sir Charles Tupper has added to his criticism.

Having thus become the adoptive author of this sentence I might claim as a tribute to the forcible character of my arguments the fact that Sir Charles Tupper, while quoting so microscopic a quantity of my own text, thought it necessary to reproduce more than three pages of the observations of my critics; but the fact that the sentence quoted was not before the writers of these criticisms and had nothing to do with their remarks, somewhat detracts from the value of the tribute, as it does also from the effect which Sir Charles Tupper designed to produce by their publication.

In assuming responsibility for the sentence, however, I do not also accept the translation which Sir Charles Tupper has thought fit to put upon it. The words are simple and perfectly unambiguous but they do not offer the point of attack which Sir Charles Tupper desired; he has therefore given them a translation more convenient for his purpose but which has the disadvantage of being inapplicable to the original. In the succeeding lines he refers to my words as "a solemn warning to the colonies that they must pay or go" and proceeds to heap scorn upon the warning and its author regardless of the fact that the words are his own and not mine.

The original sentence appears to me merely to express an obvious truth with regard to the provision of Imperial Defence. The Empire has to be defended somehow. Either we must combine to defend the Empire or we must each defend our bit of the Empire separately. If, after discussion of the subject, combination is found to be impossible, it would be an obvious step to announce the fact in order that

each country should be prepared to see to its own safety. Nothing could be more dangerous than a mutual reliance upon one another's efforts without an understanding as to what those efforts are to be; each country supposing that the other is making preparations and that therefore preparation on its part is unnecessary.

There is nothing in this about "paying or going." On the contrary if the suggested combination can be arranged, nothing will be more effectual in preventing any possibility of "going;" while as to the "paying;" defence has to be paid for in any case and there will be much more to be paid by all concerned, if it is provided separately, than if this can be done collectively.

I have no fear that my words, if read as they are written, will be mistaken for a suggestion that the Empire should be broken up. So long as it appears possible to effect a consolidation of the Empire upon fair and equitable terms so long shall I, and those who are acting with me, continue to advocate the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and to suggest the means by which that unity may be made permanent. When it is made clear that such a consolidation is impossible, that the members of the Empire do not desire to combine for the protection of common interests or cannot bring themselves to make the sacrifice necessary to obtain the benefits of such a combination, then it will become necessary for each member to regard its own interests and its own safety.

It is, however, both idle and dangerous to affect to ignore the possibility of such a conclusion to the efforts which have been made by a long series of statesmen and private individuals to bring about what has become known as Imperial Federation. Indeed, a proper appreciation of the possibility of such a failure and its consequences will greatly help the efforts which are being made to arrive at a conclusion upon the point.

Let us suppose for instance that it becomes an accepted fact, as Sir Charles Tupper would have us believe, that combination for mutual defence, between the countries of the Empire, is impossible; either Canada must set up a Navy on her own account, or she must be content to rely upon the good will, and to take her chance of the ability of the United Kingdom to defend her when in trouble. Of the good will there is, happily, just now an abundance, but the ability is, owing to the increasing armaments and hostility of other nations, and the growing prosperity of Canada, a diminishing quantity.

The friendship between the people of the two countries is undoubted; but although good will and friendship are excellent things they will not stand an unlimited strain. I suppose that even the proverbial hospitality of Canadians has its limits and that though a friend would, as a matter of course, be welcomed in a Canadian home for a week or a month, he would be expected if he stayed for a year to make some suggestion as to the household expenses.

In the case of the British Empire, the self-governing colonies have long enjoyed what is practically an honorary membership of the Empire,—in fact, ever since they acquired their self-government, before that they were British possessions. Can this condition be reasonably prolonged? Apart from the consideration of whether it is dignified, whether it is consistent with the self respect of five million people who take a pride in their self reliance and their independence,—is it safe to trust forever to the good will of the United Kingdom for the protection of Canada, her vast mercantile marine and her world-wide interests?

It is not, in so many words, asserted by Sir Charles Tupper that the people of Canada look to the tax-payers of the United Kingdom to pay the bill for their maritime protection. While he hotly attacks the proposal for a com-

bination, he neither says that Canada will see to her own safety nor does he assert that Canadians propose to rely upon England's expenditure for their security. Nevertheless, much of what he says, his reference to an ancient despatch, and his very objection to the raising of the question, suggest that the policy which he would recommend to his countrymen is a passive one, relying upon the hope that no occasion for defence will arise, or that if it does, the responsibility for any damage which Canada may suffer may be put upon the United Kingdom.

I would seriously invite Canadians to consider what reason can be found in support of the large and, to them, vital assumption that the people of the United Kingdom will undertake this tremendous responsibility, or that, continuing to incur the vast annual expense of maintaining the Navy, they will, when the time arrives for its use, forego its services in favour of Canada.

The justification for such a belief is not to be found in after-dinner speeches loaded with friendly sentiments for the Colonies. The speakers of these pleasant phrases will not be the men who will determine where and how the fleet is to be used when their country is in danger.

There must be some far more solid consideration to support such a belief. Is there any such? Can any of your readers point to any benefit which Canada confers upon the United Kingdom which could either justify the claim upon it for such a sacrifice or make it in the least probable that such a claim would be listened to for a moment?

Canada does nothing for England to-day which she does not do for any other country. Any privileges which Englishmen once enjoyed in the Dominion have long been withdrawn and it is an absolute fact that at the present moment an Englishman going to Canada or sending his money or his goods there, finds himself in the same position as a Frenchman, a German or an Icelander.

I venture to say that there is no consideration for the protection which is being relied upon from the United Kingdom. A bargain without consideration is void in law; and in this case where the bargain is, at best, only assumed and the consideration is absent, the result is likely to be equally disappointing.

I would invite Canadians to verify these statements for themselves and then to ask themselves what would be their attitude if called upon, in the stress of war with first-class Powers, to send their Navy (if they had one) to the assistance of five million people who had not prepared themselves against attack on the ground that they relied upon Canada to fulfil that duty. I venture to think that the words "Canada first" will occur very naturally to their minds.

What reason is there to suppose that the people of the United Kingdom are differently constituted?

This is a question which, sooner or later, will have to be considered by Canadians and, if it be not dealt with now, when we are at peace and there is time for ample discussion and reasonable adjustment upon a secure basis, it will come up for settlement upon the spur of the moment, in an hour of deadly necessity when the nation is in the throes of a struggle for its life, when men are forced by a sense of danger to think of themselves first and when good will is at discount.

The Wise Virgins were doubtless on excellent terms with their less provident companions, nevertheless they needed all their oil when the bridegroom came.

Sir Charles Tupper has endeavored to produce the impression that I have gone out of my way to insult the colonies in what I have written upon this subject, no doubt with the desire to influence your readers against the views which I have put forward. He speaks of "this insulting tone," "hold-

ing the great colonies up to obloquy," "sneering at what Canada has done," and so forth. I am glad to think that those Canadians who know me will not give credit to this presentation of my character or of my attitude towards the colonies, while I have the happy consciousness that a reference either to the publications of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee or to my own writings upon this subject will disclose neither insult nor sneer. What has been done by the Committee is to publish the facts concerning the maritime defence of the Empire and its maintenance; facts which are as important to Canada as to any other part of the Empire.

In another part of this article, it is claimed that "Canada is as much a portion of the British Empire as any part of the United Kingdom." There can be no doubt that she is so, geographically; but while every part of the United Kingdom shares in the maintenance of the Navy which protects the Empire, Canada does not do so. Sir Charles Tupper makes this claim with some degree of emphasis and pride, and it is difficult to imagine why he should vehemently oppose a suggestion so directly calculated to justify his claim, as that under consideration. Again, he protests of Canada, "that she will always be found ready to discharge her duty to the utmost extent of her ability." But no one has ventured to deny this; on the contrary, it is assumed that she will do so. What is desired is that the opportunity shall be afforded. Yet, when a suggestion is made that the colonies shall be invited to take a share in the maritime defence of the Empire, Sir Charles Tupper condemns it as "a mischievous and insidious proposal."

He does not believe it possible to give the colonies a share in the Navy and challenges me to show how it is to be accomplished. It may of course prove to be impossible, but the impossibility cannot be shown without consideration and discussion, and it is to this that Sir Charles Tupper has, apparently, such an objection. As to how it may be accomplished, I refer him to the Report of the Special Committee of the Imperial Federation League, signed by himself in 1892, in which combination for maritime defence is not only treated as possible, but is recommended as a basis for the Federation of the Empire.*

Sir Charles Tupper does not actually say that Canada is now doing her full share of the defence of the Empire, but he makes a number of statements as to what is done by Canada, apparently with the object of producing that impression. It would be tedious to go through these and to show their many fallacies, the special pleading, and their want of relation to the point at issue, the maintenance of the Navy: but I may quote as instances the following:

"To-day not a British soldier is to be found in the country except *a small force* at Halifax, maintained for strategic purposes and not used in connection with any Canadian necessity, and *a force* of marines at the important strategic harbor of Esquimault maintained at the sole expense of Canada."

"The "small force" at Halifax consists of a Major-General and 1,500 men—three times the strength of the Canadian standing army—maintained at an annual cost of £125,000 to the British tax-payer. The "force" maintained at Esquimault "at the sole expense of Canada, consists of 75 officers and men!"

No one knows better than Sir Charles Tupper that whenever it has been proposed to remove the troops from Halifax, the strongest representations have been made by the Canadian Government to secure their retention. The mere rumour of an intention to remove them a few years ago was sufficient to evoke loud pro-

*Copies of this Report will be forwarded on application to A. H. Loring, 25 Old Queen St., Westminster, England.

tests from the Canadian press. Yet he can say that they "are not used in connection with the Canadian necessity."

Again he refers to Canada's "annual expenditure of nearly twelve million dollars per annum for services vital to the defence of the Empire."

Three years ago Sir Charles Tupper made a similar statement in England and gave the particulars. Eight million five hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars of this sum appeared as interest upon a sum of two hundred and thirteen million dollars expended in various ways for the development of Canada, as follows:—"An Interoceanic railway, canals, deepening of St. Lawrence, graving docks, and Northwest lands, Indians (20 years), Northwest Rebellion, and British Columbia fortification." The balance of three million dollars was made up of annual expenditure upon militia, mounted police, British Columbia garrison, eight steamers coast service (fishery police boats), subsidy to Pacific steamship service to China and to Australia, subsidy pledged to Atlantic service (but not even now paid).

It will be seen that the whole of this sum is expended in and for Canada, a very small portion has anything to do with defence at all, and absolutely none of it goes to the general defence of the Empire. Without the inclusion of the large sum of interest upon money spent upon public works in Canada, the amount would be insignificant. Yet Sir Charles Tupper speaks of the entire sum as expended upon "services vital to the defence of the Empire."

One more instance. Much stress is laid upon the subsidies which Canada pays, and has conditionally undertaken to pay to steamship lines for "fast mail steamers built under Admiralty supervision and prepared to take on armament and to be available for Her Majesty's service as 'Royal Naval Reserve cruisers,' whenever required by the the British Government." But the fact is that the subsidy paid by Canada does not provide for this part of their duties; it secures the services of these steamers for the mercantile and remunerative part of their functions only; whereas it is the subsidy paid by the British tax-payer which retains the services of steamers for war purposes and provides for their special construction.

Many more instances of this extraordinary looseness of statement might be quoted from the article, but enough has been said to show to what shifts the writer has been put in the endeavor to give some color to his case.

In conclusion, I submit:

(1) That there can be no doubt whatever that Canada at present contributes nothing to the maintenance of the navy.

(2) That Canada is largely dependent upon the navy for defence, having extensive coast lines upon two oceans and a mercantile marine which is the fifth in the world.

(3) That there can be no binding obligation upon the people of the United Kingdom to be responsible for the safety of Canada, and the protec tion of her interests; and there is no benefit derived by the United Kingdom from Canada which could justify any claim upon the former in this respect.

(4) That the necessity to Canada of making some arrangement by which maritime defence can be secured to her may at any moment become im minent.

(5) That a combination for maritime defence between England and Canada would be both economical and effective.

(6) That it would afford a permanent and an increasing bond of union between the two countries.

(7) That, for these reasons, Canadians should insist upon the possibility of such a combination being taken into consideration by the Dominion Government at an early date.

(8) That the history of the relations

between Canada and the United Kingdom during the past thirty years does not admit of any doubt that the Dominion would meet with the most liberal treatment under such circumstances.

A SUMMER STORM.

THE sun was shining through bars of gold,
And it gleamed where the waves of the river rolled
With a gentle and tremulous motion;
But it disappeared with a swift eclipse,
And I saw the sails of the distant ships
Grow dark on the heaving ocean.

The gathering clouds soon hid the stars,
And the lightning flashed in jagged bars,
Till I stood in amaze and wonder,
To see the fantastic freaks it played
Through the rolling mass of clouds o'erhead
That shook with the jarring thunder.

Then the rain came down with a sudden dash,
And, seen through lessening lightning's flash,
The reeds and the trees were bending;
And I heard the roar on the summer leaves,
Till the raindrops poured from their tiny eaves,
In a thousand streams descending.

But soon, when the broken clouds had gone,
Through the rain-washed leaves the moonlight shone
And glanced on the foam-flecked river;
The grass and the trees wore a brighter green,
And naught of the recent storm was seen
But the far-off lightning's quiver.

G. M. STANDING.

THE CANADIAN HISTORICAL EXHIBITION, 1897.

BY O. A HOWLAND, M.P.P.

IN the course of a very able report which the City Treasurer lately presented to the Mayor and the newly constituted Board of Control of Toronto, occurs a reference to a project of more than usual interest, not merely from a civic but from a wider point of view.

It very justly foreshadows that if proper advantage is taken of the opportunities, the coming year 1897 may be made a great year, attended by temporary and perhaps permanent advantages. I quote Mr. Cody's words as to next year's events in Canada.

He says: "In addition to the enlargement of the Industrial Exhibition into a Dominion Exhibition, which has been announced, and the meeting of the British Association, energetic steps have been taken by the Committee of the Canadian Institute and the Universities to prepare for the holding of a general Canadian Historical Exhibition, and otherwise to celebrate and commemorate that year, as the anniversary of the discovery of Canada in June, 1497. The programme of the Canadian Historical Exhibition Committee has appeared in the press from time to time, and was pretty fully reported on at a recent public meeting of the Committee on the 16th of April.

"Perhaps one of the most important consequences of the success of the efforts of this Committee will be the inducing of the Duke and Duchess of York to visit Toronto in connection with the proposed commemoration.

"It also seems probable that it needs the special inducement, or reason, of the holding of a national celebration, and a special exhibition of a high and commemorative character, such as the committee proposes, to ensure the desired visit from a Prince so near the throne, and so full of important engagements as the Duke of York must be.

"The Historical Exhibition will be entirely distinct in character from the Industrial, and, from the programme presented by the committee, is one that is likely to attract an entirely different class of visitors, both from Europe and the cities of the United States."

It is surely a great honor that so comparatively young a city should be selected, by general agreement of those who have interested themselves in the subject, in all parts of the Dominion, to become the scene of the chief demonstration in honour of a man and an event interesting to students of history in every part of this New World.

The Canadian Historical Exhibition movement ought not to be a strange subject to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The duty of Canadians to commemorate in some manner the first discovery on what is now Canadian soil, had been urged by the Royal Society of Canada. The first small seed of a definite project had been sown, as it were, by the wayside, in resolutions at a union meeting of the Ontario Historical Associations, held by the courtesy of the York Pioneers in the log cabin, erected by the latter body on the site of old Fort Rouille, now included in the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Grounds.

The next step towards the successful inception of the project was an article which appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of January, 1895, entitled "The Fourth Century of Canadian History." The historical reasons for initiating such a celebration in Canada were there fully set forth.

The publication of this article evoked manifestations of interest and approval from many important, and from some unexpected quarters. Prominent among these was a letter received by the author from Mr. DeLèry Macdonald, of Montreal, Secretary of the Antiquarian and Numismatical Society of that city. The Society of which Mr. Macdonald is an ornament, on subsequent occasion, fully and in the most generous manner, ratified his offer of assistance. It is fair to state that the cordial and liberal expression of opinion by this gentleman, from a distant and presumably somewhat rival quarter, had a great deal to do with the resolution to set the project actively on foot.

The Council of the Canadian Institute took a practical step in the matter by appointing a committee, which has formed the nucleus of the existing organization.

This active central committee, which was naturally of a somewhat local character, was from time to time enlarged, so as to contain such members as Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Dr. Sandford Fleming, C. M.G., of Ottawa, Prof. Bryce of Manitoba, and Mr. Gosnell, Parliamentary Librarian of British Columbia, in addition to distinguished professors representing the Canadian Institute and the Toronto Universities. The necessary space was at once promised it in public buildings by the Ontario Government and the Toronto Universities.

Further encouragement was immediately given from a highly important quarter, representative of all Canada. At the suggestion of Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., the matter was made the subject of a paper read by the chairman of the Canadian Institute Committee before the Royal Society of Canada, at its meeting at Ottawa in May, 1895, and a confirmatory resolution was thereupon passed by that learned and representative body. Interviews were soon had, with the assistance of Mr. Macdonald, with the authorities of the French Universities and Societies in Quebec and Montreal; and one and all, commencing with Abbè Gagnon, the Secretary of the Archepiscopate, and the Rector of Laval University, gave their countenance and cordial adhesion to the project.

At this stage the Governor-General of Canada graciously acceded to the request of the committee to accept the office of Honorary President. The committee then proceeded to procure a bill providing for the incorporation of a public Commission, authorized by the Legislature of Ontario, and recognized by the Dominion Government, for the purpose of carrying the Exhibition into effect. The Provincial Government and other authorities have provided for the exhibition Commission taking possession of all the accommodation required for its purposes in the Ontario Parliament Buildings and the Universities adjoining it. A financial scheme has been developed with the approval of leading members of the Dominion Government, looking to an issue of a large sum of debentures, based upon the expected receipts of the exhibition. It is proposed to ask the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and the City of Toronto, to guarantee altogether $75,000, divided in equal sums between them, applying the guarantee to postponed debentures.

Having got so far in its Parliamentary organization and programme, the time has come to lay before the public a sketch of the aims and general programme of the exhibition. It may be stated that the general object of the exhibition is first to duly celebrate the memory of that enterprising discoverer, John Cabot, and to signalize the fact that by his first sighting the continent of North America, under a commission from an English King, the way was opened for the whole subsequent course of discovery by the route of the St. Lawrence: leading to the interior of the continent as far as the

mouth of the Mississippi, to the south and the Rocky Mountains on the west. Cabot's discovery was also the cause of these favoured regions becoming the scene of colonization by two of the great northern nations of Europe, France and England.

In the whole length of Canada, whose existence and whose British nationality may be ascribed to John Cabot, there is not to be found the most insignificant monument erected, to commemorate the fact or to honor his adventurous memory.

Never, indeed, before, did circumstances so favour such a commemoration as is now proposed to be held. One hundred years ago the times were out of joint. The descendants of the original English colonists, that had followed Cabot's track across the ocean to New England, were too much occupied in glorification over their still recent separation from the flag which he had planted, too deep in constitution making and the vexations of a turbulent young nationality, to turn aside to honor the memories of a distant past. At the same moment English speaking Canada was too much occupied in providing new homes in the wilderness for the refugees from the great schism, to indulge in celebrations. It has been reserved, therefore, for 1897, the close of perhaps the most significant century in the world's history, to take up the task which preceding centuries left undone; and it is only fitting that it should have been undertaken by Canada.

The time is, moreover, fitting to make this historical anniversary the occasion of recording, for the observation of the world, the long consecutive history of Canada, and also the position which she has, by quiet, persistent effort, industrial and political, already gained for herself in the brotherhood of the British Empire, if not in the family of nations.

The occasion in this respect is most inspiring, and the committee which initiated the project have every reason to feel confident that a broad and vigorous response will be forthcoming, both from the large number of literary men who have made history and the sciences a subject of study, and particularly from the young men of Canada, who will rejoice in the opportunity of contributing, in every form in their power, to this first great national demonstration.

To give effect to these aims the work before the Exhibition Committee may be divided into several classes. First among these will naturally be those of a purely historical character. They will tend towards creating a visible object lesson, from which foreigners and also our own people will carry away, as a result of the Exhibition, a distinct and comprehensive idea of the successive periods and courses of events which have led, in what now seems a natural and preordained progression, towards the present existence of Canada, as a people of various origins but united destiny.

There will be sought to be brought together an assemblage of loan collections from all parts of Canada, and it is hoped elsewhere. The logical initiation of the series will be such as will exhibit first the traditions, arts and modes of life of the native tribes, the palimpsest upon which European colonization has written the later histories.

Next will follow an arrangement in a series of rooms, of the portraits, relics and records of the long series of discoverers. First the tradition of the Norsemen. Then their more historic followers; from Cabot, who made known the North American shores, to Jacques Cartier and his successors, down to the intrepid La Salle, the discoveror of the Mississippi. Cook, Vancouver and Mackenzie will also have their place, as the explorers of the Pacific coast of the continent. These should be followed by the long list of adventurous voyagers in the forbidding regions of the North, including Frobisher, Hudson and Franklin, down

to the latest of their successors of all nations. It is expected that beside the Norseman's undecked shallop and the quaint caravels of Columbus (loaned as there is reason to hope by the authorities of the Field Columbian Exhibition) there may float in the waters of Toronto Bay a reproduction of the little Matthew, in which Cabot, commissioned by Henry VII. and equipped by the merchants of Bristol, first ventured the tempestuous waters of the North Atlantic.

Next will be loan collections of portraits and pictures, clothing, weapons, models and works of art, arranged also in rooms or divisions according to periods, which will bring back to life as nearly as possible, before modern eyes, the presences and ways of life of the great personages who directed the political events of four centuries and also those who contributed as advisers and subjects to the gradual development of modern civilization, scientific, religious, industrial and social, of which we inherit the latest fruits.

In a distinct and honored series will appear memorials of the men and measures which have built up the present constitution of Canada: from the great soldiers of France and England who beat the first rude shape with stirring clash of steel, to the latest of the native or adopted Canadian statesmen, to whose genius and persistence Canada owes her glorious liberties, as one of many free nations constituting the British Empire.

Canadian Natural History will also have a place.

An effort will be made to assemble and arrange for inspection in a series, existing collections from all parts of the country, illustrating at one consecutive glance the geology, flora and fauna of the Dominion; showing its varied climes and regions, from the mild Pacific provinces, to those rugged but richly endowed shores that confront the breakers of the Atlantic.

Of congresses and ceremonies it is not necessary to speak at length at this stage, with one important exception.

As soon as the Commission is constituted, it will be asked to consider steps towards convening an Imperial Constitutional Conference, which is foreshadowed in the Act obtained from the legislature.

The elements of that important and successful Colonial Conference which took place at Ottawa, may be once more reassembled, together with an even broader representation of the historical and constitutional learning and thought of the self governing provinces and colonies of the Empire. The time is ripe for the holding of such a conference, to take advantage of the increased disposition to confirm and develop the unity of the Empire; and the assemblage, while most interesting in itself, may possibly be one that will take its place amongst the the great Constitutional congresses of history.

Now as to the method by which all these plans may be set in motion.

It is to be hoped that the local field of Canada may be rapidly and effectively covered by a wide-spread cooperation of individual zeal, so that the committee may be able to announce to foreign Governments that sufficient material is coming forward to form the basis of an important exhibition. With an established nucleus of attraction, we may hope to have it complemented by loan exhibits from foreign countries, which must exist in quantity and value largely surpassing what is obtainable in Canada. England alone, from its National Portrait Gallery, and the treasures of its innumerable country mansions, will prove a mine of vast wealth, for the purposes of this illustrative exhibition of the history of the past four centuries. A section of the committee in London has already been commissioned to initiate efforts in this direction.

Local Exhibits of pictorial and other materials, towards a successful demonstration of Canadian history and

science, may be expected to come primarily from the museums and collections, existing under the auspices of Governments, Universities and Historical Associations throughout the Dominion of Canada. It is hoped by the kindness of these authorities to obtain such catalogues as exist of their collections of all kinds. These the Central Committee will be able to collate deliberately and form an idea of their place in the scheme, as long as possible in advance.

The exhibits will thus ultimately arrive at the appointed moment, already classified, to be put together so as to make each branch consecutive and complete.

Families throughout the Dominion may be the possessors of valuable collections, or of individual books, portraits, clothing, weapons, medals and other objects, descended to them from historic ancestors or by choice or chance fallen into their hands. It is earnestly hoped that every person who has a patriotic desire to contribute to the accomplishment of this exhibition of Canadian history, into whose hands this paper may fall, will give some attention to the subject. He will help the committee by forwarding to the secretary at Toronto a list of any articles which he thinks may be of interest, either in his own possession or which he may know to be obtainable in his neighborhood.

To perfect the research for such materials, and to facilitate the process of selecting and arranging them, it will be necessary for the Committee to possess volunteer local secretaries, in every city and county, throughout the Dominion. The Local Universities and Historical Societies are earnestly relied on to give the benefit of their advice in the selection of these local officers. Individual ladies and gentlemen who have the object at heart, and have a few hours of leisure in the week which they could devote to it, are invited to forward their names to the Secretary.

Amongst the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, probably the best audience to which the plan of operations for the Canadian Historical Exhibition can be addressed, are numbers who have become subscribers from patriotic interest in Canadian literature, and in the expression of independent Canadian opinions apart from the purely literary attraction of the contents of the MAGAZINE. They have faith in Canada, and therefore they have hopes for Canadian literature, and support the media which are necessary for its expression.

To precisely the same motive, the programme of the Canadian Historical Exhibition will appeal. Imagination is the necessary element, entering into everything which is worthy to be called literature. The latent seeds of genius, in every nation, have come to life under the influence of certain circumstances which stimulate. Such an influence is required, to act like sunlight upon the cold clay of a purely industrial community, before it can be covered with the glow and fragrance of a period of intellectual bloom. Not seldom, in the past, the struggle of a war period, the alternating tension and triumph, have been found to produce this effect. Fortunately the human mind can also be made to respond to less cruel agitations We can conceive no event, of a peaceful character, so likely to evoke the germination of the imaginative element, in this country, as an effective celebration of this fourth century of our history, now planned for the coming year. It will act on many converging lines. A motive in itself will be the awakening it will produce to the fact that Canada has a history, of such length and interest as will be called to mind. Numberless reminders of stirring times and incidents will be presented to notice. Perhaps the most potent of all influences will come from the mere common presence of so many thousands of loyal Canadians, crowding simultaneously from all the Provinces to one point, as a kind of national Mecca,

daily during the period of the Exhibition. Every one will see reflected in others' faces the marks of enthusiasm, the signs of the faith and hope which they themselves cherish They will witness historical spectacles, and they will join in numerous patriotic demonstrations. They will return to their various homes with a developed instinct of unity, and with a sense of pride and confidence in the past, present and future of their country, which they never before felt in so high a measure. Hence it is hoped that the Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897 will be justified in its children, the afterthoughts, labors and deeds of which it may prove the provoking cause.

MY LITTLE CORNSTALK FIDDLE.

LONG years ago a band of boys
Marched up and down our little street,
With paper plumes and heedless noise,
And thought their din was music sweet.
When horns and drums, resounding toys,
Marked the quick time for tireless feet;
When gilded trumpets gaily played,
And lost the tune beyond recall,
My little cornstalk fiddle made
The clearest, sweetest sound of all.

Since that far day, in other lands,
My soul has thrilled at music's flow,
As spake the harp 'neath master hands,
As quivering viol answered bow;
As rose the swell of famèd bands,
Or mighty organ's tremolo.
Yet when these strains, as loved strains will,
Return at musing memory's call,
My little cornstalk fiddle still
Sounds dearer, sweeter than them all.

S. J. WATTS.

STARS THAT NEVER SHONE.

BY WYNDOM BROWNE.

IT was 9 o'clock p m. The young ladies of Miss Austin's "very select school" counted the strokes of the clock with their usual petulance and sage remarks regarding the absurdity of the rule that required every light in the establishment to be extinguished within half an hour. The occupants of a prettily furnished room on the third floor were two in number, the girl seated in a rocking-chair was a Southerner. She arose, and going to the toilet-table began loosening the masses of her rich dark hair; her movements were easy and graceful, and her brown eyes gazed very contentedly at the charming reflection in the mirror.

The girl perched on the foot-board of the bed was a Yankee of the most vivacious and volatile type; she did not go to the mirror; probably she knew that her small face, with its tip-tilted nose and wide mouth, would not appear to advantage beside that of her companion; if so, the fact did not seem to trouble her, as she braided her fair hair up for the night, jerking the strands energetically in and out; then she balanced herself with great skill on the uncertain seat while she removed her shoes and stockings; this done, she addressed her companion, who, with a book propped up before her by a pin-cushion, was trying to read and brush her hair.

"I want to talk to you, Maud; what are you reading?"

"Ships that Pass in the Night," answered Maud, laconically, without looking up.

"Oh, you needn't read it, Maud dear; I read it ages ago, and I'll tell you all about it; the hero is not at all like a hero; the heroine is a homely little thing, who ——"

"Please stop, Dale; I want to read it myself Some parts of it are so pathetic; just listen while I read this page: 'The day had been——'"

Here Dale began a sort of muffled drum solo with her little bare heels on the footboard of the bed, while Maud looked the picture of offended dignity.

"Don't be cross, Maud dear," said the culprit, coaxingly, for I want to tell you my idea. I've been thinking about it ever since we had those charades at Xmas; you know I've always said that I was going to be a—a lawyer, or something or other that erquirés brains. Well, I've found it now; I'm going on the stage. There, wring your hands and cry, 'What, will these hands ne'er be clean?' With your hair all down around you like that, and that horrified look in your eyes, you'd make the grandest Lady Macbeth that ever was. But Maud, my darling, I'm not a ghost, and it isn't polite to stare like that at any one, unless it is a ghost," and she hid her laughing face in her hands, and peered at Maud through her fingers.

"Your ideas are always getting us into trouble, Dale, but this is the craziest of them all; you couldn't look tragical if you tried, and it is not at all a nice thing to do anyway," said Maud, severely.

"Oh! but Maud, don't you remember that in the last one of Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' books we read, the girl we liked best went on the stage, and I'm sure," here she slipped down from her seat, and mimicked Maud's disdainful gesture, "she would not have her heroine do anything 'that was not at all a nice thing to do anyway.' Crazy indeed!" she continued in tones of lofty scorn, "Why

it's the only miserable idea I ever had. Don't you" — severely — "go around with a copy of Tennyson's poems in your pocket, and don't you" —more severely— "think him a sort of divinity? Well"—triumphantly—"if you were Mary Anderson, Lady Tennyson would have invited you to spend the summer with them at their country-house, and you could have sat at Lord Tennyson's feet and listened to him make up poetry.

Maud was disconcerted, her pedestal of dignity crumbled beneath her. "Mary Anderson is a genius, we can't all be geniuses," she said crossly.

"Do you think I can't be a genius, because I'm not tall?" laughed Dale. "I'm going to be a Napoleon of drama and have a castle in Wales like Patti. Come, sit down you May-pole, and let me braid your hair."

And she pushed Maud into a chair that looked like a bit of tropical wilderness, so freely had its owners lavished ribbon of all shades and widths upon it. Dale wove together the masses that weighed down Maud's shapely little head, but her tongue was more nimble than her fingers, and wove such a web of words, descriptive of the glory and honor of theatrical life, and brought forward such pillars of facts to support it, that it became as gorgeous as a heathen temple wherein she presided as priestess, and Maud knelt a humble devotee.

Maud's brain was not of the actively inventive order, but her imagination once aroused she would soar to a height and cling to her hallucination with a tenacity quite unknown to Dale; and so it was that long after the light was extinguished they talked in excited whispers, Maud assisting and abetting Dale in her plans for the morrow.

* * * * * * *

On the following Saturday morning the two conspirators of the night before, with a small group of fellow students were standing in the wide hall that ran the length of Miss Austin's establishment, dividing it very fairly in halves. It was quite a gala day, the excursion of the morning had been planned and considered for some time back. Miss Austin herself was to escort the young ladies of the ancient history class to the museum, where they were to spend the morning investigating old MSS., mummies and skeletons.

"Look at Dale, how demure and saintly she looks, and our Lady Languid how nervous and wide-awake; I know them, they are up to some mischief," whispered a tall girl to her plump companion as they filed into the street, the plump girl looked back over her shoulder at Maud and Dale, and sighed dolorously. "I hope it isn't oysters, I meant to try and smuggle in some myself, and I'll want their spirit lamp and sauce pan."

It would be a difficult matter to pilot a band of contrary minded young ladies safely through the troubled waters of a great public thoroughfare, but Miss Austin's young ladies were usually models of obedience on such occasions, therefore, it was with considerable consternation she discovered two of the members of her small band to be missing a few moments after the deserters had disappeared down one of the many branches of the main thoroughfare. Casting anxious backward glances, and speculating on the demolition of their plans by pursuit and capture, they paused before a high arched portico and passing up the broad marble steps and through a door labeled "A——— Hotel, Ladies' Entrance," found themselves in an antechamber or waiting room. The light came in softly through stained glass windows, and fell in gold and crimson bars upon the mosaic floor, and even imprinted the image of a very gallant knight on the onyx wainscoting of the stairs.

Maud looked around with a sigh of relief as she said "We always stop here while in the city; now, we want

to find a bell-boy, and tell him to take our cards up to —— to ——."

"Mr. Pembrook, the great American tragedian," suggested Dale.

"We don't need to say all that," objected Maud. "If we just say, give our cards to Mr. Pembrook, will not that do?"

"Maybe so," assented Dale doubtfully, "But ——" here the appearance of a bell-boy ended the colloquy, and they were conducted down a long corridor where many mirrors seemed to take pleasure in reflecting and multiplying the two girlish figures. Dale resented this with a little grimace and a disdainful shrug of her shoulders, which the mirrors very faithfully reflected. The drawing room to which they were shown was an ambitious apartment, rich in tapestry, china and quaint conceits in chairs and tables. But Dale was oblivious to all, save her late foes the mirrors. "More mirrors," she cried fretfully, "I'm sure one doesn't wish to see fifty dozen reflections of one's self."

"There does seem a number," assented Maud with a slight contraction of her delicate brows, "though I never noticed them when here before: if we sit by that small table yonder, they'll not be so annoying."

They were hardly seated when a nervous looking little man, with a very bald head, came hastily into the room.

"Miss Randall," said the little man, glancing at the cards in his hand.

Maud inclined her head with graceful self-possession.

"Miss Winters," said the little man, again glancing at the cards.

Dale bowed rather confusedly.

The little man drew up a chair and sat down, and leaning his arm upon the table gazed inquiringly at the two girls.

"You are Mr. Pembrook," began Dale with very crimson cheeks.

"Yes," answered the little man interrogatively.

"We think ——, that is, we want to ask your advice about going on the stage."

"You want to ask my advice," echoed the little man, wiping his face excitedly with his pocket handkerchief. "Very well then, it is simply, *don't*."

"But," objected Maud in dismayed tones, "we think we would like it very much, that it is quite our proper sphere. I suppose"—dolefully—"you mean that none but persons of genius should think of doing so."

"I mean nothing of the sort, what you require is perfect health and indomitable perseverance. I have" continued Mr. Pembrook, gathering his brows into inumerable puckers, half closing his eyes, and protruding his lips, "gained the greatest heights, and received the highest praise obtainable in my profession, but I have no genius, no, not a spark of divine fire, nothing but talent hammered out, well hammered out." As he talked, he continuously opened and shut the hand he was resting on the table, and moved it nervously back and forth across its polished surface, his voice struck a note of self-disappointment as he continued. "Often while the people are applauding, and I go behind the scenes, I say to myself, You have no genius, you are a fraud, you have won them by tricks, tricks, nothing but stage tricks, sir."

He seemed to have forgotten the presence of the two girls, and sat looking gloomily before him. Maud broke the silence that had fallen upon them, speaking timidly. "I think you must have genius or you could not move your audience."

"No, I have magnetism, and can establish a cord of sympathy between my audience and myself. I am of a very nervous, sensitive temperament, so sensitive, that if one of my children speak crossly to me, I cry.

"Cry," echoed Maud, bewildered.

"Yes, break into tears," answered the little man, severely. Now, I have a lovely family and a lovely home;

my eldest daughter, like yourself wished to go on the stage. I said to her, as I say to you, *don't*, but she did not feel satisfied, so I allowed her to try it for a while; she travelled in my company for two months, and now she is glad, very glad, to stay at home, and keep house for her mother and myself while we are away. Now, I have business that awaits my attention, so you will excuse me young ladies, you have my advice, it is *don't*, but if you are not satisfied, try it, by all means try it for yourselves and see." Bidding them good day, he turned, and with a queer, shambling gait left the room. The little man had come and gone so quickly, that Maud was somewhat bewildered, but Dale's impish spirits were not so easily subdued, and her eyes danced mischievously as she quoted.

"'Did you ever see a wild goose sailing on an ocean. The wild goose's motion is a very funny notion,'" and she made a rather unsuccessful attempt to imitate Mr. Pembrook's peculiar mode of locomotion. "Oh Maud, fancy one's father crying, because one was rude to him; he should be gravely kind and stern, but to cry, goodness gracious, one wouldn't know what to do with him: but one sees all sorts of father's. Do you know," pensively, "I don't much mind being an orphan."

"It's horrid of you Dale, to make fun of Mr. Pembrook; and you make me hate you when you talk like that about fathers, it sounds so heathenish," said Maud vehemently, being dimly conscious that her father might not appreciate the lofty character of his daughter's ambition.

"Don't be cross," said Dale, twining a coaxing arm around her, "your father and mother are perfect, I know, but I don't remember mine at all, and that makes a difference, you see."

"The fathers and mothers are always too good for their wicked, disobedient children," said Maud, severely.

"Yes," assented Dale, cheerfully, "I don't know what mine would ever have done with me."

Maud appeared to be considerably relieved by her late outburst, and as they tripped down the corridor and out into the street her enthusiasm returned in full force.

"We will go and see the English actor if you like, Dale, maybe he'll not talk so fast, and will tell us what people do when they want to go on the stage."

"Yes," said Dale, "he's at the C— house; the newspaper said it was 'a rare treat indeed, when two stars of such magnitude dawned upon the city at the same time,' so I guess fate just intended we should see them both."

A walk of a couple of blocks brought them to their destination. A fat, good-natured automaton in the shape of a bell-boy having conducted them to the parlor, disappeared with their cards. There was an air of quiet and retirement pervading the apartment, which strangely enough the two aspirants for theatrical laurels, seemed to find very re-assuring; they were left for some time in contemplation of this, before a squarely built man with a florid complexion, a courtly presence, and a melodious voice, entered the room and greeted them ceremoniously. Dale with her wind-ruffled hair forming a pale aureola around her face, with her wide blue eyes and her diminutive figure lost in the depth of a capacious crimson velvet chair, was a very childish, irresponsible looking person, indeed, so the English tragedian evidently thought, for upon learning to what their presence there was due, he addressed himself gravely to Maud.

"I do not know, that I am able to advise you on the subject; not being acquainted with your position or circumstances. I believe there are schools of dramatic art in New York; your best course would be to attend one of these. The theatrical profession is greatly over-crowded at present, and engagements hard to obtain even by

people of remarkable ability and experience," here glancing at Dale, he seemed to read in that young lady's ingenuous countenance, active speculation as to why his very black hair was so very white at the roots, and passed his hand over his head with an involuntary gesture of impatience, as he continued:

"Miss Winters is hardly of a good stage height. I have made a study of the voice in the course of my profession, and judge by yours that you would on being exposed to stage draughts suffer severely from tonsilitis; still" he continued not ragarding the crestfallen looks of his auditors, "you might in twenty years or so, by hard work and perseverance achieve success; then it will require even greater effort to hold what you have won, for you are depending ever on the caprice of the public who will applaud or hiss in the same breath."

The two girls were somewhat awed by his oratorical mode of conversation, and the lurking bitterness of these last words; there was a monentary silence but neither of them ventured a remark. The English tragedian's attitude was remindful of the gloomy prince of Denmark, as he continued in tones of humble reminiscence:

"Players are without the pale of Christian charity and sympathy; companies through unsuccessful engagements are continually going to pieces on the road, and its members obliged to walk."

"Walk, where do they walk to," cried Dale, in mingled horror and astonishment.

"They can expect no assistance from any but members of their own profession, so they walk on to the next town, where some company is playing, and stand at the stage door—and beg."

Dale recalled to mind all the miserable mendicants she had ever seen, and decided that they were one and all members of a disbanded theatrical troupe, and moved uneasily on her seat and looked longingly towards the door. The great tragedian seemed to possess a power akin to that of the cuttle-fish, enveloping himself in inky clouds of gloom, none the less real for being invisible, that spread themselves through the room and deadened the ruddy fire-light as he continued:

"Last week, Dorothy Temple, a lady of rare ability and great dramatic talent, who has hitherto been a great favorite with the public for a number of years, was playing in this city, and, through a series of unsuccessful engagements, was unable to meet her expenses at the hotel where she was staying. Despite the fact that she had always stopped at that hotel when here, the proprietor upon hearing the state of her finances seized her baggage, and ordered her to leave at once. Though she fell upon her knees and with tears streaming down her face besought him to allow her to remain until the assistance she was expecting should arrive, he refused in the most abusive language; and when she begged to be allowed to take with her a few necessary articles of clothing he seized her by the shoulder and with brutal violence, ejected her from the house."

Maud turned pale and shivered in her sealskin jacket, as she thought how unutterably different this vagrant existence was from what her fancy pictured it; she remembered, too, that during the week before the shop windows had displayed photographs of a fair-faced, sunny-haired woman, clad in flowing robes, under which was written "Dorothy Temple, as Desdemona," and felt she had wandered out of her own bright little world, with its light cares, its small duties and many pleasures, into another very dark, sorrowful, and much to be dreaded. But the tragedian, unmindful of the very evident discomfiture of his listeners, continued:

"Of course your parents approve of your going on the stage, or you would not be here. Fifty dollars a week would, I think, cover the expenses of

you both. If they will supply you with that amount, I will arrange to have you travel with my company and play small parts. Thus you will receive the training most ——"

Here Dale rose and said desperately, "We are much obliged to you. We will not detain you any longer," and with a look that must have impressed the tragedian with the idea that his resemblance to the world-renowned sea-serpent was remarkable, turned and made for the door.

Maud was too carefully trained to an observance of the amenities of life to scamper off like a mischievous kitten from the wreck and litter of an overturned work-basket, and prepared to follow Dale with a valiant attempt at dignity and self-possession. As the tragedian, with grave courtesy, escorted them to the outer door, Maud said: "I am very sorry for the lady of whom you spoke; I have just received my quarterly allowance; it isn't much, but if I might—if she would let me—give it to her, I would be so glad."

"It is quite unnecessary," he answered, "the lady has left the city."

"I hope she did not have to walk," said Maud, piteously.

"No," he answered, as he bowed them out, "I was fortunately able to assist her."

Dale, a veritable Lot's wife, turned, and, looking back through the glass of the door, saw the tragedian disappearing down the corridor with something of the gait that had amused her in Mr. Pembrook, his head thrown back, and a somewhat convulsive movement of his shoulders, suggesting to her mind hearty, though suppressed laughter, "Oh!" she cried, vindictively, "Mr. Pembrook was an odd, funny little man, but this one is a perfect monster. He just thought us two silly children, to be told stories of bears who will eat them."

"I think what he said is true, and that we should be very grateful to him; if Mr. Pembrook had talked to us so, we would have gone home instead of making ourselves still more ridiculous," said Maud, soberly.

"How I wish we hadn't come; oh! Maud, will you ever forgive me."

"Yes, if you never say another word to me about spheres or ambitions, or that sort of thing," answered Maud.

"Well, I guess you needn't have listened to me," cried Dale, somewhat wrathfully, and after we talked it over, you were even more enthusiastic about it than I was."

"No, I need not have listened to you and I guess it was more my fault than yours," groaned Maud.

"Now you see," said Dale, becoming superior and admonitory, "that however grand a thing it may be to write a play, it's anything but grand to play them."

Maud looked at her in mild desperation, but said nothing, and they wended their way homeward contrite and miserable.

Sorrow seems to be forever dogging the footsteps of Folly, and the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter to the taste.

"A TRAVEL NOTE."

BY HARRIET FORD, A.R.C.A.

A Romanesque church in Northern Italy, with raised apse. The interior very much restored, looks somewhat new and raw; altho' the old architectural lines have been carefully followed. It is towards noon, but the inside of the church is cool and dimly-lighted by small windows in the clerestory. The three aisles are divided by massive pillars.

TWO Tourists, a woman—an old woman.

1ST TOURIST.—"This church has been restored."

2ND TOURIST.—"Yes. They have carefully restored it to its primitive condition. They have removed the accumulated rubbish of ages. It is certainly much better."

1ST TOURIST.—"A little empty, perhaps, but whoever has done it has shown good taste. It is less tawdry than usual. It is very pleasant."

They saunter down the aisles—they have guide-books and opera-glasses—their eyes rove about critically.

A woman of the middle classes with a large, rather gaudy, hat, and generally over-dressed, goes with rustling skirts up the aisle until she reaches a small shrine to the Virgin. The figure enclosed behind glass stands in a recess of a pillar, and is decked out with a gilt crown and cheap jewellery. Paper flowers stand in vases before the shrine and a great many candlesticks, some holding burning tapers, are arranged in front.

The woman, after a muttered prayer, touches the paper flowers to remove the dust, and then lights a larger taper. She looks with satisfaction at the result and finally kneels down. As the tourists walk behind her she turns her head, still muttering prayers in an undertone, and curiously watches them pass. They mount the few steps leading to the apse.

1ST TOURIST.—"Ah! here is something interesting. A twelfth century bas-relief."

2ND TOURIST.—"Indeed, a bas-relief of the twelfth century!—very curious, very quaint."

1ST TOURIST.—"It has a wonderful directness. It is rough in execution, but it has vitality."

2ND TOURIST.—"True, but it is disproportionate. It is preposterous in line."

1ST TOURIST.—Still there is something."

They examine the bas-relief with a careless intention of understanding it, and finally they sit down to rest. As they do so a sudden gleam of sunlight strikes into the church, when the curtain at the door is lifted, and as suddenly ceases when it falls again behind an old woman who walks quickly up the aisle. She is very poorly but neatly dressed—a woman of the people. She carries a small tin pail and goes at once towards the bas-relief.

The tourists watch her.

She quickly pushes back a bench and kneels for a moment. She then takes a sponge and a linen cloth from her pocket and with the water in the pail she carefully washes the feet of the Christ carrying his Cross. Then climbing on a bench she washes the whole figure, and dries it lovingly with the cloth.

1ST TOURIST.—"Why do you do that?"

OLD WOMAN.—"It is so dirty."

2ND TOURIST.—"Why do you not wash it all?"

OLD WOMAN.—"That is too much."

1ST TOURIST.—"Do you do it often?"

OLD WOMAN.—"Yes, every day."

2ND TOURIST.—"But why this one part?"

OLD WOMAN.—"It is the Christ—He is carrying His Cross."

2ND TOURIST.—"I see, but why?" (With smiling condescension.)

OLD WOMAN.—"Do you not see? He is carrying his Cross."—(With wistful insistance.)

1ST TOURIST.—"Yes, I see."—(Looking intently at her.)

The old woman turns toward the bas-relief—kneels for a moment and then kisses the feet of the figure. Arising, she takes her pail, and turning to the tourists she says, "Good-day."

They watch her go down the church. Again the sudden flash of light and sudden darkness as she lifts and drops the curtain.

1ST TOURIST.—"A woman of the people."

TO A. B.

IF we, in flowery meads of Asphodel,*
Should chance to meet beyond the bounds of time,
In some fair spot of sunny summer clime,
Where all the good and true forever dwell:—
If such should be our happy lot, then tell,
What would'st thou think the height of joy supreme?
To wander through the golden mead and dream
Immortal dreams in heaven's fairest dell?

Such dreams to me would be immortal pain,
Unless I heard the silvery accents fall
From one whose lips to me were musical,
When life was bounding free in every vein.
The joy that would be dearest far to me,
Would be to hear still loyal words from thee.

DELTA.

* "The Asphodel Mead" was in Homer the abode of the blessed.

ROBERTS' NEW VOLUME.

BY FRANCIS SHERMAN.

IT seems as if, of late years, among writers of fiction, the most enduring fame has come to those who have written the short stories; and, more than this, that those who have given us the best work in this branch of literature are they who have made some hitherto commonplace locality or people alive and full of interest for us. It is easy to remember the most notable of these writers—the Kiplings, the Hardys (in a sense), and the Barries. How well now do we know "Mine Own People," and those who dwell in "Wessex," and the natives of Thrums! And even besides these authors, and their innumerable imitators, have we not here in America, Cable for the South, Hamlin Garland for the West, Miss Alice Brown and Miss Wilkins for the New England States, and Gilbert Parker for our own Northwest f

When one first reads the best of these writers, if one is so unfortunate as to belong to some (as yet) unsung people, one's first thought must be "Had this writer been one of us, could he have written such interesting tales of me and my neighbors?" And to many such a thing must have seemed doubtful—especially to us who live in Eastern Canada, an almost unknown little corner of the earth, provincial and unromantic as we are, and peaceable and well-behaved; and even lacking those other and opposite qualities which go to the making of the money-getter and the Philistine. Were poetry, or the possibility of the bringing forth of a poet, the question, the answer of some of us would be different; for, have we not our rivers, and our hills, and our autumns and our marshes? But surely nothing ever *happens* here, and with such a state of affairs, how can we expect to have a teller of tales born among us?

It is quite in keeping with the fitness of things that the poet of "Songs of the Common Day" (he who so well succeeded in making "our dull familiar things divine," and in showing us "what beauty clings in common forms"), and of the forthcoming "The Book of the Native," should be the first to teach us how full of interest are the lives and the country round about us. Professor Roberts has shown us in this, his latest book, "Earth's Enigmas," that it is not in poetry alone that he is capable of careful and conscientious work. It were easy for one with his wide knowledge of literary craftsmanship to have written short stories or studies in that morbid class of fiction which is now such a favorite of the reading public, but he has not done this. Instead, he has given us stories of live, healthy men and women; stories echoing with the sound of our saw-mills and our tides, and redolent of our marshes and newly-cut lumber. We feel, reading here, that it would be but an hour's journey to get to the scene of any one of these tales: and we know, that when we *did* arrive, the first man or woman whom we met would be the one of whom Professor Roberts has just told us. And this is true even of the two or three stories in the book that might have been told of any place or people, for these also are strong with that native flavor which is so evident in all that Professor Roberts has written.

Undoubtedly the finest story is the one called "The Perdu." Here, while never losing that realism which is the chief charm of the stories of the lumber-camps and marshes, the story shows the poet more than the writer of

fiction. It is a strange, beautiful story which, with its perfect close of love unfilfilled and unsatisfied, is surely more symbolic than the tales of realists are wont to be. One is tempted to transcribe page after page of the story: how else can its beauty be shown?

> To the passing stranger there was nothing mysterious about it except the eternal mystery of beauty. To the scattered folk, however, who lived their even lives within its neighborhood, it was an object of dim significance and dread
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>
> The Perdu was but a stone's throw broad, throughout its entire length. The steep, with its trunks and leafage, formed the northern bound of it: while the southern shore was the green verge of the meadows. Along this low rim its whitish opalescent waters mixed smoothly with the roots and over-hanging blades of the long grasses, with the cloistral arched frondage of the ferns, and with here and there a strayed spray of purple wild pea Here and there, too, a clump of Indian willow streaked the green with the vivid crimson of its stems.
>
> Everything watched and waited. The meadow was a sea of sun mysteriously imprisoned in the green meshes of the grass tops. At wide intervals arose some lonely alder bushes, thick banked with clematis. Far off, on the slope of a low bordering hill, the red doors of a barn glowed ruby-like in the transfiguring sun. At times, though seldom, a blue heron winged over the level. At times a huge black-and-yellow bee hummed past, leaving a trail of faint sound that seemed to linger like a perfume. At times the landscape that was so changeless, would seem to waver a little, to shift confusedly like things seen through running water. And all the while the meadow scents and the many-colored butterflies rose straight up on the moveless air, and brooded or dropped back into their dwellings If a common sound, like the shriek of a steamboat's whistle, now and again soared over across the hills and fields, it was changed in that refracting atmosphere, and became a defiance at the gates of waking dream.

It was in this place that the children, Reuben and Celia, grew up to manhood and womanhood. Reuben, who "had the rare fortune not to differ in essentials from his neighbors, but only to intensify and give visible expression to the characteristics latent in them all," and Celia, who "reached up mentally, or perhaps, rather, emotionally, toward the imaginative stature of her companion."

But it is not for the reviewer to tell their story; or the story of Sandy Macpherson, who did such a noble thing at the Aspohegan mill; or how Simon Gilsey saved the Gornish camp at freshet-time; or how Jim Reddin and Bill Goodine fought at Rough-and-Tumble Landing; or how Jabez Batterpole saw the Indian Devil on the Meductic. Neither may he tell how "Lieutenant Henry Crew and Margaret Neville, his betrothed" were overcome by the Indians and the tides; or how Captain Joe found his boy Jamie; or how the Witch-Stone was lost and found, and how it brought misfortune to so many of its successive owners. To know about all these people one must go to the book itself; and, lest these, with their plain, truthful narration, please not, the perfect art of the author has given us the prose-poems, "Do seek their meat from God," and "The Young Ravens do call upon Him," "Strayed," and best of all "The Perdu,"—the real *Earth's Enigmas* of the volume.

Now, if it were possible for the reviewer to separate into two parts a book which has such a unity and completeness as this one of Professor Roberts', it would be hard for him to refrain from saying that, in one direction, the author had done for his own country what Kipling (or Barrie) has done for his; and that, in the *Enigma* part of the book, the author has succeeded in doing with the *English* language what we have hitherto expected from France alone. It is certainly safe to say that no author of late years has achieved in both manners the remarkably high level that Professor Roberts has here achieved; that those shorter realistic studies which now have a world-wide fame are not more interesting and virile than these; and that "The Perdu" (or any of its fellows) has in it more of beauty, and color, and grace of language, and a higher, newer meaning, than anything that the greater of the realists have ever attempted.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

IT is for the most part women who complain of the sensational newspaper reports of crime, accident, and the meting out of justice according to the law. Now the woman who rails at a newspaper for publishing what she sits down to read with interest, is more or less a hypocrite. She is one of those for whom the newspaper supplies just such a class of reading. Some newspapers are in advance of public sentiment, but they don't pay expenses. Sensational papers do pay. It is only a question as to who will help them to be successful. A newspaper's standard is only as high as the ideals of the man who is its real maker. If his views do not agree with yours, if they are, in fact, antipodal, it is not to be expected that his newspaper will be acceptable reading. It is not his fault; it is not yours. You are not forced to read it, but if you do, it is scarcely complimentary to yourself to say, "It is not fit to read." It is not a good plan to forbid any class of reading to children, while we ourselves revel in its nastiness.

It is not reasonable to say that people can always choose their reading. It may happen that the cleanest-minded of men and women will sometimes, mechanically, let their eyes travel over a paragraph which leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and that the most sensitive to shocking occurrences will stumble upon blood-curdling narrations; but people who habitually read reports of horrible happenings must do so from choice. Being somewhat ashamed of that choice, they often cry "disgrace" upon the paper, but—go on reading it.

The over-nice, particular, prudish woman is not a pleasant person. She is, in fact, rather a useless person. The true, unselfish woman, with a well-trained will-power, will be able to go into the midst of any distress, bloodshed or suffering, if errands of duty or mercy take her. But the gloating over records of crime or the sufferings of those who are hanged will be no help for these emergencies.

Reports of murder trials must surely serve some good purpose, else the decent newspapers would not give them so much space. But it is not the newspapers' fault if women read them until they are afraid to go downstairs in the dark. Women who say they have no time for any course of study or reading, will, nevertheless devour the reports of murder trials, suicides, divorce cases and breach of promise suits, and not only read them but make them topics of conversation.

Those who defend and prosecute criminals must prepare themselves for their work Medical students must dissect dead bodies. We who are neither, do either the one or the other of them from choice.

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Speaking of a character in a book the other day, a man who had read it, and who thinks deeply of what he reads said: "Where that poor fellow erred was in choosing ambition for worldly things instead of the home-happiness with the woman he loved."

It came glibly enough. He believed what he said, and yet that man, having already chosen home-happiness, is now thrusting it behind him, and reaching out after his ambition, until he has time for nothing which does not further his ambitious ends.

It were better—far better—that any man should separate himself from the maiden he loved, than marry her, bind her to him and to his life by every social and domestic tie, only to draw away, following his own ambition, and leave her to ache out her heart in the loneliness and bitterness of the truth as it presses in upon her. Such a man has no right to marry. He should not dare to bind up a woman's life with his, and then leave her shackled and miserable, in a house which is no longer a home Some women marry for homes. Houses and their appurtenances are their whole life. It is a pity that the over-ambitious men do not always marry these women.

Job had great possessions, but poor Job also had domestic affliction and boils. A gay life often goes with a heavy heart. Many a handsome house is eerie with the rattling of skeletons which, though never so well closeted, will stalk out before company once in a while. The many-hued glory arching over so many lives is only happiness sunshine shining through tears. At the end of the rainbow, the fairy books tell us, there is only a heap of stones. These other rainbows have stones too, but they are grave stones.

Looking into the lives of others is good for mental machinery, if the looking is with eyes that have no envy in them, and no scorn. In enjoying the successes of the successful, in sympathizing even with the well-deserved sorrow of the sufferers all natures are sweetened and strengthened. Looking enviously, with eyes that are debarred from the highest good, though being guided by the "mania for possessing," is not to injure the envied, but only the hapless one with the cross-eyed mental vision.

—

The house-cleaning woman is to the fore. She and the bicycle woman appear to have control of the earth. The one runs after you if you muss up her nice clean house; the other runs over you if you do not look where you are going, or are not able to tell where she is going. This last is sometimes difficult, for novices at bicycling, like the cross-eyed man, do not always strike where they appear to be looking. Why people who do not ride well, ride on the busiest streets is one of the problems that appeal to pedestrians when they cross streets.

Speaking of house cleaning time to a lady the other day, I learned her husband's view of the vernal topsy-turviness. He thought a house should be kept so clean all the time that it would not need such a fuss to get it clean enough to live in. That gentleman is a genius. He ought to be the presiding deity of sweeping and dusting days. It is no sinecure, but he and his methods deserve faith.

Another woman paid herself a compliment — unconsciously, being modest — when she said she did like to have her curtains down long enough for her husband to know the room had been house-cleaned. Happy man, if he had no other way of telling.

It is an established rule, amongst the good old house-keepers, that house-cleaning must be done by the calendar, and not the thermometer. Stoves must be down and out, grates varnished and closed up with drapes and kindred abominations, the dust-cloth, the scrub-brush, the paint-brush and the broom must have fulfilled their spring missions by the twenty-fourth of May, rain or shine, frost or blossom.

"We did the house-cleaning in a week last year," said a friend who has none too much strength to squander, and then she added, "but I was months getting over it."

Another friend wore out herself and her two assistants, took a cold in her head and throat and lungs, acknowledged that she knew she would suffer for it, and set against all the ills, the triumphant statement that the house was clean all the way through.

It is one thing to renovate a house each year, or each half year, to have a fat purse or an unthinking habit of credit purchasing, to replace shabby furnishings, to freshen up the old ones. It is quite another thing to clean and turn and twist with the hopeless feeling that the curtains will need hours of mending, and the worn spots in the carpet will be sure to show. To some women it is galling, past enduring patiently, to make the old things do, to all women, there is, at least, a sting of regret in it.

Years ago, a woman—an old maid the world would call her—poor, with more than a pinch of poverty said, pathetically, "It is so hard to go on house-cleaning, year after year, fixing over the old things and never having money to replace them."

She is dead, long ago. So is the old mother, and the invalid old father whom she tended so faithfully, and with whom she endured the bare life for duteous love's sake.

Even the prosaic house-cleaning time has its bit of pathos, its heart-aches and its glory, with all its absurdities, its mistaken zeal and its abuses.

—

Given a glorious May day, a pair of good horses and a trap, a congenial party

of four, thirty-two miles of road, and the result is happiness. The way leads through a rich farming country, past farmhouses old and new. Those of to-day are pretentious. The old stand huddled in a mass of foliage. There are dark, gaunt pine-trees, bushy maples and old lilac trees, with their wealth of purple plumes. They mingle their greens, and accentuate the grey of the weather-beaten houses. There are little streams slipping through the gully fields, bits of woodland where the beech and maple stand close together, with here and there a brown-green cedar, or a spreading larch, with its scaly gray branches tangled in a mist of delicate green. There are birches, with the white bark gleaming from the fringes, toothed aspens, filling the air with their fluffy down, and all their leaves a-shudder. There are ferns and wild flowers in the woods, and all the trailing, climbing, creeping things that revel in the damp rich soil, where the sunshine finds a chance to glance only when the wind flickers the half-grown leaves.

There are great elms and chestnuts standing in the fields, and sentinel poplars at the gates of lonely farm-houses. White-blossomed thorns lean against the rail fences, wild grape-vines and berry bushes climb and sprawl over the stump ones. In the orchards the apple boughs, black and gnarled, prop up canopies of white blossoms. Orioles flash their brilliant plumage before our eyes; a red-headed woodpecker's dark wings outspread in flight give a glimmer of dainty white underwear; robins hop over the grass; black-birds stalk importantly, and the crows fly heavily from the fences into far-off tree-tops. The air is sweet with lilac and apple-blossoms, and the mingled odors of all the sweets, that May sunshine and dews coax out of the ground. The slender blades of fall wheat turn in the wind, and the sun and shadow change it from sombre green to yellow. Here and there a farmer follows a plough or a drill. Some are smoothing out the land with the great rollers. Still we go on—on. Then the road leads by the lake. Sails are spread out over the blue, the far shore-line rises and falls in a purple haze. Along the roadside the fisher-folks' houses cluster. Their reels are at the edge of the creek near by. Beyond is the haunted wood, where the fair-haired girl walks alone in the twilight—further on the haunted house. Both are firmly fixed in the folk-lore of the country-side.

That was all yesterday. To-day it rained in the early morning, but at breakfast-time the sun was smiling through her raindrop tears. The fields are reeking. Acres and acres of the brown earth are steaming, and the odor comes up to us fat and warm.

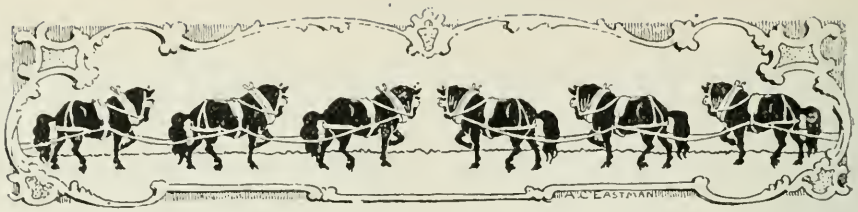
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There are mothers and mothers. When the relations of mother and daughter are not all they might be, it is not altogether fair to load the blame upon the daughter. To a great extent she is what her mother helped her to be. Imitation of practice is stronger than the absorption of precept.

Mothers who, of themselves, command respect—not as mother, but as women, never fail to get it.

There are two extreme types of motherhood, together with the happy mean, and the varying successes and failures between them. One kind of mother sacrifices her life to her child. She becomes its body servant, its plaything, and finally its old rag doll. When the child grows to girlhood, the existing relation is the same. The mother is pushed aside for the assertive youngster's convenience. They are not companions. There is no congeniality between them, but there will be reproaches and many tears. The woman who allows her child's selfish nature to develop—as it will of its own humanity do—because she is too lazy or too indifferent to put a good example before it, and to hold a firm hand on its will, is a criminal—false to her charge, false to her womanhood, and guilty before God. She is thrusting out into the world something that is a nettle to others, a curse to itself.

The true mother makes a place in her life for her child, down close beside her. She trains the little one far less than she watches herself. The words that do not sound well in her baby's mouth are surely better away from a mother's lips. She lives over her childhood. She sees her girlhood come again. She accepts the care, the anxiety, the trouble and sets against it the larger measure of the purest and sweetest of joys.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

SARAH BERNHARDT, BICYCLES AND MODERN DRESS.

THOSE who have felt anew the tragedy of life as interpreted by that 'Genius of Tragedy," Sarah Bernhardt, will enjoy W. De Wagstaffe's critical analysis in the June *Frank Leslie's* of her presentation of Izeyl. This drama was written expressly for this French lady by Armand Sylvester and Eugene Morand, and is a representation of typical Eastern character and scenery—wherein Bernhardt may display her power as the loving maiden.

Incidentally Mr. Wagstaffe criticizes the clothing of modern women, where he says: "The Genius of Tragedy is not susceptible to the harness of empty fashion. Bernhardt has always preferred those rôles that admit of a flowing costume, where the loose girdle lines her figure so that her posings are as free as woman in nature should be. It is merely a thought, but one which Sarah Bernhardt has compelled us more than any other actress to accept as fact, that when great scenes are stirred by dramatic action in a woman's nature, the stiff fashions of the day will destroy any accurate expression of deep feeling."

The tendency in the dress of the females of to-day may be safely said to be against the close-fitting garments of the past. But no one would be so foolish as to assert that the tendency is sufficiently marked to be noticed by everyone, nor will true reform be accomplished until American women grow strong enough to set a fashion for themselves. So long as London and Paris dressmakers influence and control the style of garments worn by the ladies of the New World so long will aristocracy of dress prevail over the democracy of garments. The New World is freer and bolder than the old, and when the fulness of this freedom shall have extended to "the fashions" there will be radical changes which will remove the restrictions now preventing our women from developing their forms according to the intent of an all-wise Nature. The day is not far distant, although too far away to allow of the present generation being witnesses of its pleasurable scenes.

During the past two years the "safety" bicycle has made deep changes in the thoughts of both sexes, regarding the necessity for a breaking away from the cobwebbed and misty ideas of a present past; but the general public has not yet decided as to which of the various "modern fashions" it would be best to favor. However, thought, discussion, and agitation are an almost necessary prelude to the introduction of revolutionary harmony. Reforms are almost certain to follow prolonged criticism and continued agitation for change. We wait, but not without hope.

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THE HOLIDAYS.

The earliest civilization and the first moral code upheld the rule that there should be one day of rest in every seven. Perhaps that was sufficient recreation four thousand years ago, but times have changed. Life was rather slow in those days, and the hurrying and scurrying of modern times were then unknown. Modern existence is very different, and as such demands different rules of conduct to meet changed conditions.

The man who engages in the modern game of money-getting is called upon for more work, mental and physical, than was demanded of those who lived before

the age of commerce, with its swift sea-vehicles, its rushing railway trains, its powerful electric machinery, and its highly specialized methods of production and distribution. The complications of modern civilization are not easily understood nor successfully followed without close application.

One day in seven does not afford sufficient time to recuperate the powers of mind and body. Hence it is customary for those who desire to live the full span of life to take a vacation once a year. The peculiarity of our climate makes this vacation a "summer" one It is to be lamented that so many Canadians should fail to appreciate the benefits of pure Canadian air, and the inexhaustible pleasures of Canada's scenic splendors. Too many of our citizens believe that there is nothing to be seen at home, and that all that is worthy of inspection is situated under a foreign flag. Yet Ontario has its Thousand Islands, its Niagara, and its Muskoka; Quebec, its fortified capital city and its Saugenay; the Maritime Provinces, their Grand Pré, their Louisburg, and their Annapolis Valley; Manitoba, its golden plains; and British Columbia, its magnificent scenery and its hidden wealth. There are thousands of attractive points, and it is to be hoped that the patriot will prefer to learn of his own than of the alien. There are yet to be added to the nation's patriotism some elements now conspicuously absent.

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SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

At the present time, relations between the United States and Spain are somewhat strained owing to the prolonged rebellion in that part of the Spanish Dominions known as the Island of Cuba. Some very significant events are of recent occurrence. The Senate of the United States by a vote of 64 to 6 and the House of Representatives by a vote of 245 to 27 passed, early in April, the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of Congress a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

"*Resolved*, further, That the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish Government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba."

These resolutions place the United States as a nation close to the danger line of a war with Spain.

Following this event comes the appointment of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Governor of Virginia, as Consul-General to Havana in place of Ramon O. Williams, resigned. This action is taken to mean that the Washington Government intends looking carefully into the situation before acting upon the resolutions passed by Congress.

On the heels of these two events comes the *Competitor* case. Three Americans have been tried and condemned to death for being taken in arms on board a vessel which was trying to smuggle into Cuba arms and ammunition for the insurgents. The United States Government has taken the matter up and secured from the Madrid Government a stay of execution. The result is as yet unknown.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. The people of the United States would be glad to see the Spanish Crown deprived of its greatest American p ssession and the setting up of a Republican Government in that island. This is desired because republican institutions are thought to be better than monarchical government especially for people who live on American soil,—the same reason as has moved the Government of the United States to take the side of Venezeula in her territorial dispute with Great Britain. The only exception to this national feeling seems to con e from those interested in Cuban and Hawaiian sugar stocks and plantations. Should Cuba become independent or should it be annexed to the United States, sugar stocks would be much depreciated in value.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:—

"President Cleveland is not likely to act hurriedly with respect to the resolutions of Congress under consideration. While they were meant for his guidance, or rather chiefly as an expression of the feeling of the legislative body, they were also meant to give the Cuban cause a status which it has not as yet had. The insurgent Cubans have not been accorded belligerent rights as yet by any power. Should the United States lead off in this direction, it is not unlikely that some of the remaining American

Republics would follow suit. The European powers, however, would be slow to adopt a similar course. The more important of them have colonies of their own, and are not disposed to encourage movements for separation from the Mother Country."

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ELECTIVE UPPER HOUSES.

Great Britain has an Upper House, the Lords, which is not elective, and hence does not quickly respond to public opinion Very often, during the past century, has it baulked the measures and desires of the House of Commons. Opinion is divided as to whether this action prevents rashness and gives time for a more thorough consideration of burning questions, or prevents the carrying out of most desirable reforms. A considerable body of the people desire some change in the constitutional foundation of the House of Lords, so that membership in it shall be determined in some other way than by inheritance or Crown appointment.

The Canadian Upper House or Senate is wholly Crown appointed. As at present constituted, it is doubtful if it performs well the work that should be done by an Upper House. As in England, a considerable body of the people are desirous of seeing a change. But, as in the Mother Country, the conservative nature of the people makes them slow to try experiments.

In the United States, the members of the national Senate are chosen by the Legislatures of each State. Two Senators from each State are elected every six years, one-third of the whole number being, by special arrangement, chosen every two years. As in our own Dominion, and as in Great Britain, the Senate does not seem to be sufficiently responsive to public opinion.

The *Literary Digest*, in a recent issue, says :—

"The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people becomes once more a topic of discussion in the press, since committees in both the Senate and House of Representatives reported last month in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for it. The majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections detailed at length their reasons for recommending such an amendment. It is declared, in brief, that the people should choose senators directly instead of indirectly, because popular sentiment would be better represented, senators would be less likely to purchase seats, the waste of contests like those cited in Kentucky, Delaware, and other States would be avoided, and Legislatures would be elected for legislative and not election purposes. The report asserts emphatically that popular opinion demands the change."

The question of the proper constitution of Upper Houses would seem to be one worthy of close attention from the unprejudiced student of politics. On the face of it, there would seem to be no reason in the desire for a change in the United States. If the Senate be elected directly by the people, then the Senate will cease to be an Upper House, cease to be a weight on the safety valve of temporary popular desire, cease to be anything but a second and unnecessary House of Representatives. Yet, on the other hand, the Upper Houses in Great Britain and in Canada are too much so. They are too heavy, and public opinion floats away into the air without finding its proper sphere of labor which is the moving the wheels of legislative machinery.

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BISHOP DUMOULIN.

Among the events of the past month in Toronto has been the entirely unlooked-for and utterly unexpected election of the Rev. J. P. Dumoulin, canon of St. Alban's Cathedral and rector of St. James, the mother church of Toronto Township, to the vacant Bishopric of Niagara.

The gain to the diocese of Niagara of such a man as her chief pastor will be Toronto's great loss. No man, not even excepting those two great statesmen and ecclesiastics, Bishops Strachan of the Anglican Church and McDonell of the Roman Catholic, has left such an indelible impression upon Toronto as Canon Dumoulin. Though a staunch Anglican, and an earnest believer in the polity and principles of the church in which, as one of her ordained ministers, he has labored for more than thirty-five years, he has been, at the same time, courteous and conciliatory to those with whose principles he differed, but whose intentions were pure and whose objects were good. Canon Dumoulin has been most emphatically the pastor of all denominations. His utterances in his famous daily Lenten lectures from the pulpit of St. James, have been reported throughout the entire breadth of the Dominion, and have been quoted alike by Roman Catholic, Angli-

can, Presbyterian, and other ministers. It is to be hoped that Bishop Dumoulin will long be spared to the Church and to Canada. His nobility of character, his power of deep observation his breadth of view, and his powerful eloquence stamp him as a noble citizen and a worthy ecclesiastic. When he leaves the scenes of his earthly labors, his epitaph will have been written, by his good works, in the hearts of the people.

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THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper has an article on "The Manitoba School Question" in the May *National Review*. He points out that in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia "while the law does not expressly provide for the Separate system, yet it allows, in essentially Roman Catholic districts, Roman Catholic schools to all intents and purposes, to work under the Public School Act, and to receive their share of aid," and that "Separate Schools have lon been in full blast in Ontario and Quebec."

"Under these circumstances, a suspicion gains ground that the excitement among Protestants respecting Manitoba, so far as it has existence, has been engineered and directed by one not wholly disinterested from other points of view."

He quotes some strong opinions from departed statesmen and educationists. Sir John A. Macdonald preferred National schools, but out of respect for the consciences of others was ready to sink his prejudices. Dr. Ryerson thought that the Ontario Separate School clause widened the basis of the common school system, although it is clear, from other evidence, that he regretted the first admission of the principle.

Sir Hibbert also points out that at the time of Confederation both Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie voted against leaving "education" as one of the subjects assigned exclusively to the provinces. He then reviews the constitutional aspect of the que tion, and its history up to the discussion in Parliament in April of the present year.

"The Government considers that a duty has devolved upon it, under the Constitution, to pass this measure, regardless of individual preferences for any particular system of public schools. It is argued that the 'Parliamentary Compact' must be faithfully observed."

"I have a happy confidence, moreover, that in this age of toleration there are not to be found anywhere five millions of the subjects of the Queen, enjoying the right of self-government who, with these facts before them, would not approve of the policy of Remedial Legislation on the lines of the opinion and advice of the Judicial Committee of the Queen's Privy Council."

The above are two of Sir Hibbert's closing paragraphs. He has certainly made out a strong case, nevertheless it seems doubtful whether the majority of the people of Canada will accept this as their view of the question.

It is to be sincerely regretted that this matter should have reached the arena of Federal politics. Here it may be, to a certain measure, obscured by tariff discussion, and no matter what the decision on June 23rd may be, it will be unsatisfactory. It cannot be regarded as final. There is always a serious difficulty when people are asked to give one answer to several distinct questions. In a province, where the great questions which come before the electorate are fewer in number, a much more satisfactory and accurate opinion may always be gained on any one question. In our Dominion general election, the issue is usually of a more composite character, and the answer more indefinite.

However the matter may be decided, it is to be hoped that Catholic and Protestant may remain united in heart and allegiance, and that the Confederation of Canadian provinces may never be endangered by race or religious differences. With persons of either religion, the prime thought and aim should be "Canada First."

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IS CHRISTIANITY WANING?

To the question: "Is the power of Christianity waning?" H. K. Carroll, in the May *Forum*, answers "No." "Among the leading faiths of mankind, Christianity is unquestionably foremost. It has lost none of the missionary spirit which made it so aggressive in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era. The zeal of the myriads of modern Christian

apostles has carried it, in the nineteenth century, into well-nigh every inhabitable corner of the globe; its doctrines are heard in every language, nation after nation opening its doors to its missionaries."

"But whether the doctrines of Christianity are held as sincerely, as firmly, as widely as they used to be; . . . whether what is called the spiritual life of the church is as vigorous as it was half a century ago, these are questions which can be authoritatively answered only after a most diligent observation and investigation of well-ascertained facts."

The writer then points out that during the past five years, the net gain to Christianity in the United States is 17,609 ministers, 22,935 churches, and 4,008,277 communicants. Population has increased about 10 per cent., but church membership has increased 20 per cent. "It is clear from this that the churches are gaining on the population rapidly and steadily."

He then analyzes the gains of the past five years as follows:—

1. Catholic	1,757,040
2. Methodist	863,370
3. Baptist	350,570
4. Disciples of Christ	282,612
5. Presbyterian	189,667
6. Lutheran	159,703
7. Congregational	87,229
8. Protestant Episcopal	85,781

This clearly proves that the Catholic is outstripping the Evangelical division of Christianity.

The strength of the different denominations in the United States is interesting:

1 Roman Catholic	7,999,172
2. Methodist Episcopal	2,629,985
3. Regular Baptist, south	1,448,570
4. Methodist Episcopal, south	1,379,928
5. Regular Baptist, col'r'd	1,343,530
6. Regular Baptist, north	985,752
7. Disciples of Christ	923,663
8. Presbyterian, north	902,757
9. Protestant Episcopal	618,843
10. Congregational	600,000
11. African Methodist Episcopal	594,476
12. Lutheran Synodical Conference	479,221

Mr. Carroll estimates that the annual expenditure on churches in the Republic is $150,000,000, and that the value of church buildings, lots, and furniture is fully $800,000,000.

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THE CANADIAN DERBY.

It may be safely said that what "The Derby" is to the people of England, "The Queen's Plate" is to the people of Canada. It is *the* national horse race. Toronto has for many years been the scene of this race, although in the earlier of its seventeen years' existence it was run in other towns, changing location from year to year. The Ontario Jockey Club has now established this race at The Woodbine, Toronto, where their fifteenth annual meeting has just been held.

The name of the race denotes its national character in so far as Canada may be said to possess any nationality. It is The Queen's Plate, and is usually run on or about the 24th of May—the birthday of the beloved Widow of Windsor, the sovereign of the British Empire.

It is national in another way. Only maidens may compete, and these must be owned, have been raised and trained in Canada, and must never have been outside its boundaries. The distance is one and a quarter miles, and the value is 50 guineas, with $800 added, of which $200 to second and $100 to third. The prize money is intended to encourage the breeding of good running horses in Canada; the honor of having won the race does this even more than the money.

The race is always attended by the leading professional and society people of Ontario, with numerous additions from the other provinces. It is a national festival, where brains, beauty and wealth meet on a common pleasure ground. The day is a bright spot in the lives of a people whose lives are perhaps too commonplace and even.

The race was won this year by J. E. Seagram of Waterloo, with Millbrook. This horse is a four year-old, by Springfield-Mille, and won in 2 min. 19 sec.

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THE TZAR NICHOLAS II.

On May 26th, the eyes of the whole world were directed to the Kremlin palace, Moscow, where the new Tzar of the

Russians crowned himself, and swore allegiance to the sacred standard of his Empire. Alexander III. passed away over a year ago and Nicholas II ascended the throne. During the first year of his reign he was married and is now a father. The coronation will complete the assumption of the sovereignty.

The following is the official announcement made some time ago :—

"By the grace of God, we, Nicholas II., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., make known to all our faithful subjects that, with the help of the Almighty, we have resolved to place upon ourselves the Crown in May next in the ancient capital of Moscow, after the example of the pious Monarchs our forefathers, and to receive the Holy Sacrament according to established usage; uniting with us in this act our most beloved consort, the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna.

"We call upon all our loyal subjects, on the forthcoming solemn day of coronation, to share in our joy and to join us in offering up fervent prayers to the Giver of all good that He may pour out upon us the gifts of the Holy Spirit, that He may strengthen our Empire, and direct us in the footsteps of our parent of imperishable memory, whose life and labours for the welfare of our beloved Fatherland will always remain a bright example.

"Given at St. Petersburg this first day of January in the year of our Lord 1896 and the second year of our reign. "NICHOLAS."

The May 15th *Review of Reviews* (English edition) has an admirable character sketch of the new Tzar. It says :—

"He is twenty-eight years of age ; but of his real character no one can speak with any degree of certainty. The heir to the throne in all countries leads more or less a suppressed life. It is so under constitutional monarchy, as the Prince of Wales knows to his cost. It is even more the case in absolute monarchies, where authority is concentrated on one command ; there is little or no opportunity afforded to the world of understanding the real character of the man who but yesterday a mere titular figure, becomes to-day the absolute monarch of 120,000,000 of human beings. Little is known of the Tzar but what is good. He was reared in a home which was a model of the domestic virtues and both father and mother united their efforts to train him up in the path which seemed good in their minds. What that path was we can well understand by glancing at the history of the late reign. Alexander III. was a cautious, pacific, truth-speaking man, who was devoted to his country and to his Church, who troubled himself little about speculations either in Church or in State. He was a man without ambitions other than the discharge of his duty, and he ever labored under a sense of the onerous character of the obligations which he had sworn to fulfil at his coronation. So far as Alexander III. lives in Nicholas II., the same traits reproduce themselves ; but the young Emperor, although on his accession he solemnly declared his resolve to pursue the same policy as his father ; still, there are no two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so it is vain to expect that we shall find in the new Tzar an exact reproduction of the qualities which made his father so loved and trusted throughout the world.

"All that is really known about the Emperor is that he was brought up very much after the fashion of English public school boys. Mr. Gladstone, fourteen years ago, told me he was greatly pleased with the frank, manly, affectionate bearing of the young people whom he met at Copenhagen, and who were full of fun and gaiety of spirit. The young man's constitution was not strong when he was in his teens, and there were grave misgivings as to whether he would possess a sufficiently robust physique to bear the burden of the empire. After his trip to Asia he became much more robust, but he was never as strong a man as his father. The story is told of him at one time dancing with one of his partners at a state ball until she was ready to drop with sheer fatigue in order to punish her for saying that the Tzesaryevich had no vitality. A capacity to dance until your partner drops is but a very small proof of constitutional vigour ; but it seemed to be admitted on all hands that he has surmounted the weakness of his youth, and from a life insurance point of view his is a very good life."

The new Tzar was educated at home under a Russian tutor. He had also an English tutor, and two French professors. He is said to be very fond of England and the English language. In 1891 he made his famous Asiatic tour, visiting India, China, Japan and Siberia. On May 11th of that year an attempt was made to assassinate him in the streets of Kioto, Japan, and the Tzesaryevich was wounded in the head but exhibited great nerve and considerable self-control.

His mother was the Princess Dagmar, sister to the Princess of Wales. His wife is Princess Alix of Hesse, said to be a modern woman and well abreast of the times, an ardent painter and a capital linguist, a woman likely to exert a good influence in the new reign. The wooing of the Imperial pair took place at Walton-on-Thames in England, but the betrothal was not definitely arranged until their meeting at Cobourg in the spring of 1894.

Why should not a resident of the United States write as good a novel as a resident of England?

The reader will answer this peculiar and indefinite question by saying that the United States has its great novelists as well as England So have France, and Germany, and Spain, and Italy, and Russia The reader will admit that while a novelist must certainly be influenced by his environment, yet every country must have its brainy and attractive writers.

Why then should not Canada have them? This is a question which the average Canadian seldom or never asks himself, for he usually expects the best books to come only from foreign pens. He is one of a nation which has too little confidence in itself,—not as a nation, but as a collection of individuals. This is a partial explanation why Canada's brightest novelists reside abroad. They have been ostracized by their fellow-citizens.

**

Gilbert Parker, though a resident of England, is, to-day, Canada's greatest novelist. And Canada has produced great novelists, a Barr, a Grant Allen, a Sarah Jeanette Duncan, an L. Dougall, an Oxley, a Ballantyne, a Moodie, and many others. But, to day, Gilbert Parker rises above them all. His works are gaining in popularity, are built with a substance which will bear the test of time, are wholesome and fruitful, bright and interesting, polished and refined. His historical romances compare with the best work of this class in the English language. He is progressive and stable. He is never flippant and always instructive.

Those who have followed the fortunes of Pretty Pierre, and felt the romanticism of the characters in "The Trail of the Sword," will welcome his latest book, "The Seats of the Mighty."* Its scenes are laid in the stirring period when France and England strove for the possession of that part of America called New France and now included in the Dominion of Canada. It is equally enjoyable and instructive to the Canadian whose origin is French and the Canadian who loves his British ancestry.

Robert Moray was a Captain in a Virginia Regiment and a close friend of George Washington, then a British subject. He was captured by the French at the battle of Fort Necessity and taken to Quebec a prisoner. Owing to the fact that he had in his possession—but in Virginia—letters from a rival of the French favorite, La Pompadour, to the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart, and that he refused to surrender them to La Pompadour's agent at Quebec, he was kept a prisoner in that city for several years. Being for a time on parole in the house of a French Seigneur he won the affection of a daughter of his custodian, but this secret affection only added to his difficulties. Captain Moray tells his own story of these troublesome times, and shows in strong colors the internal bickerings of the French Court at Quebec. Bigot, the thieving intendant; Vaudreuil, the self-important and shortsighted Governor; Montcalm, the honest and brilliant general; Doltaire, the secret agent of La Pompadour; Madame Cournal, the ambitious and intriguing courtezan—these are the central historical figures of Mr. Parker's brilliant drama. The weaknesses of New France are clearly set forth and Wolfe's final victory explained.

After a long and romantic imprisonment, Captain Moray escapes and joins Wolfe before Quebec. He informs the pain-wracked, red-haired English general of the narrow path up the cliff and the way to the Plains of Abraham. He sees Quebec city pass forever into the possession of the British and finds a reward for all his sufferings and privations.

The book is not without it faults; for example, a certain looseness of sentence construction, as: "but it was his plan to hold on for a time longer, and then to re-

* "The Seats of the Mighty," a Romance of Old Quebec, by Gilbert Parker. Toronto; The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1.25.

tire before the axe fell with an immense fortune." But these faults are few and trivial. It is an excellent piece of work and one which must enthuse and gratify every Canadian who reads this pen-picture of one of the most stirring periods in the history of his country.

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A handsomely bound and superbly illustrated volume is issued by Macmillan.* It is "Adam Johnstone's Son" by F. Marion Crawford, an author much read and admired by Canadians. This is a seaside tale, the scene being laid in Amalfi in Italy, but the principal characters are English. Mrs. Bowring, a divorced English lady and her daughter Clare find their solitude broken into by a young Englishman named Brook Johnstone. The two young people are attracted towards each other, but there are impediments in the path of true love. Clare had witnessed the finale of a little flirtation in which Brook had been one of the principals and this led her to believe him heartless. To this is added the fact, unknown to Clare, that Mrs. Bowring was the divorced wife of Brook Johnstone's father. The arrival of the original Johnstone and his second wife adds to the complication.

It is a pretty little tale, ordinary yet extraordinary, simple yet complex, but always interesting. There are strong touches by a master hand, one that realizes the drama of life with its varying incidents, its sad happinesses, and its unsystematic difficulties.

But one of Crawford's charms is his ability to make interesting and critical remarks about men and women and their foibles, to throw in brief observations which tempt the reader's own thoughts. For example:

"Every woman knows the calendar of her own face The lines are years, one for such and such a year, one for such and such another; the streaks are months, perhaps, or weeks, or sometimes hours, where the tear-storms have bleached the brown, the black, or the gold."

"And she had her youth and knew it, and it was almost all she had. It seemed much to her, and she had no unsatisfiable craving for the world's stuff in which to attire it In that, at least her mother had been wise, teaching her to believe and enjoy rather than to doubt and criticize."

"Every nation has its own way of smoking. There is a hasty and vicious manner about the Frenchman's little cigarette of pungent black tobacco; the Italian dreams over his rat-tail cigar; the American either eats half of his Havana while he smokes the other, or else he takes a frivolous delight in smoking delicately and keeping the white ash whole to the end; the German surrounds himself with a cloud, and, god-like, meditates within it; but the Englishman's short briar-root pipe has a powerful individuality of its own. Its simplicity is Gothic, its solidity is of the Stone Age, he smokes it in the face of the higher civilization, and it is the badge of the conqueror. A man who asserts that he has a right to smoke a pipe anywhere, practically asserts that he has a right to everything. And it will be admitted that Englishmen get a good deal."

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"Those good Normans" has been translated from the French of Gyp for the benefit of English readers.* It is a domestic tale of that fair western province, full of pathos and feeling. The interest is well sustained by continued and connected action. The form of the work is that of the dialogue.

**

"An Art Failure" is the title of an illustrated story of the Latin Quarter as it is, by John W. Harding.† It is the story of the troubles and trials of a young American who believed himself destined to be a great artist, who hated the drudgery of his father's counting house and who finally found himself in the Mecca of all Bohemians. Here he lived a strange life buoyed up by a long delayed hope for fame and wealth. However it was not to be, for his destiny was not in that line of labor. Perhaps his experiences would be a benefit to rash youths who have hopes similar to his, but it is doubtful if the world will ever be entirely rid of its fools.

**

Another one of the Exiles has been heard from. The author of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," and "A Daughter of To-day," has just issued a new novel entitled "His Honor and a Lady‡ Canadians will be

* Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.50.

* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth and silver, gilt top, rough edges.

† New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co., 209 pp., cloth, 75 cents.

‡ "His Honour and a Lady" by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co. Illustrated, cloth, $1.50.

pleased to welcome this new book from the pen of Mrs. Cotes aside from the intrinsic merits of the book itself. Mrs. Cotes residence in India makes this an Anglo-Indian tale—a brilliant picture of social and political life in that wonderful portion of a wonderful empire. As is all her works, this is marked by originality and quickness of observation—for Kipling has not exhausted the field, nor is he without worthy rivals. Mrs. Cotes however possesses, though perhaps not so strongly as Kipling, an unfailing humor which proves a constant source of pleasure to the reader. As a student of character this book shows an advance in critical power, while her analysis of motives is remarkable.

Her descriptions of Indian scenery are charming. For example:—

"Ten minutes later Rhoda stood fastening her glove at her father's door and looking out upon a world of suddenly novel charm. The door opened, as it were, upon eternity, with a patch of garden between, but eternity was blue and sun-filled and encouraging. The roses and sweet-williams stood sheer against the sky, with fifty yellow butterflies dancing above them. Over the verge of the garden—there was not more than ten feet of it in any direction—she saw tree tops and the big green shoulders of the lower hills, and very far down a mat of fleecy clouds that hid the flanks of some of these. The sunlight was tempting, enticing. It made the rubbel path warm beneath her feet and drew up the scent of the garden until the still air palpitated with it. Rhoda took little desultory steps to the edge of the ledge the house was built on, and down the steep footway to the road. The white oaks met over her head and far up among the tree-ferns, she heard a cuckoo. Its note softened and accented her unreasoned gladness, seemed to give it a form and a metre. . . . This part of the Mall was frequented and fashionable; even at that hour she would meet her acquaintances on hill ponies and her mother's friends in dandies and her mother's friends' babies in perambulators, with a plentiful background of slouching Bhutia coolies, their old felt hats tied on with their queues, and red-coats from a recuperating regiment, and small black-and-white terriers.

The illustrations and chaste cover add to the charm of the book.

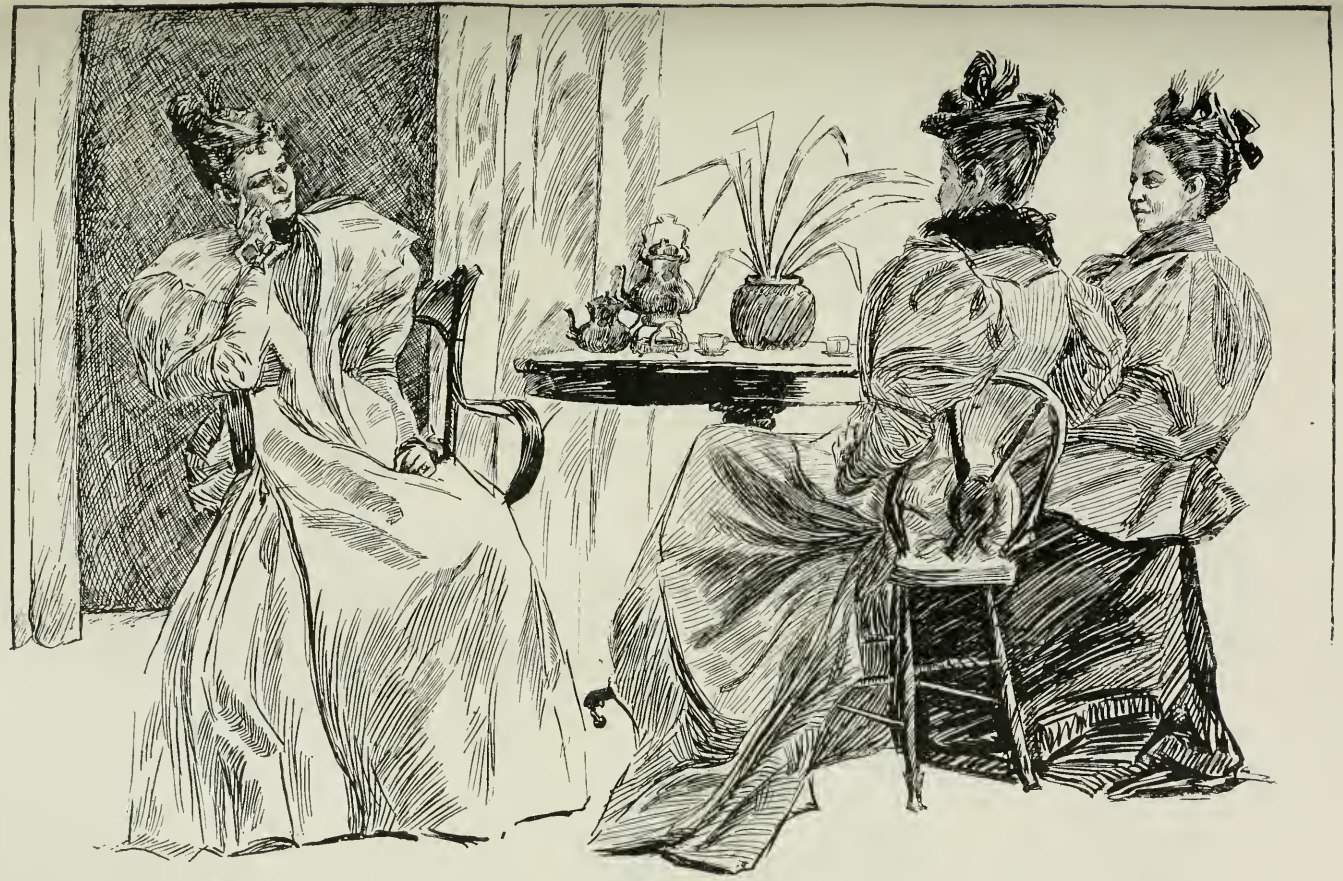
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Still another Exile heard from. Grant Allen has brought out another volume * entitled, "A Bride from the Desert." An English ship is wrecked off the Eastern African coast and most of the crew murdered by the Somanli, fanatical Mahdist and Wahabee warriors. An English expedition is sent from Aden to avenge the slaughter and includes a particular soldier who had a young lady friend on board the wrecked steamer. This young lady and her chaperone had been kept prisoners and were found by the soldier, he himself being in durance vile. Their troubles, trials, disappointments and final escape make up the story—a rather poor story in fact. There are two short stories in the volume in addition to the leading one which gives title to the volume.

**

"The White Virgin," by George Manville Fenn, has been issued in Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library. The book is not new, but it might help to pass an idle summer hour.

* "A Bride from the Desert" by Grant Allen. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth, 75 cents.



Drawn for CANADIAN MAGAZINE. F. E. SPRINGER.

"A NON-STARTER."

EDITH.—Mr. Jones called last evening.
MAY.—Yes! He comes by fits and starts, doesn't he?
MAUD (who has had a painful experience).—One would not mind the fits so much, only he never starts.

A GOOD RUN.

BY S. J. ROBERTSON.

"NO," said the postmaster, as he held the bottle up to the light to see if it were full of the turpentine Deacon Jones had asked for. "No, I didn't always run a store. I have done some other things. Done them well, too, some



of them, and others better. So much better that I've been asked to quit.

"That's what happened when I edited the Simpkinsville *Bugle* back in Arkansas twenty years ago.

"I ran up the biggest subscription list in four counties, and was thinking some of getting in a second devil to do nothing but look after the circulation, when, as I said, I was asked to quit; waited on by a deputation comprising all the leading citizens of the townships up the river, asking me to run for Indian Territory. An' I did. Best run I ever made. My old mare Bess and I covered two hundred miles the first day out, and the dust over the prairie at sunset kind of gave me the idea that the other candidates had pritty nigh as much 'stay' or rather 'get' in them as we had."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, of course, I forgot to tell you that.

"You see about that time the school teaching was paying kind of poor dividends in the east, and a lot of long-eared young ones that thought they was heaven and earth and all the other place, 'cause they knew how to spell and could tell a family dictionary from an unabridged bible at sight, came out west to teach. Kids was scarce and the teachers had to look round for something else to do. Some of them took to preaching, some to monte, others to horse-lifting, but a good crowd stood right up for temperance and prohibition, and took to lecturing and agitating, and there's where my trouble came in.

"Of course I gave them lots of space in the *Bugle*, just at first. It was good copy; made the boys feel kind of 'homey,' and gave them a lump in the throat to



read all those pious things between drinks. It took.

"When the mail cars jumped the tracks at Broken Neck Canyon that probibition literature did the trick for me.

"You see it was a dry paper, and when

those dry and windy editorials found themselves in the water, they just naturally took it in. The *Bugles* swelled and swelled, and burst the mail car to flinders, and piled up a solid dam of pulp thirty feet high, clear across the canyon. Crops in thirteen townships up the creek were a total loss, and the farmers came down to get in a 'local' on it at the *Bugle* office. When they found that the *Bugle* had been the cause of the rise (as it had been the cause of every rise in Simpkinsville, from Si Higgen's hanging to 'central property fifty per cent advance in one week after our trial number'), they went right in and raised the office roof and the devil's hair, and started a fire in front of the Court House.



"From the perfume that came my way as Bess and I travelled down the wind, I calculated they were boiling tar; but I haven't the least idea it was to put a new roof on the *Bugle* office."

IDLE MOMENTS.

ST. PETER AGAIN.—Mortal—Can I come in? St Peter—No, you are wicked. Mortal—And do you mean to let me stay out in the cold? St. Peter (pleasantly)—Cold? Oh, no.

AN ARTISTIC VIEW.—Mrs. Talkerly—I should think Miss Paintly would shrink from marrying that old truant, Moneybaggs. Mrs. Manhattan—No; when I spoke to her about it she just laughed, and said she had always been fond of old masters.

NOT A MODEL BOY.—Rollo (after a lathering)—"You wait till I grow up." Father—"What will you do then?" Rollo—"Well, do I look like a boy that would return good for evil?"

BY THE SEA.—"I love the sea," remarked the modern young man to the girl as they sat on the beach gazing out over the restless waves. "I don't see why," she responded earnestly, as she looked squarely at him; "it hasn't got any money."

ART CRITICISM.—"What do you think of my picture of Mephistopheles?" said a conceited painter to a critic. "Well, I don't think the devil is as bad as he is painted," was the discriminating reply.

HIS SUNDAY OUT.

He clutched the bars with adept grip,
 And pressed the pedals fairly;
Then started on a scorching trip,
 Seated on saddle squarely,
Until o'ertaken by a Cop,
Who clubbed him till he had to stop,
Led him before a magistrate
And dragged his wheel along as freight!
"Having a fine time, eh? Just so!
This is fine time; so pay and go!"

JULY FORESHADOWED.

Mary Temple Bayard

Will write of "The Communist Celibates of Economy," a peculiar and interesting sect at the town of Economy, in the United States. As an article on an economic subject it will be exceedingly valuable; as a piece of descriptive writing it will be found most pleasing.

Dr. Henry Hough

Will have an article on Victoria University, dealing with the circumstances of its birth, its growth and the leading educationists who have been connected with it. This article will be illustrated with drawings of the old and new buildings and portraits of its principals and other prominent persons.

Frank Yeigh

"Twenty-nine Years of Confederation" will be the title of an article by Frank Yeigh in the July issue. It will deal with the days and men of Confederation and the progress that has since been made Besides being valuable from the point of view of giving information, it will be embellished with suitable and historical illustrations

C. E. Macdonald

Will write of "The Highland Regiments and their Origin." This article will be pleasing reading to that large and important part of our population who are proud to acknowledge their Scotch descent.

Other Features.

Ian Maclaren will continue his story of Scotch life. There will be several bright short stories to suit the season. Some splendid illustrations are being prepared and the high standard set in this and previous issues will be maintained. There will be the usual complement of current topics, book reviews, etc.

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From a Painting.

THREE PICNICERS.

THE

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THE COMMUNISTIC CELIBATES OF "ECONOMY."

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

TO the students of Sociology, no place can be more rich in material, or more abundant in truth, than the quaint old town of Economy, in Beaver Co., Pennsylvania, the home of the Harmony Society, one of the most unique and picturesque communistic organizations of its day.

Its history begins in 1805, when one George Rapp, a native of that prolific nursery of German pietism, Wurtemburg, came to the United States as the leader of a band of immigrants, 800 strong. They were in search of a place where they could escape religious persecution, and worship God according to their understanding of His word. Their first settlement was made in Butler Co., Pa., and was called "Harmony," since in harmony they had pledged themselves to dwell, and members of the society became known as "Harmonites." After a ten years' residence there, during which they had much sickness and many deaths, the place was condemned as unhealthy, and the colony migrated to the State of Indiana, where upon the malarial banks of the Wabash they unwisely built up another settlement, which they called New Harmony, to distinguish it from the first town. They remained there during a second decenary, and then in 1825, having sold their estate to Robert Owen, the Socialist, for the neat sum of $150,000, they removed to their final home at Economy, where they secured a tract of 3,000 acres, part of it being purchased from the grandfather of the late Hon. James G. Blaine.

This site, which is 18 miles below Pittsburg, along the line of the Fort Wayne and Chicago R.R., proved to have been well selected, for here the Commune has prospered beyond the most fanciful expectations of their courageous leader. They were aided by cheap water communications with Pittsburg and New Orleans, and all forces seemed to conspire to stimulate their various industries. In addition to their large farming industries, they built cotton, woollen and silk factories, and all the shops necessary to produce everything they consumed, as well as large quantities for sale. In the manufacture of silks they were particularly successful, and the Sunday dress of men, as well as of the women, was of silk or velvet, grown, reeled, spun and woven by themselves. This was the first silk made in the United States. They had also a large and successful distillery, a saw-mill, and a brick yard, and much attention was given to grape culture.

A community of goods was the main plank in the society's platform. "One for all, and all for one," was their motto, and as a result of their co-operation, the Commune to-day is in

possession of the water works at South Pittsburg, steel works at Beaver Falls, stock in coal mines, the fee simple in oil lands, preferred stock in the Lake Shore and Fort Wayne railroads, bonds in any number of incorporated companies, and the land of the entire township of Economy, their wealth being estimated at from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Economy is a modern Acadia—a dream of peace and plenty. Although the trains of the great Pennsylvania Railroad System carry the travelling world past it many times each day, yet little is known of the religio-commercial Commune within its gates. The stranger, who walks through the quaint place for the first time, feels that he has passed the bounds of modern commercial life. The glare from the furnaces near Pittsburg, and the passing trains are all there is to remind him that Economy is touching elbows with the great centre of civilization. The town is typically German. The architecture is curious, and it is safe to say that there is no other town like it in America. The situation is one of the loveliest imaginable. It begins on the very edge of the bluff, overlooking the Ohio river. The streets are at right angles with the river's course, and all bordered with cherry trees. Back of these rows of trees sit the 300 prim, two-storied brick houses, all as much alike as eggs in a nest. Each house is decorated with grape-vines, that have been trained to espaliers, to fill the space between the bottom ledge of the upper windows and top ledge of the lower windows. In using the grape-vine for ornamentation, and the cherry trees for shade, it will be noticed that these people carried out the idea of "economy" to the very letter of the law. This blending of the useful and the ornamental is one idea that can be understood, but why they should have built their houses without front doors, and the town clock with but one hand, are economic mysteries still unsolved.

Single-handed the old clock in the quaint church ticks off the sun time it was first made to tick. Like the people for whom it tells the hour, it is not to be switched by any new fangled ways. Only the hours are told, minutes not being worth recording in a place where time passes so slumbrously. The Economites do not have to catch trains, nor to lift notes at the bank, nor to hurry to offices and a few minutes more or less can make no difference. Nothing hurries in Economy, not even death. These people, show the fruit of right-living, of regular habits, undisturbed nerves, unimpaired digestion and ease of conscience, by living to extreme old age.

The place might fitly be called the Silent Village for not a sound is heard more disturbing than the rustle of the leafless branches of the trees, the slow clanging ring of the bell that tells the hour, the rumble of a passing train, the puffing of the locomotive under the bluff, or the Sunday-like crow of the so numerous rooster which has the freedom of the burg.

The President's house is the hub of the little community. It is to Economy what Rideau Hall is to Canada or the White House is to the United States—the "Executive Mansion," though to the Economites it has always been known by the name of "The Great House." This house and the one hotel are the only houses that have front-doors. All other dwellings can only be entered by passing through the yard at the side of the house. The Great House stands face to face with the church, from the prim pulpit of which has been preached, for nearly three-quarters of a century, the hard law of celibacy.

"Father Rapp,' as he was always called, was regarded by the Harmonites as in a special sense the vice regent of the Deity: and the doctrines he taught were acknowledged as inspirations. Although ignorant of scholastic theology and a stranger to the training of the University, this rustic vine-dresser of Germany became, by

his eloquence, enthusiasm and an accompaniment of mysticism, transfigured to the mind of his superstitious followers and stood before them endorsed with the credentials of a prophet.

Michael Han, the Swabian theosophist was his close friend and teacher; and he had been also a student of Vetinger and the eccentric Jung Sterling. To these writers has been given the credit for the tinge of mysticism prevailing his theology. From the rituals of the Catholic and Lutheran churches he formed a ritual exclusively his own, compelling his followers to separate themseves from all other denominations. From this, came the name of "Separatists," by which name they were known in the Fatherland.

Among other queer religious opinions, Father Rapp held that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and his teachings were accordingly intended to aid himself and his followers to be fit to meet the Messiah. To this end they must practice self-denial of the lusts, pleasures and distractions of the world, and celibacy was enjoined. But celibacy was not one of the fundamental principles, for the majority of the original "Separatists" were married people. Father Rapp himself had been married, and was the father of several children. It only illustrates the almost perfect subjection to which he had brought his people, that when he made the statement that in order to attain perfection in life, all members of the society must become celibates, there was not a dissenting voice; and when the article of agreement was passed round for signatures every name went down and straightway every man put away his wife, and every woman her husband; and every Hans and Gretchen in the village was made to understand that hereafter Economy was to be much like heaven inasmuch as there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Hard lines! for certainly no more fascinating place could be found in which to weave the unstable fabric of love's young dream; no more romantic place for moonlight walks or thrilling appointments and never anywhere such a "Lover's Lane," a mile long and dense with shade; and yet after the law of celibacy went into effect, "they say" Lover's Lane was deserted.

But Economy has not been without its romances. Even Father Rapp was credited with having more than a fatherly interest in pretty Hildegarde Mutchleer, a girl who made her home at the Great House; for this reason it is supposed, he obliged the council or board of elders, to pardon her and the village doctor with whom she eloped, take them back into the folds of the society and allow them to live as man and wife. This is the only exception ever made to the law of celibacy, and it occasioned a dissatisfaction that came nearly disrupting the society and was never wholly outlived.

The cardinal principle of the harmony society outside of religion was entire community of property; and their adherence to this principle has been steadfast. In order to make all things free and equal for the new start at Economy, Father Rapp appointed a committee to gather together all the goods and wearing apparel of the members, and to publicly burn the collection. Then all the money was thrown in a common fund, no one being permitted to know how much another put in. A new outfit was provided, and the life upon the co-operative plan began anew. There was now no possible chance for one individual to get ahead of another, and as each labored for all, there was no jealousy. Each one was only entitled to what he could eat and wear, but all must work: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," was the law.

In those days the flourishing factories, breweries, planing mills and brick yards furnished work for all hands. In addition, there were the vine-

yards and harvest fields The scene in haying season must have been particularly attractive, for women as well as men worked in the fields. In return for their services, each person secured every necessity of life from the common fund. All dry goods and groceries were supplied from the co-operative store: the village shoemaker made their new shoes and kept the old ones in order: the village tailor did the same for their clothes. Every family had its cow and was entitled to keep as much milk as was needed, but the surplus was given to the driver of the little blue milk-waggon, when he called morning and night. This residue was taken to the butter and cheese factory, from which place each family got its supply. There was a common bakery where, from the rosy-cheeked baker, each one received his measure of bread. When a beef was killed, the announcement was made to the brethren and a representative from each family came for its portion. Everything that man or woman needed, or thought they needed, was to be had for the asking, except tobacco. Fore-swearing the weed had been considered another step toward purification, and when the vow of celibacy had been taken, all tobacco then in stock had been taken to the church yard and there publicly burnt. "A little wine for the stomach's sake" was not considered harmful, so the Economites continued to make it and to drink it, each family being entitled to so much daily: and every one could use it freely when working in the harvest field; and on their feast days it was placed on the tables in pitchers, the same as water. Their wine cellar, built at the same time they built the town, is still one of the quaint town's show places. There one sees casks having a holding capacity of 1,000 gallons each, and one may sample whiskey and wine made half a century ago.

Another curiosity is the co-operative laundry, which is exactly as it was in those pioneer days, except that it is now fully equipped with modern machinery, and there each family in the village does its washing once in two weeks. If any one is sick the society doctor attends him, and if he die he is sure of a decent, though by no means elaborate burial. The village cooper makes the coffins, and it is against the law to give them further embellishment than one coat of black paint on the outside, and one layer of thin muslin, without any upholstering, on the inside. The coffin is of pine wood and shaved as thin as possible, the idea being to allow the body to return to the orginal elements as quickly as possible.

The Harmonites do not wear black for their dead. They bury in an orchard, and in the order in which they die, regardless of sex. There are no marble shafts, nor so much as painted boards to mark the graves. Not even the founder was so honored. Neither are the mounds kept in shape, nor a flower planted to distinguish one grave from another. "By their deeds alone we shall remember them" will be the answer, when one inquires after their idea in not marking the graves.

One grave there is, however, that has a rose-bush planted upon it, and thereby hangs another romance too good not to be included in this story; the hero and heroine being Jacob Henrici, afterwards leader of the Society, and Gertrude Rapp, grandaughter of Father Rapp. These young people lived under the same roof at the "Great House," had many tastes in common, but particularly that of music. To this day their respective pianos stand in the Great House parlor just where they left them; and the two organs, upon which they played together at Sunday services, still stand in the church, but played by other hands, for both "Father Henrici," as he was afterwards called, and his Gertrude lie in the orchard; she at the end of one row of graves, he at the beginning of an-

other. She died one Xmas day and he followed her one Xmas day two years later. All their days this pair were in love with each other, as everybody knew, but no one was ever heard to say he doubted that they had kept the faith. The law which to them meant their hope of heaven, stood between them, and neither thought seriously of tampering with it. He loved her too truly to ask her to do violence to her conscience; and she was too sincere in her religious faith to commit transgression at the call of mortal passion. Only two courses were open to them, either to quit the community, get married and live without the pale, or discipline their souls to the chastity of a spiritual affection. They chose the latter.

There have been just four Presidents, or Senior Trustees, as they are called in the society. Father Henrici was the third, Julius Baker, who succeeded Father Rapp, seems to have added nothing to the romantic history of the town, though under his preaching and financial management the organization continued to flourish.

The present leader, John S. Duss, will likely never be called "Father Duss" being such a young man—only 36 at this time. Both he and Mrs. Duss were for the most part raised in this platonic Eden, their widowed mothers having united with the "Harmonites when they were small children. But, in spite of early and continuous teaching to the contrary, their hearts proved as unmanageable as are hearts the world over, and their attachments for each other becoming known, they were more than once publicly reprimanded by Father Henrici, from whom it would seem they had the right to expect more sympathy, since he himself had a like experience.

This couple followed the example of Hildegarde Mutchler and the doctor, inasmuch as they were married, and lived outside of Economy until two children had been born to them. Then Father Henrici, who found it hard to get along without these helpful young people, sent for them to return and with their young blood infuse new life into the dying Harmony Society. They decided to accept the proposition so they returned, joined the commune, agreeing to abide by all the hard conditions. John Duss four years ago succeeded Father Henrici, as the head of the order, but he has never preached the cruel law of celibacy, for in that measure he recognizes the death warrant of the society. By all odds Mr. Duss has been the strongest leader they have had. Not one of the others would have been able to contend against the financial difficulties that have beset him. Father Henrici had left things in a perfect tangle owing to his having kept no accounts, and to his having given away money most recklessly.

The association proper is composed of Catholics, infidels, agnostics and all shades of Protestants. These are to be preached to twice each Sunday, visited when sick, buried when dead, and their wants while living attended to, all by their leader or spiritual head. It goes without saying that to fill these several roles to the satisfaction of such a conglomerate congregation would be a most arduous task even for such a versatile and diplomatic mentality as that of Mr. Duss. Since he took the reins the society has witnessed legal storms that would have wrecked less substantial organizations, but his people have stood by him and have not faltered in their faith, and therefore through his wonderful courage and level-headedness he has been able to baffle the skill of the most talented lawyers in their attempts to disrupt the society or separate its interests to satisfy claims made by heirs of dead members.

The Economites by their accumulation of wealth, at least, have done much to prove the success that could be made of a co-operative society with religious fanaticism left out. Had not the idea of celibacy crept in, the

Harmony Society would have been, not only the wealthiest commune in the world, but it in all probability would have been the largest. As it is the membership has dwindled from nearly 1,000, to less than two dozen, in ages ranging, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Duss, from 75 to 90 years. And each is worth over a million dollars!

KINGSHIP.

YOU are my king!
And therefore must I do, unquestioning,
The tasks you bid me do,
And of my best make my poor offering.
Why should I not, who have lived for love of you
These long years through?

You are my king!
And, therefore, if you ever choose to wring
My heart with your mistrust,
I doubt not I have been an evil thing;
For I know well that you are right and just,—
I, less than dust.

You are my king!
And so, each cherished dream you bade me fling
To the winds, I must forget;—
Yea, utterly! although (God knows) the sting
Of all the old imperious regret
Abides even yet.

You are my king!
And so, whatever change the seasons bring,
I must be glad to praise,—
Summer and autumn, winter-time and spring,
I must believe I travel still the ways
Of the ancient days.

You are my king!
And so I must not weary of worshipping,
Nor must I wait for death;
But the old songs must still seem good to sing,
And still must your words seem (in my great faith)
The words God saith.

Fredericton, N.B. FRANCIS SHERMAN.



VICTORIA COLLEGE, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY—ITS HISTORY AND EDUCATIONAL WORK.

BY H. HOUGH, M.A., LL.D., TORONTO.

THE educational system of our country is a many-sided and successful one. It is like a beautiful and well-supported temple, each buttress holding up its own portion of the edifice, and all combining and contributing to the general effect. Some good people look with mistrustful glances at denominational institutions. They do not follow this course necessarily from want of confidence in their fellow-men, but rather because they suspect that the denominational may indicate the sectarian. And yet, what a wonderful influence such institutions have exercised, and still exercise, as factors of our grand educational result! Thousands of young men, belonging to church-going families in the various denominations, have been drawn by the fact of their church interest in a particular college, and have fallen in with the natural suggestion, the social attraction, and the denominational sympathy, which, but for that church interest, might have been entirely absent. Thus was college work suggested. And as the denominations are the people, it seems to me a fair thing to say that an institution which attracts its own friends, and provides for their educational equipment, thus supplies this advantage to that number of the people as a whole, and should

be recognized as a public benefactor, —even if these were the only participants in its benefits.

Victoria University certainly takes its rank among these. Based on the broad general proposition of maintaining "sound and useful learning in connection with Christian principles," it had its beginning under denominational control; but from the first threw open its doors in cordial welcome to all. And though, naturally, the majority of its students and graduates have been connected with the denomination which controls it, yet very many, ministers as well as laymen, whose communion altars are elsewhere, rejoice to call it *alma mater*, and to bear testimony to the greatness of its educational advantages. The word "sectarian," indeed, never had a place in its vocabulary. So general has been the character of its educational work, that though, on securing its university powers, it established the department of Arts, following this as it could with those of Medicine and Law, it was not until thirty years after acquiring such status that it established its chair in Theology. It afterwards added the department of Science; and continued its operations in all of these departments until, accepting the Federation project, it merged the greater portion of its work in the common Provincial University. Under this arrangement, it now confines its attention, as to Arts, to the subjects allotted to the federating colleges by the Act, and to its work in its Theological department.

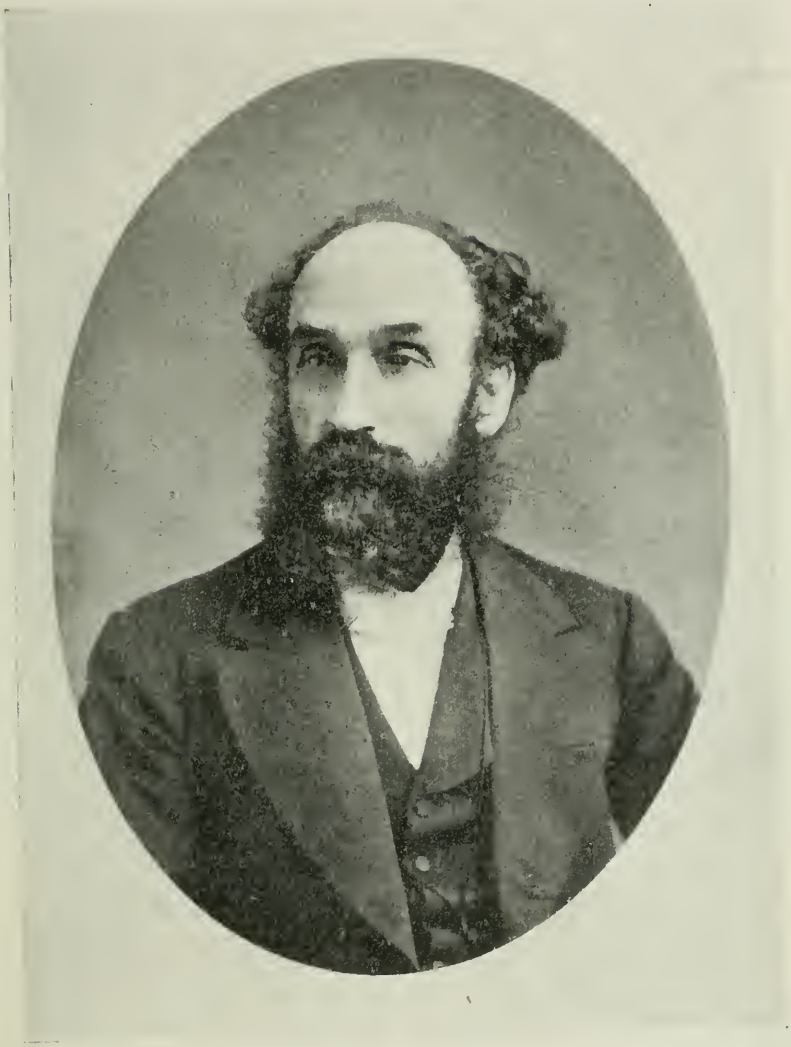


THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

It was in the year 1829 that the authorities of the newly organized Canadian Methodist Church decided to establish a seminary of learning under its own control. One of the first matters to determine was that of location. To a capable committee was this question referred; and after careful consideration, there being keen competition, the place selected was what was then the village of Cobourg, —afterwards, and now, the beautiful town of that name, "on the old Ontario strand." This selection was approved; and what has ever since been admitted as one of the most suitable and charming sites in the country for such an institution was secured for the buildings. It was a little to the north and east of the village, on a delightful spot of rising ground; and there was erected "the old college," which for fifty-six years was the classic home of thousands of men who, in after years, filled important positions among their fellow Canadians.

But the promotion of the work was not so easy as the choice of location. There were no millionaires in those days. Nor had the thoughts of men been widened by the process of that "extending purpose" which warms and qualifies the public mind to-day. The efforts of the distinguished Rev. Dr. Ryerson, who championed the cause of the Methodist proposition, in securing a charter for the institution,

read like a romance of the days before liberality had its birth. In his capacity as editor of the newly-established *Christian Guardian*, Dr. Ryerson declared :—



CHANCELLOR NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

"This academy is designed to be a purely literary institution. The establishment of it is not contemplated to educate young men for the ministry, but it is designed for the education of youth generally, for any pursuit or profession which their inclinations or circumstances may dictate. The first article of the constitution of the academy is—'This shall be a purely literary institution. No system of divinity shall be taught therein, but all students shall be free to embrace and pursue such religious creed, and attend such place of religious worship, as their parents or guardians may direct.'"

The subsequent contentions on the petition for incorporation, the unseemly reply of Sir John Colborne, then Governor of the colony, to the request of the Methodist Conference that he transmit to the king (William IV.) their memorial relating to King's Col-

lege and its methods, are all matters of early Canadian educational history. A full account of these proceedings is given in that invaluable work, in three volumes, of Dr. J. George Hodgins, of Toronto, "Documentary History: Education in Upper Canada." This work in a most masterly manner records the stirring discussions of a period when men were seeking for freedom from the educational trammels which they believed injurious to the general cause, and gives the original documents, from the beginning of the struggle till the shackles fell off. Sir John Colborne did not sympathize with these aspirations. He expressed his kindly opinion that the leaders of the movement, who were trying through him to approach the throne, had "neither experience nor judgment to appreciate the value or advantages of a liberal education." The Methodist Church has long since forgiven the churlishness of the man who so feebly understood the possibilities of his position, and forgotten his harmless narrowness of soul. And if he could now be permitted to look abroad upon the educational status of this fair "colony," and see the results of the efforts of the various denominations, with the cheerful and enthusiastic co-operation of the one whose interests he thought himself called upon to champion, he would awake to the realization of the wonderful widening of men's thoughts through the "process of the suns" of only five and sixty years.

The long and able discussions, the voluminous correspondence, the personal appeals of Dr. Ryerson to the colonial and home authorities, his visits to England, where, with indefatigable diligence and courage, he prosecuted his efforts, and the final rewarding of these efforts in the granting of a Royal Charter, dated 12th October, 1836, as well as a royal grant of money, cannot be referred to at greater length in an article like this. They are all given, however, with copies of the original documents, in Dr. Hodgins' valuable work. This charter bestowed full corporate powers upon the new institution, provided for its management without requirement of any religious test or qualification upon student or teacher, and authorized its establishment under the name of "The Upper Canada Academy." While this struggle was going on, the building operations had been pushed forward—a great army of devoted Methodist ministers and laymen energetically promoting the work; and on the 18th of June, 1836, a few months before the promised charter arrived, the new institution threw open its doors for the admission of students, the Rev. Matthew Ritchie, M. A., being the first Principal.

The wisdom of the movement was at once apparent. During the first year of operations, 127 students were enrolled, of whom a goodly number were ladies. The course of study was an extensive and practical one, and the principal and teachers proved themselves both worthy and efficient. The new academy made satisfactory progress; and many names of men afterwards well known in Canadian affairs were on its roll of students. On the retirement of Mr. Ritchie, in 1839, the Board selected Rev. Jesse Hurlburt, M. A., a graduate of Middletown, Conn., to fill the position. Like his predecessor, Mr. Hurlburt was an able manager and efficient teacher, and the institution continued to flourish. With him was associated the Rev. D. C. Van Norman, M. A., who also proved himself a workman who needed not to be ashamed. The academy continued to flourish, though it had to contend with that peculiar experience which seems to fall to the lot of all such causes,—a tendency to shortness of funds. Noble things were done in those days, however. Both the church and the public came fully to grasp the importance of the work which was being accomplished; and it was not very long after Mr. Hurlburt's assumption of the principalship that the bold proposition was

made to seek for university powers. These were granted in 1841,—only five years after the doors of the academy were opened. In that year, adopting the Royal Charter of 1836 as a preamble, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, by an Act passed 27th August, conferred these university powers, changed the name of the institution to Victoria College, made a money grant of £500, and extended the application of all former privileges, powers, and interests, to the institution under its new status.



THE FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING, COBOURG; OPENED 1836.

Victoria College thus had its origin. In the following October the College opened its doors, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson having been appointed the first President. As he was very much engaged with other work, however, the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt took charge for the first session, though Dr. Ryerson delivered an elaborate and able address at the opening meeting. Being relieved of his other work, he at once took full charge in 1842, and on June 21st of that year the formal opening under his management took place. On that occasion Dr. Ryerson delivered an address which stands as one of the earliest and most profound educational utterances of this country. The first faculty consisted of Dr. Ryerson, Principal, with the department of Moral Philosophy; Rev. J. Hurlburt, M.A., and Rev. D. C. Van Norman, M.A., professors, respectively, of the Natural Sciences and the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Wm. Kingston, M. A., who then began his thirty years' career as the accurate, thorough, and faithful professor in Mathematics;

while Rev. James Spencer, who was afterwards laureated in Arts, and held for years the distinguished position of editor of the *Guardian*, was teacher in the English department. The Board was composed of many of the well-known names in early Canadian Methodism, both clerical and lay,—men whose zeal and energy and limited means were unspared in their efforts to sustain this rising institution, and most of whom long since passed away. With them were associated, in the Senate and Board, by virtue of the public grant to the College, the President of the Executive Council, the Speakers of the Council and Assembly and the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Canada West.

It was but two or three years later that the call of the country came to Dr. Ryerson, and as Chief Superintendent of Education, he began his great life-work of establishing and maturing the public school system of our Province. Here we must take leave of him, as working in another field. His country, however enjoyed his services for nearly thirty years longer, and then erected his monument in enduring bronze on the site of his official labors, as a partial return for his enduring work, which is by far the greater monument of the two.

Dr. Ryerson's successor was Rev. Dr. Alexander McNab, who conducted the affairs of the college with varying success for four years. The attendance was good, and satisfactory work was accomplished. More than that, the country began to appreciate the importance of that work. The institution was writing its own history. Even in those early days of its career, men like Hon. Senator Brouse, Rev. Dr. Wm. Ormiston, Hon. Wm. Macdougall, C.B., Hon. Senator Aikins, Judge Springer, Dr. J. George Hodgins, Rev. Prof. Wright, Dr. Cameron, Hart A. Massey, James L. Biggar, and hundreds of others, had attended its classes, many of them being graduates, and were already making their marks as well-equipped men, in achieving the distinction which they afterwards enjoyed. And thus the country came to believe that many more were to come—as, indeed, they did come.

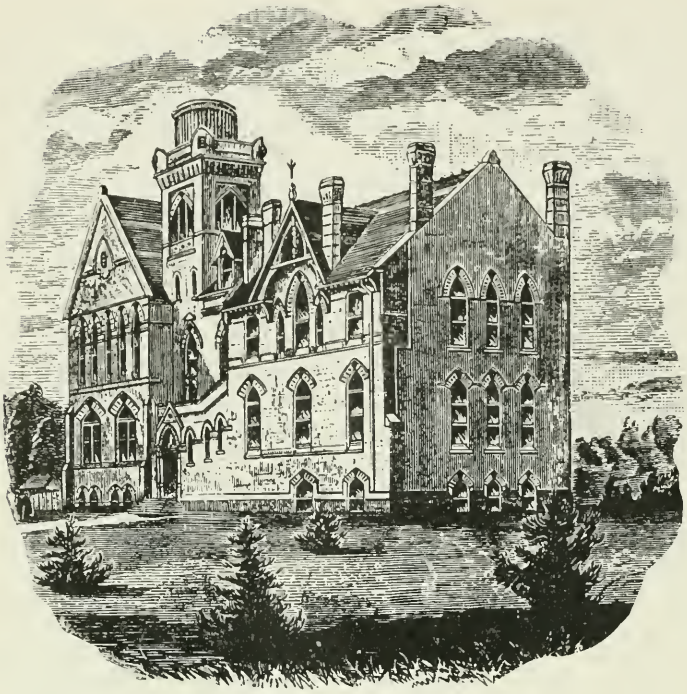
At the close of these four years, Dr. McNab resigned the office of President, and was followed by the man whose name is interwoven with the great history of Victoria College—whose guiding hand, whose unwearied patience, and whose prodigious energy and skill, directed its affairs through the struggles and triumphs of thirty-seven years, and whose memory is precious to hundreds of devoted sons of Victoria, who crowded the old Cobourg halls during the long period of his administration.

Rev. S. S. Nelles, M. A., (afterwards D.D., LL.D.,) was a young man in 1850, but one well-equipped for the work to which his church then called him. He had been a former student of Victoria, but had finally taken his degree in Arts at Middletown. On his assumption of office, Dr. Nelles at once set himself to the task of building up. Steps were taken to secure an endowment, the interest from which should supplement the provincial grant and the givings of the church. The curriculum in Arts was also extended and improved, and a more positive university character given to all the college operations. In this connection should be mentioned the acquisitions which, from time to time, were made to the teaching faculty. Professor Kingston continued his successful work in Mathematics: Prof. John Wilson, M.A., (afterwards LL.D.), a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was secured in the department of the Latin and Greek Languages, and certainly no accurate scholar or pains-taking teacher ever more firmly secured the confidence and esteem of his admiring students. Dr. John Beatty, of Cobourg, a son of one of the founders of the institution, was appointed Professor of the Natural Sciences, and a sharp,

energetic, well-informed and faithful teacher he was. Prof. Kingston went to his rest about ten years ago; but the latter two are still in life, and residents of the good old town. During the presidency of Dr. Nelles several other efficient professors were secured, and to these we may now refer. In 1856, Rev. Dr. Whitlock, before that of Genesee College, N.Y., took the chair of Science. This man was not only an enthusiastic scientist, but a profound philosopher, as well as an author in Higher Mathematics. Dr. Harris, who brought to Canada from a German university one of its earliest degrees of Ph.D., became professor in Modern Languages. He was an earnest and methodical teacher—characteristics which still distinguish him in a most important chair in Amherst College. One of his sons, born in the old College residence in Cobourg, is professor in another department in the same institution. Prof. A. R. Bain, who had pursued post-graduate work in Mathematics in Europe, succeeded Prof. Kingston in that chair, while Prof. A. H. Reynar, some years later, was appointed to a new chair of English Literature. These last-named two professors are still in the service of Victoria, and doing most efficient work —Dr. Bain in the chair of Ancient History, and Rev. Dr. Reynar as Dean of the Faculty of Arts and professor of English Literature.

Thus, under Dr. Nelles' guidance, was the College widening its work. In 1873, a new impetus was given to the Science department by the securement of Dr. Haanel (Breslau), who had, before his work in Germany, been connected with Albion College, Michigan. Here was a natural "born" scientist, a man who conjured with the secrets of nature, and who seemed to be impelled by a species of nervous storage-battery, fitted up for his special use, and moved by some impelling power of enthusiasm, which vied in constant friendly rivalry with his love for his subject. He was a genius, who made his own machines, and coaxed Nature to help him to show the men how to work them. No wonder, then, that in the twelve or fifteen years of his professorship, Victoria turned out so many thorough students, enthusiastic, like their teacher, in the cause of science. In this department, Dr. Haanel was ably assisted by Prof. A. P. Coleman, M.A., whose services were rendered necessary by the expanding character of the researches and the work. It was at this period that Faraday Hall, the new Science building of the university, was erected—its equipment being placed under the superintendence of Dr. Haanel. The two departments of Science and Mathematics were transferred to this building, and continued to occupy it till the removal in 1892. Dr. Haanel was afterwards called to Syracuse, N.Y., in the university at which city his services are engaged in a similar department, while Dr. Coleman (Breslau) is now Hon. professor of Natural History and Geology in Victoria, and professor of Metallurgy and Assaying in the School of Practical Science.

Dr. Nelles was himself a hard-working and successful teacher. His department was that of Mental Philosophy, with Logic, Ethics, and Evidences. He never failed to enlist the interest of the student in his work. In addition to his manifold duties at the head of the College, he was its general representative abroad. He took a leading part in the discussions of the "University Reform," "University Consolidation," "The U. C. College," the "Superior Education," and other vitally important educational questions, which agitated the country from thirty to forty years ago, and in which Victoria and Queen's stood shoulder to shoulder with a common cause. It was his, also, to bear the chief burden of anxiety as to finances, and to inaugurate a system for the removal of a pressing debt. This scheme was laid before the country by the late Rev. Dr. Aylsworth as its chief agent,



FARADY HALL, COBOURG; OPENED 1837.

who filled a similar office to that now so efficiently filled by Rev. Dr. Potts, as Secretary of Endowment, though he had a smaller and less liberal constituency. The withdrawal of the Government grant in 1868 was a most serious blow to Victoria,—her sister University of Queen's also suffering the same deprivation. But it did not dishearten President Nelles, or his thousands of friends in the Methodist Church. The late Rev. Dr. Punshon, who had taken up his residence in Canada, threw his energies into the scheme to raise an endowment. The result was that such endowment, the interest on which exceeded the amount of the old grant, was soon in possession of the Board. Some bequests were also made, among others being those of the late Edward Jackson and Dennis Moore, which together amounted to about $50,000. It was thus decided that Victoria should not die, but live.

Four years after the accession of Dr. Nelles, the Faculty of Medicine was founded; the first Dean being the late celebrated Hon. Dr. Rolph. In 1860, the Faculty of Law was established, — the first Dean in this department being the late Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C. After him, and while the department remained, the office was filled by William Kerr, Q.C., LL.D, of Cobourg, now Vice-Chancellor, and a newly-elected Bencher; and a more faithful friend or efficient helper Victoria College never had. In 1871 was established the Faculty of Theology, the Rev. Dr. N. Burwash, the present Chancellor of the university, being appointed the first Dean.

During the later years of Dr. Nelles' administration, in 1883, the General Conference decided upon the consolidation of Victoria College and Albert College, Belleville, the latter institution being the college of the late M. E. Church, which had become united with the general body. The new corporation then took the name of Victoria University; Dr. Nelles being Chancellor, and William Kerr, Q.C., LL.D., then and ever since elected by the graduates, Vice-Chancellor. Rev. Dr. Badgley, from Albert, at that time joined the professorial staff, taking the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, which he yet holds. Other professors who were added subsequently were Dr. A. J. Bell (Breslau), who succeeded Dr. Wilson in the chair

of Latin Language and Literature; Dr. L. E. Horning (Göttingen), who became professor in German and Old English; Rev. Dr. John Burwash, professor in Chemistry; Rev. Dr. F. Victoria: and with them more recently added—as I may as well now finish the list of the teaching staff—are Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, M A., professor in Oriental Languages and Literature;



CHANCELLOR BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

H. Wallace, professor of Biblical Greek; and John Petch, M.A., professor in the French Language and Literature. All of these men are still doing thorough and efficient work for and Messrs. A. L. Langford, M.A., W. Fick, Ph. D., J. C. Robertson, B.A., and M. Masson, lecturers in Greek, German and French.

I come now to record an event

which excited the affectionate sorrow of the great body of graduates and old students of Victoria, as well as of the church and the public, who had watched his long and brilliant career at the head of this institution,—the death of Rev. Chancellor Nelles. This occurred on the 17th of October, 1887, after a very short illness. Attacking a not too vigorous constitution, the insidious typhoid soon laid him low; and the prolific brain, the kindly heart, and the busy hand, lay still together.

His body rests in the beautiful cemetery at Cobourg, within a mile of the scene of his long and unwearied labors: and for all the rest, as to the cause of higher education in Canada, his works do follow him.

His successor, naturally and almost by hereditary selection, was the Rev. Dr. N. Burwash, the present Chancellor. For years, even before the establishment of the chair of Theology, Dr. Burwash had been associated with Dr. Nelles on the teaching staff; and there was no difficulty in finding a successor on the spot. The appointment was at once made by the Board of Regents; and the skill and devotion which Chancellor Burwash has brought to his work amply prove the wisdom of the choice. If I did not suspect that my space was running short, or that he might sometime scan these sentences, I would like to refer at greater length to this worthy and successful man, to whom, as sustaining a most important relationship to the cause of education in this his native country, history will be both generous and just. Suffice it to say that he is a most efficient educator as well as a most skilful administrator, and that he holds most firmly, because most deservedly, the affectionate regard of his students, and the warm consideration and esteem of his colleagues in both educational and ministerial life.

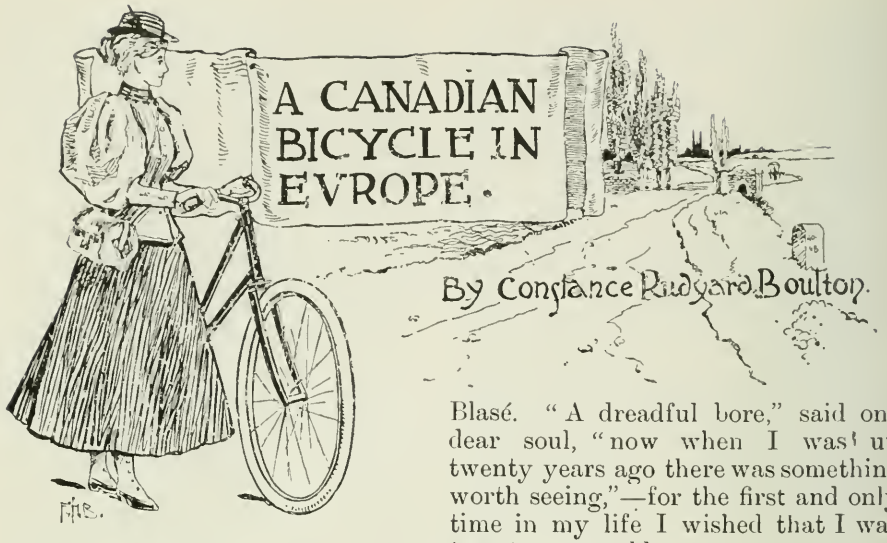
Of the question of Federation, which materially changed the character and work of Victoria University, I need not say much, because, being a modern movement, most of my readers know as much about it as myself. The question began to be agitated about the year 1883, both the late Chancellor Nelles and Dr. Burwash being very strong in its advocacy. Afterwards, chiefly by reason of the fact that Queen's and Trinity declined to enter the proposed federation, Dr. Nelles changed his views, and at the first carrying of the measure by General Conference in 1886 was one of its strongest opponents. On this important question, the Church and the great army of graduates and old students were keenly and veritably divided—those favoring the project holding that Victoria, having done a satisfactory work in its separate capacity, should fall in with the provincial system; while those opposed as zealously urged that the Methodist Church was able, and should continue, to possess its own independent University, which had been the instrument of such a wonderful educational work, and which had given its Church such an important position among the educational forces of the country. It was a seven years war, calculated, as the danger sometimes appeared, to "separate chief friends." But it did not do that, though it made manifest the possession of pretty keen powers of controversy by many of them.. And when the fight was all over and the project sustained, those who were opposed, after a sob or two, bowed as gracefully as possible to the will of the majority in Conference, and turned in to make the best of the new order of things. They would not have been men had they refused to do this, any more than they would have been men had they not valiantly stood for their convictions.

The result was the removal to Toronto. This involved the abandonment of the buildings where, for fifty-six years, this great work had been conducted, and which, though deserted, still hold up to passers-by, on the face of the original one, the time-honored

and victorious name of "Upper Canada Academy." The new college building in Queen's Park, Toronto, is one of the best for such a purpose on the continent. It was built with a special view to its work, and is a credit to the late architect, Mr. W. G. Storm, who died before its opening, as well as to the denomination which controls it. The property is entirely free from debt—the bequest of the late William Gooderham providing sufficient funds for its erection and equipment. Besides this fact there is an interest-bearing endowment of over a quarter of a million of dollars, to which may be added the amount expected to accrue to the institution in the administration of the will of the late H. A. Massey. In this building, Victoria is doing its special theological work for the Church, as well as teaching thoroughly the subjects allotted to federating Colleges under the statute. The balance of the course in Arts is secured from the Professoriate department of the University of Toronto, to which its students have full access. To the Senate of the University, also, Victoria and its graduates send their representatives, who have full privileges as delegates from one of the federating members. Those representing the graduates of Victoria at present are: Rev. Dr. Reynar, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, and the writer. Besides these, seats in the Senate are also occupied by several members of Victoria's Senate: Rev. Chancellor Burwash, *ex-officio;* Rev. Dr. Dewart, nominee of the Government of Ontario; Dr. Bain, representing the Senate of Victoria; Dr. James Mills, Principal of the Ontario School of Agriculture, who represents that institution; W. R. Riddell, M.A., LL.B., representing the graduates in Law of both Universities; and Dr. J. E. Graham, representing the graduates in Medicine.

Under the charter, several colleges are affiliated with Victoria University. These are, Albert College, Belleville, (Rev. Dr. Dyer); Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, (Rev. Dr. Burns); Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby (Rev. Dr. Hare); Alma College, St. Thomas (Rev. Dr. Austin), and Columbia Wesleyan College, New Westminster, B.C. (Rev. R. Whittington, M.A.)

During the period of its university powers, Victoria University graduated about six hundred men in the Faculty of Arts, of whom two hundred and thirty-two received the Master's Degree; in the Faculty of Medicine, nine hundred and sixty-three; in the Faculty of Law, it bestowed the degree of LL.B. on one hundred and twenty-five; and that of LL.D. on forty-one. These graduates are all admitted by the Federation Act to the same status and privileges in the University of Toronto. I intended to refer to a host of Victoria's graduates, who are a body of men—and ladies—of whom to speak in an article like this would be an honor to anybody. They fill most important positions in life in this and other lands, in Ministerial work, in Law, in Medicine, in Journalism, in the Teaching profession, and in the great world of business. On glancing over the list, with a view to such reference, however, I do not know whom to leave out; and I am not invited to write a catalogue. I will, therefore, close my remarks with this host of brothers last in my mind. I have tried to set forth the work as well as the history of Victoria; and if any one denies that such a work is a satisfactory illustration of what a denominational college may do for its country, I can only reply that what he and I have failed to apprehend as fact and history would fill a very large volume.



CHAPTER IV.

VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

"THERE'S nane so queer as folk," was an uncommonly wise remark of the canny Scot, and the more I see of life, the more I am convinced of its wisdom.

While insinuating nothing personal, I may suggest, *en passant*, that human nature is an absorbing study, in the cause of which you sometimes climb to giddy heights and come down with a run that is surprising, and sometimes descend into the depths which have a spice of excitement about them—the olives of existence; again, in pursuit of your favorite hobby, you may flounder into a quagmire of mediocrity, and struggle vainly in the midst, till uncertain whether you are not tarred with the same brush.

Vesuvius was on my mind. I had no heart for anything until the "doing" of Vesuvius was an accomplished fact. With eagerness and respect, I approached those who had been up, and promptly received a douche of cold water. "It is really not worth the trouble when you get there." "There is nothing to see," remarked Madam Blasé. "A dreadful bore," said one dear soul, "now when I was up twenty years ago there was something worth seeing,"—for the first and only time in my life I wished that I was twenty years older.

Appealing once more in hopes of some encouragement, I was told, "it was pretty enough." To hear the crater of Vesuvius—"the Evil Eye" of the Neapolitans, "the Fire of Jupiter" of the ancients, described as "pretty enough," was too much for my serenity. We began to be ashamed of our enthusiasm. Despite my contempt of Cook (who has a monopoly of the mountains), we investigated his prices, and, considering the nothing-to-see condition of Vesuvius, found them prohibitive, being twenty-five to thirty francs each: besides, my conservative spirit shrank from the thought of being shot up to the top of the venerable old fire-fiend in the prosaic fashion of a practical age.

We timidly proposed walking, and wilted under superior smiles. Elephantine jokes were launched at our expense, suggesting that we should ride up on our bicycles. These machines are becoming a positive nuisance, our identity is completely lost, and I begin to wonder which is me and which my bicycle; not an idea or a subject can be started that I do not find it eventually perched aloft on the spokes of my wheel and there revolve *ad infinitum*. It is like dogs, or

babies, or perhaps puts me more in mind of a brilliant society man who used to be filled with a commendable desire to entertain me. His conversation varied according to season. In summer he would remark blandly, "Are you playing tennis much this summer?"—and in the winter—"Are you going to play tennis much next summer?" Now the bicycle has come to provide the staple of conversation for "manly beauty and womanly strength"—in society newspaper parlance.

But to return to Vesuvius. We finally contented ourselves with joining a party of ten to walk to the lava beds, and, variety being the spice of life, instead of bicycles, we shared with several others the services of a couple of donkeys by names Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. To my mind riding a donkey is almost more exciting than one's first attempts on a wheel, and requires considerable knack as we then discovered. At constant and unexpected intervals Michael Angelo wanted to rest, and a series of "Ah"—whack, "Ah"—whack, resulted. At every "Ah"—whack, I very nearly sat down on the ground while Michael Angelo frisked his hind legs; then he rubbed me into the stone wall on one side, then on the other, and at last, finding myself poised on his head, I called to the donkey-man, "I have got to the end of this donkey, where is the next?"

On reaching the Lava, we left the donkeys, without regret, but speedily wished for them again, as we toiled painfully over fields of what looked like coke, twisted into every strange contortion, sometimes in form like the gruesome remains of a battle field or the charred ruins of a city heaped in a thousand fantastic shapes. Eight months before, part of this had been a luxuriant valley of vineyards. Two million tons of molten lava broke forth from the side of the mountain in June, 1895, and made a path for itself two thousand metres wide, destroying part of Cook's road, and entirely filling up the valley; it surrounded the hill upon which the observatory stands, where, for forty years, the brave old Professor Palmieri has



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

watched the slightest indications of the turbulent mountain with his wonderful instruments.

As we crossed the heated surface, with something of excitement and fear, the atmosphere grew hotter and hotter till the air was visibly pulsing in waves of intense heat, above the red hot substance; and then, having exhausted all the adjectives in our vocabulary according to age, sex and disposition, we cast our eyes upon the cone and crater rearing up directly before us.

Something of the spirit of "Excelsior" inspired three of the party, while I was carried along by the force of their fatiguing enthusiasm. One of us, an old gentleman, with unbecoming energy led the way, and was far up the precipitous slope before we had concluded to follow him, and had made a bargain with the guide.

Every moment, as we mounted, the view became more splendid. The sea stretched away directly from the base of the mountain, a vast sheet of silver light, to the ever receding horizon, with Capri and Ischia set in the midst like uncut jewels flashing their fires of purple. Inland the somewhat bare valley plain, was dotted with villages that crept towards the slopes of the sheltering Appenines, while here and there a tract of black desolation marked the way of a dead stream of lava. Below, seemingly almost at our feet, because of our immense height, the great city panted with its long grasping arms thrown out over vale and steep, softened into indistinctness beneath a filmy haze fed by the heat of a noonday sun.

An hour and a half of hard walking brought us to the summit, and, nearly suffocated and blinded by the sulphur fumes that enveloped us in thick smoke, we struggled forward to the edge of the crater, and here we paused —satisfied in spite of the opinions of superior judgment. It was enough for us that we were looking down into the depths of the earth, though our eyes blinked and the tears started with the pain. A sullen roar far down the smoking caldron warned us of the fires of the gods; rifts in the dense vapor showed for a moment the sheer rugged sides of the dreadful abyss and made us think of the hell of Virgil and Dante; while round about us hung a dread loneliness, wrapt in heavy, palpable silence, broken now and then by the evil mutterings of a malignant power.

It was impossible to stay long in that dense atmosphere, and the sun was dipping towards the trysting place of sea and sky, so we turned back with reluctance and yet relief, passing baby craters steaming out their little smokes, on the way.

Our downward career was a most astonishing performance, entirely upsetting all one's preconceived ideas of equilibrium and decorous behavior.

I believe absolutely in the superiority of man—but, perhaps, more especially when I see my way to making good use of him, so I clutched the guide in a vigorous embrace which I tightened as each moment I prepared to shoot headlong to the bottom. Down we plunged, keeping splendid pace, at a swinging, prancing gallop, each step about two yards long, as we sank up to our knees in ashes. With cloaks flying in the breeze and shouts of jerky laughter we fairly flew, and in ten minutes landed at the lower station, completely disorganized. From here, as the darkness grew apace, we could see a narrow ribbon of vivid red fire winding in and out through the blackness down the mountain side, marking the path of the lava stream across the wastes of a lost valley.

Now our real troubles began, in the face of which the scaling of the cone was nothing. Through the gloom of a moonless night, we groped our way down a steep path of loose lava and stones with edges like sharp knives; at every shrinking step harrowing groans rose to my lips, which brought the old gentleman to my rescue, and by the help of his lusty arm, I was

trundled home with all the gallantry of a youthful swain.

One of our party remarked (upon which it is needless for me to comment) that when Vesuvius and Pompeii were accomplished, the worst of Naples would be over. We decided to make the distance to Pompeii on our bicycles (being very fresh on those early days of our cycling career) in spite of friendly warnings. I have an admiration for the antique, at least it is one of my accomplishments since my latter day education began, and a ride over an old Roman road savoured of the romantic. Old Roman I believed it to be, an old Italian road at all events; old it certainly was whatever other titles it laid claim to, as our bones afterwards bore sorry witness; a most diabolical road if it was Roman, filled with holes that almost rival some block pavements with which I have an intimate acquaintance.

Our hats were knocked away and all our breath jerked out of our bodies till we were nearly dead. I had had preconceived ideas about Roman roads, but one more illusion was destroyed; I shall soon not have a rag of an illusion left with which to clothe my naked facts. It took us three hours to ride the distance, passing through dirty villages on the way, with the newly made maccheroni hanging out to dry, which no doubt would have appeared very odd and interesting, had we not been bumped out of all humor.

After lunch, during which we recovered our sense of appreciation, we wandered through that solemn, beautiful, silent city of the dead: through its desolate streets, in the courts, and temples, and private chambers of its men and women; talking in whispers gravely, feeling that the spirits of that departed life were hovering near; flitted in and out the tiny shops, which in our fancy we filled again with the bustle of a community whose luxuries probably surpassed anything we know of now.



THE DESOLATE STREETS OF POMPEII.

But I have no inclination to write of Pompeii here. That city above all others—partly perhaps because a master of romance has cast the glamour of his genuis over it—inspires one



SORRENTO.

with something of a sacred, thoughtful feeling and one cannot touch the subject lightly.

When we returned to the hotel where we had left our bicycles in the charge of a duly honoured waiter, I discovered my tire flat with the ground. The feelings of that moment can only be understood by a bicyclist. Fortunately the station was near at hand, and on payment of 75 centimes (15c.) carriage each for the wheels we returned to Naples comfortably, rather thankful to escape a second dose of our morning's jolting. On enquiries, hearing of a so-called good bicycle shop, I left my precious possession to its tender mercies; and when I went to pay the bill was smilingly told it was twenty francs (four dollars). Speechless a moment, I then flatly refused to pay. As that threat made no impression whatever, I was tempted to the use of emphatic words and appeal to their sympathies by telling them I was a humble votary of the pen, dependent on the favours of a capricious public: but, as a woman, having no right to feelings or expressive language, I perforce had to suppress both, and pay my money—less, however, five francs which the man generously conceded. I departed with serious thoughts of going home by the next steamer, and after the manner of newspaper men, of whose wily ways I know something, write my bicycle adventures in the cosy corner of my own sanctum sanctorum, instead of by the feeble flicker of a pension candle.

Since coming to Italy I have found my education has been sadly neglected on more points than one. Peg and I, with the proverbial love of shopping, were attacked one day with a vague craving to buy things, and settled upon a well known shop in the Chiaja as the scene of our operations. Though my soul loathes a bargain, having been warned to invariably give much less than we were asked, I promised not to be outdone by the sharp Italian, and with a bold front but inward misgivings, we wheeled ourselves into temptation.

Once inside the fine shop, and confronted by the fine man, our borrowed courage oozed out at our toes, though

his ostentatious interest in the bicycles and his pleasant manners somewhat reassured us. On hearing the price of certain articles, we felt blank. Peg and I looked at each other with meaning looks which said, "Go ahead"—"Go ahead yourself." We shuffled. I looked with deep interest at everything but the particular bone of contention, wondering secretly how I was ever going to offer the fellow a price. Suddenly I stood petrified—Peg was offering him fifteen francs less than he had asked. With secret admiration for Peg I awaited results. The man surveyed us silently for a moment, then a row of white teeth showed themselves, a sardonic grin played about his nostrils, and with the inevitable shrug and outward turn of the palm, came in simple but correct English,

"I cannot reply to you."

The blow was crushing, cold shivers ran up and down my back, and I longed to get out of the place quickly, while I decided in my heart Peg was the greatest stupid I had ever come across, to get us into such a hole. However, we looked as composed as may be in the embarrassing situation, and examined the various pretty things with fine indifference. A pause—then an insinuating voice was mildly offering to take five francs less than the original price. I rose to my feet like a giant refreshed for the fray. "Five francs!" with a contempt equal to his own—"not a soldi more than my offer." "Ah, Signorina," pathetically, "that it is impossible," and he came down two more francs. As he weakened I grew strong, and eventually we carried off our hard contested booty victoriously.

After that it was all plain sailing, and I began to realize how much I have been imposed upon all my life. When I return to my native land, and, possessed with the desire to go on a shopping jaunt, am told the price of such a thing is two dollars, instead of turning away with a sigh, I shall survey the gentlemanly clerk calmly and reply with a lofty air, "that is absurd, I will give you fifty cents," adding with a fascinating smile, "not a cent more." Tableau!



ROAD BETWEEN POSITANO AND AMALFI.

We related these exciting incidents on our return expecting much sympathy, but instead, with an annoying I-told-you-so air, received the answer that if we would persist in parading our bicycles on all occasions we must expect exorbitant demands, they being looked upon as a sign of wealth and importance. This was an unexpected view of the matter, and a new sensation, pride of possession, began to weigh upon me heavily.

Having tried our powers riding in various directions, we began to feel restless and to have an expanding ambition.

The new road from Sorrento to Amalfi, joining there the old road to Salerno, had been opened only a few months, having been twelve years in construction. After asking the advice of several who had driven over it, we were advised to beware of it. But we decided at all risks to attempt that ride, and be the pioneer bicyclists upon it.

Our hero of the Baiae expedition overhearing our plans announced in his charming, broken English, which was, nevertheless, decidedly to the point, "When you go to Amalfi, I go too." His tone was authoritative, but we did not resent it, since we concluded he had fallen a victim to our especial attractions, and graciously gave him permission to ride with us.

We went on to Sorrento for a few days, having arranged with the hero to meet there. But, alas for the plans of mice and men, that most wonderful sun of sunny Italy veiled his face at last and the Sirocco was upon us, which is made responsible for as many sins in Italy as the east wind in England. However, one day as I was poking about amongst the beauties of Sorrento, I descried in the distance a bicycle, and a man making frantic gestures. Our friend, for so he proved to be, declared the weather most propitious for our expedition, but I was adamant and he had to be content with a shorter ride towards Castellammare, returning disconsolate to Naples.

Because we had as yet seen nothing finer we found the ride between Sorrento and Castellammare lovely beyond compare. It was one of those mellow, neutral days when half tones and a subdued melancholy pervaded everywhere, hanging over the seaward view heavy with mist, and merging clouds and rocks and sea in an impressionist study of shaded greys. On the other hand, the heights rose in many a jagged peak and gloomy gorge, to which the villages clung in dots of dainty white, with blue grey streamers of filmy air curling above their red tiled roofs.

We talked with the big-eyed, roguish boys and quaint little maidens with skirts almost touching the ground, after the way of Italian children. They pursued a mild form of begging, with stiff little nosegays held tightly in dirty little fingers. We watched the girls weaving linen with quite an elaborate device in the way of a machine. All the babies were collected for our especial inspection, and I found that my only intelligible Italian words "*Molto bello*" worked wonders in this delicate situation.

At Meta we could not resist riding to the top of the ridge between the mountains, and looking down towards Amalfi, the route of our prospective ride.

Alternately walking and riding, depressed by the Sirocco, we slowly ascended the steep road, passing tempting groves of lemon and orange trees laden with the luscious golden fruit, the cheery peasants busy with the spring gardening, threading the vines from tree to tree and turning the ground for the early planting.

Having renewed our flagging spirits with wine at a wayside cottage which crowned the ridge, we jumped on our wheels, gave one touch to the pedals, put up our feet and started away homewards, on the maddest ride I ever had in my life. Down, down the moun-



"THE DESOLATION AND GRANDEUR OF NATURE."—BETWEEN SORRENTO AND POSITANO.

tain side we flew, our speed increasing every moment. Whiz, whirr, like three incarnate fiends, a hundred yards past the staring peasants before they realized what we were. Round the curves true and sure we sped, with our eyes sharp for coming obstacles and carts which drew cautiously to the side, at our bewildering appearance. Intoxicated by the sense of speed, we would not spoil the charm by touching the pedals, and having no brakes carried our lives in our hands. On, —on, the vineyards, trees and mountains chasing each other in a mad race, while the wind whistled about our ears. Peg, a little in front of me, made such a ludicrous picture sitting perkily at her ease, with feet tucked up under her skirt, and sleeves filled out like balloons, that I roused the dozing housedogs with my laughter. Away down the mountain the astonished natives saw us coming and rushed to the flat roofs of their houses to watch us scudding by. As I passed I waved my hand, which was the signal for a shout of delight. Still on—till I wished it would never stop—then a slight incline upwards at the turn to Castellammare and we slowed up gently to a standstill.

Four miles in ten minutes was a novel experience for lazy riders, and we jumped off to congratulate each other on our easily made record, and to exchange thrills.

A day or two later, the weather being a shade better, we decided to start on our much talked of ride to Amalfi and Vietri. At two o'clock we set off with valises of the very smallest possible description secured to the handles, and after an hour's hot walking arrived at the top of the ridge above Meta. At that moment the rain began to patter hard, and we hesitated an instant, when I clinched the matter by saying that if we turned back then I would never climb that hill a third time. Consequently we hurriedly buttoned our capes and descended the mountain on the side towards Amalfi through the mist and rain. The mountains were enveloped in a cloak of moving vapor piling up and up, with rents here and there showing the blackness behind. A vaporous mingling of sea and cloud and rain in a blue white mist, made a curious midday twilight that confused the eyes.



AMALFI.

In half an hour the storm seemed to abate, or we left it behind, for the weather began to

clear and the most exquisite effects surrounded us, till we forgot the shortening day and our five hours ride, continually dismounting to watch the wonderful scene. The mountains rose up precipitiously from the sea in great lowering headlands to enormous heights, folding back into deep black gorges which hardly ever felt the kiss of the sun, and only the weary moan of the sea forever.

Half way up the dizzy height we stood filled with the desolation and grandeur of nature,—silent, lonely, till we shivered, and the sharp click of a distant horse's hoof was a welcome relief. Brilliant shafts of sunlight shot out from clefts in masses of thunder cloud that hung about the crests, throwing a glory of color into the dark places, making the deep shadows take a denser gloom. Slowly, reluctantly, we descended the steep road, smooth, and perfect throughout, like the roads of a private park, rounding out on the edge of the sharp promontories, looking back for miles along the bold coast line to Capri and the Faraglioni rocks behind, while Amalfi and Salerno lay before us in the clear distance, with the snows of the Appenines in the background. Plunging far into the chill depths, where seemed no outlet for the road, then a sudden turn out again on the other side, with perhaps the remains of ancient castles, surely built by the genii of the mountain rather than human hands, embedded in the wall of the gorge, we passed tiny isolated fishing villages packed into the confined space below.

Rarely meeting anyone, down for miles, then up for miles, we increased our speed as we grew more weary and anxious watching the sun sink rapidly into the gloom of night.



SALERNO.

Past the town of Positano built up the side of the mountain and perched in the crannies of the gorges, with a picturesqueness too beautiful for description, and to the complete undoing of the soul of an artist.

Suddenly the sun went out. Faster we worked, flying through dark tunnels and beneath fearsome cliffs, every fleeting shadow a gnome, every jutting rock a bandit—it was creepy-

crawley work. "Peg," I said, breaking a long silence, "Do you realize we are in the South of Italy—on the Amalfi road—alone—in the dark?" Then we added after the fashion of childish days in the dim past, "What would they say at home? I don't think we better tell."

The twinkling lights of Amalfi at last, and then we collapsed with real nervous fatigue, which had been completely forgotten in the excitement and anxiety of our belated situation.

A morning spent in that most fair amongst the fairest of God's world places, and then we started once more on the road to Vietri and Salerno, with the same lovely scenes, each one seemingly more beautiful than the last, and a ride of two hours and a half brought us to the end of our journey over one of the four celebrated roads in the world.

At Salerno we took the train back to Naples, and the next day saw our bicycles (which, by the way, once passed those blessed customs, are transported throughout Italy safely and cheaply) and ourselves on board the train, feeling, as Rome the Educator loomed in the distance, that our holiday was over, and a feast of reason and a flow of soul awaited us in the company of dead men's bones.

(To be concluded in August.)

SUPER FLUMINA.

BESIDE these rivers, I may not forget
How good it was in other days to sing;
Although with bitter tears my eyes are wet,
And though I hear no song in anything.

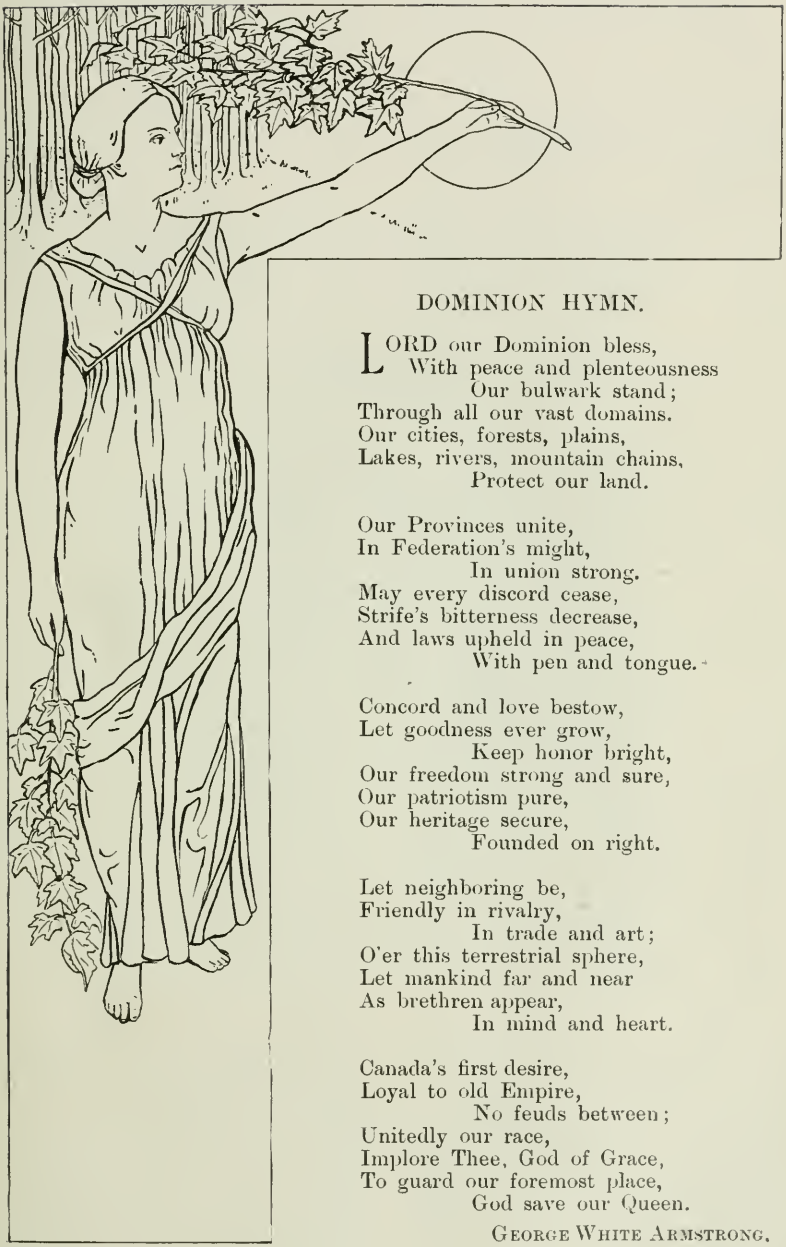
These willows still droop in the old, old way;
And, as of old, the heavy shadow lies
Across the water; and still the noon-sun's ray
Finds out the thistle-birds and dragon-flies.

The same long grasses and broad lily-leaves
Await the little yellow things that fall;
And still the untired spider lurks and weaves
His meshes where the hollow reeds are tall.

All things are all unchangd; yet should she come
And bid me sing my lady's songs to her,
God knows I know my lips were cold and dumb,
And from my parched throat no sound would stir.

I love her, yea,—but in the old, old days,
Beside these little rivers, my old love
Would sit and listen to my songs, and praise
—As only she might praise—the worth thereof.

Fredericton, N. B. FRANCIS SHERMAN.



DOMINION HYMN.

LORD our Dominion bless,
With peace and plenteousness
Our bulwark stand;
Through all our vast domains.
Our cities, forests, plains,
Lakes, rivers, mountain chains,
Protect our land.

Our Provinces unite,
In Federation's might,
In union strong.
May every discord cease,
Strife's bitterness decrease,
And laws upheld in peace,
With pen and tongue.

Concord and love bestow,
Let goodness ever grow,
Keep honor bright,
Our freedom strong and sure,
Our patriotism pure,
Our heritage secure,
Founded on right.

Let neighboring be,
Friendly in rivalry,
In trade and art;
O'er this terrestrial sphere,
Let mankind far and near
As brethren appear,
In mind and heart.

Canada's first desire,
Loyal to old Empire,
No feuds between;
Unitedly our race,
Implore Thee, God of Grace,
To guard our foremost place,
God save our Queen.

GEORGE WHITE ARMSTRONG.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF CONFEDERATION.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

A GENERATION has passed away from us during the march of the years since the tenth of October, 1864, when a company of thirty-three Canadian statesmen, constituting the Quebec Confederation Conference, laid the foundations of a new order of government which came into existence three years later.

We yearly celebrate that great constitutional event as our jubilee. The far-reaching effects of it are increasingly evident, and while the old generation of "The Fathers" who moulded it into being is fast slipping away, the new generation of their sons is coming into its heritage. True, twenty-nine years constitute but a brief period in the life of a nation or a people when reduced to history, but it has been sufficient to bring to completion a revolution in colonial government, and to consummate the colonial emancipation foreshadowed in the Report of Lord Durham. It has been long enough to cause Downing street to disappear save as a memory, long enough to impress the mother country with our existence as a federated family of provinces, and as a constituent part of the Greater Britain that has resulted from the expansion of the England of Elizabeth.

Confederation was in reality more than half-a-century in the making, if the year 1808 be chosen as the date when the idea was first mooted. In that year, Richard J. Uniacke in the Nova Scotian Legislature suggested the scheme of a union of the British provinces in North America. Every few years thereafter the proposal was in essence repeated: in 1814 by Chief Justice Sewell, of the Quebec Bench; in 1822 by John Beverly Robinson, then Attorney-General for Upper Canada; in 1835 by Robert Gourlay; in 1839 by Lord Durham, in his Report to the British Government. Again in 1854 the subject was brought up in the Nova Scotian Legislature, followed by a delegation to England three years later. Contemporary with this action, Hon. A. T. Galt made a speech on the subject in the Parliament of Canada. Another deputation crossed the ocean in 1857, and discussed the scheme with the then Colonial Secretary, Sir Bulwer Lytton.

Nova Scotia was also the first to take legislative action by unanimously passing in its session of 1861 a resolution in favor of a federal union. The parliament of the united provinces took similar action in 1864. These various steps were instrumental in developing the great project, as they led to a Maritime Conference in September of 1864 which in turn decided on the Quebec Conference, with enlarged scope and powers.

By process of evolution therefore the Quebec Confederation Conference of 1864 came into existence. Its sessions covered a period of seventeen days, producing 72 Resolutions. Thus gradually, and through many a progressive stage, was evolved, from the rock-city where the seeds of a north-continent nation were planted three centuries before, a federation that has permanently joined the provincial links into a Dominion chain.

The concluding steps were speedily taken: the debating and the passing of the Conference Resolutions in the Canadian Parliament by a vote of 91 to 33 during the session of 1865, and the ultimate decision of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to join Ontario and Quebec; in 1866 a Canadian delegation arranged details with the Im-

perial Government; on the 29th of March, 1867, the Union Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, and on the first of July, 1867, the Union was proclaimed throughout the quartette of provinces which formed the new Dominion of Canada. Thus the great change, dimly foreshadowed in 1808, became a fact.

Subsequent Acts of the new Dominion Parliament were passed creating Manitoba a province and admitting it into the union in 1870; British Columbia was given "the right hand of fellowship" in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1872. It only needs the incoming of Newfoundland to round out the scheme as originally planned.

It is fitting that we should not forget these Constitution-makers of thirty years ago. The Quebec Conference was composed of the following delegates:

From the Canadian Ministry:

Sir Etienne P. Tache, Premier.
Sir John A. Macdonald, Attorney General, west.
Sir George E. Cartier, Attorney General, east.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

Hon. William McDougall, Provincial Secretary.
Hon. George Brown, President of the Council.
Sir A. T. Galt, Finance Minister.
Hon. Alexander Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands.
Sir Oliver Mowat, Postmaster General.
Hon. J. Cockburn, Solicitor General, west.

Sir H. L. Langevin, Solicitor General, east.
Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, Minister of Agriculture.
Hon. J. C. Chapais, Commissioner of Public Works.

From New Brunswick:

Hon. S. L. Tilley.
Hon. J. M. Johnston.
Hon. Peter Mitchell.
Hon. C. Fisher.
Hon. E. B. Chandler.
Hon. W. H. Steeves.
Hon. J. H. Gray.

From Nova Scotia:

Sir Charles Tupper.
Hon. W. A. Henry.
Hon. R. B. Dickey.
Hon. Jonathan McCully.
Hon. A. G. Archibald.

From Prince Edward Island:

Hon. Col. Gray.
Hon. Edward Palmer.
Hon. W. H. Pope.
Hon. G. Coles.
Hon. T. H. Haviland.
Hon. E. Whelan.
Hon. A. A. Macdonald

From Newfoundland:

Hon. F. B. S. Carter and
Hon. Ambrose Shea.

Of the thirty-three who formed the Conference, only ten are living, viz.: Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. William McDougall, Sir H. L. Langevin, Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Hon. Senator Dickey, Hon. Senator Macdonald, Sir Ambrose Shea and Hon. T. H. Haviland.

The writer was recently favored by Sir Oliver Mowat with some reminiscences of the Confederation Conference. He characterized the meeting as being of impressive interest to those who formed the Conference. While of course there were numerous debates, there was an absence of oratory in the nature of set speeches, and an absence as well of anything approaching acrimony or sectional ill-feeling. Each delegate seemed to be impressed with the idea that Confederation would be a good and wise move and that it was desirable to find terms upon which all might agree. The difficulties in the path were attacked, debated and met in a business-like way, much as a board of directors would sit at a table to deal with the affairs of a monetary or business establishment. Earnestness and thoughtfulness marked the attitude of all.

Acting on the suggestion of some of the delegates from the Maritime Provinces, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier first spoke on the broad question of the advantages that would flow from the proposed federation. Their remarks were substantially agreed to as a basis on which to work. As details were debated and conclusions arrived at, a sub-committee, composed of Sir Oliver Mowat and Lieut.-Col. Bernard, the Secretary of the Conference, drafted the exact wording. No report of the proceedings of the Conference, beyond the 72 Resolutions, appeared until recently when Mr. Joseph Pope published his valuable book, "Confederation Documents." The question of an elective or nominative Senate gave rise to a more prolonged discussion than any one branch of the subject; but no formal vote was necessary, the concensus of opinion ultimately favoring the nominative method. Although Newfoundland did not enter the league, her two representatives took a full share in the discussions and rendered as effective service as their confreres.

The British North America Act, thus drafted by "the men of '67," has given many and widely different impulses to Canada; it has given, primarily, such an impulse as comes from a fresh start, an advanced step, a new resolve based on a new unity. But it has done more than this: of recent years the old folks at home in Britain have awakened to the existence of their Canadian children, and as a re-

sult a better and certainly a more intelligent understanding has arisen. The Venezuelan incident did good service in this respect, drawing attention to our affairs and our fighting possibilities in a most direct way. We are no longer a mere colony, but "a realm within a realm," and a honored member of Victoria's Empire.

In fact Canada's progress has been so rapid that it is remarkable. Yet progress along national lines is always so gradual and is so intangible that only those who observe closely and think deeply are able to estimate it at its true value. As a young man scarce notices the growth of his own knowledge and ability, so a nation's advances along material and social lines are but slightly noticed by the great majority of those who are the active factors in its existence.

It is sometimes most difficult to secure data from which to draw just and proper deductions as to the advance or retrogression made, and no instrument has been invented to measure the potentialities or guage the possibilities of a nation. But the degree of progress achieved on material lines, since the celebration of the first Dominion Day, can be more accurately ascertained than the development on social or educational lines. A few totals, therefore, are given as to our trade, our railways, our marine interests, our financial strength, and our commercial standing.

With regard to trade we find :

The total exports in 1868 amounted to $ 57,567,888

The total imports in 1868 amounted to 73,459,644

or a total volume of trade of $131,027,532

The total exports in 1895 were $113,638,803

The total imports in 1895 were 110,781,682



SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

or a total volume of trade of $224,420,485

The 2,557 miles of railway at Confederation have increased to 15,620. Railway freight has increased by 17 millions tons, and passenger traffic by 8 millions in twenty years. Railway earnings have jumped from 20 millions in 1875 to over 50 millions in 1893

The registered tonnage of the Dominion ranks fifth in the list of countries, having a gross tonnage of 1,054,214 and a fleet of 7,000 vessels of all sizes. 64 million dollars have been expended on 72 miles of artificial waterways. Four graving docks have been erected, with a capacity ranging from 280 feet to 585 feet. The 425 lighthouses and light stations in 1868 have more than trebled, now numbering 1368. The post-offices have increased from 2,333 in 1867 to 8,832 in 1895 with a corresponding increase in the volume of mail matter carried. The post-office savings banks numbered 81 in 1868, and 731 in 1895.

The savings deposits in all institutions in 1878 amounted to 87 millions, which had grown to 242 millions in 1894. The bank note circulation in 1879 was $19,985,600; in 1895, $28,817,000. Public deposits have run up to $193,754,000. Fire insurance from 188 millions in 1868 to 821 millions in 1892.



HON. WM. McDOUGALL.*

The fisheries yield 20 millions annually—five times greater than at Confederation. Nine millions are invested therein and 70,000 men are employed. Our cheese exports have gone up from 24 million pounds in 1874 to 155 million pounds in 1894. Figures such as these might be multi-



SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

plied to prove that no small degree of progress has been made in the 29 years since Confederation.

The population has not increased as rapidly as one could wish. In 1871 it was 3,635,024. In 1881 it was 4,324,810. In 1891 it was 4,833,239, 86 per cent. being Canadian born.

Our educational advance is shown in the following figures. By the last census 70 per cent. of all the people, of all ages, can read, and 80 per cent. of all adults can write; there are over 17,000 public, high and other schools in Canada, with a million pupils, in addition to 54 universities and colleges with an enrolment of nearly 11,000 students.

Great events have taken place during this pregnant and resultive period of the nineteenth century: the application of invention and science to industry; the establishing of cable communication between Asia, Europe and America; the building of the Suez and

*This and the following pen and ink sketches are made from Harris' picture "The Fathers of Confederation," representing the members as they appeared in 1864.

other great canals, including our new Sault waterway; the gradual displacement of sailing by steam vessels; the invention and use of the telephone system; the making of Bessemer steel since 1862, America and Europe now producing 84 millions sterling per year in value; the utilization of natural gas, representing 15 million dollars worth of coal. New portions of the Dominion have been opened up by the surveyor and explorer; new boundaries have been and are being laid down; a new Ontario has been born on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue and the banks of the Rainy River; new sources of mining wealth have been discovered in the gold of the Lake of the Woods, in the coal beds of the Foothills, and in the minerals of the British Columbian valleys.



SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

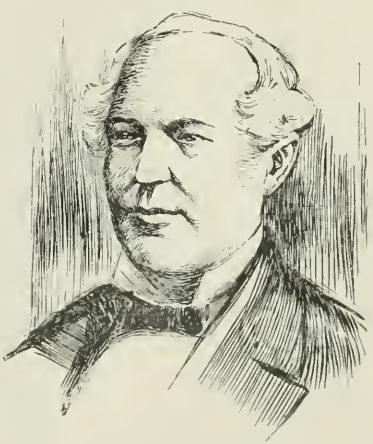
Yet in order to gain a fair estimate of what Confederation has accomplished, it is not enough to compare 1867 with 1896, but to recall the conditions that existed prior to 1867. The country had reached a critical stage—the stage of deadlock, in fact, with a practical paralysis of party government, and a consequent stagnation of the work a government is expected to do. Ontario and Quebec were at loggerheads, while the other provinces were in reality separated in interest and relationship.

George Brown expressed it in his great speech on the Confederation Resolutions:—"The struggle of half a lifetime for constitutional reform—the agitations in the country, and the fierce contests in the chamber—the strife, and the discord and the abuse of many years, are all compensated by the great scheme of reform which is now in your hands," and he concluded with a prediction and a prophecy: "It may be that some among us will live to see the day when, as a result of this measure, a great and powerful people may have grown up in these lands—when the boundless forests shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns—and when one united government, under the British flag, shall extend from shore to shore."

No one will claim that all the prophecies of "the men of '67" have been



HON. PETER MITCHELL.



HON. A. A. MACDONALD.

Canada:

E. P. Taché — A. W. Chapais

Wm. Alexander Mackenzie — Thos. D'Arcy McGee

Geo. E. Cartier — Chas. S. Langevin

Geo. Brown — Wm. McDougall

S. L. Tilley — Jas. Cockburn

A. Campbell — Oliver Mowat

Nova Scotia.

Charles Tupper — Adams G. Archibald

W. A. Henry — R. B. Dickey

J. McCully

New Brunswick.

S. L. Tilley — J. Hamilton Gray

P. Mitchell — E. B. Chandler

Chas. Fisher — W. H. Johnson

W. H. Steeves

Prince Edward Island

W. Wilkins Gray — A. A. Macdonald

George Coles — Edward Whelan

J. Hyndman — W. H. Pope

Edw. Palmer

Newfoundland.

F. B. T. Carter

Signatures of The "Fathers of Confederation.—From J. G. Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed."

fulfilled; no one will claim that the superstructure has risen to its full majesty on the foundation of the seventy-two Resolutions; no one will affirm that the structure is flawless, or absolutely free from a possible undermining. Nor, on the other hand, will the pessimist declare that fair progress has not been made, and that there is no basis for future faith. Statesmen cannot hurry history; it requires, indeed, faith, courage and time, and the greatest of these is faith!

It is not the object of this brief paper to dwell on the perils and dangers that confront us, or to attempt a diagnosis of our national condition both for good and ill, but the remark may be pertinent that every wave of race or religious prejudice that sweeps over the land, sets back the hour when the unity aimed at by the Fathers of Confederation should be accomplished, and sows a crop of ills that will have to be reaped before real progress is made. The blood of four races form the Canadian of to-day — English, Scotch, Irish and French—and aught that is done to prevent the process of amalgamation is treason to the state. It may be well, too, that our public debt should not develop in the same ratio in the future as in the past.

The late Professor Seeley, in his lectures on the Expansion of England, points out that federations may be held together by ties of kindred, or by a sense of common interest, apart from any other relationship, as in the case of Austria and Hungary, and the German, French and Italian cantons of the Swiss Confederation. In our Dominion there is, in large measure, both ties; the one mother-nation, uniting at least the three million of the English-speaking population, and the tie of a common, national interest tending to unify those who own Britain as their national mother, or those who love France for its traditions, its language and its people.

Looking to the future, we have five territories in the making for new provinces, when the federated family will have twelve members instead of seven, and when there will be no breaks in this national chain from the surf-smoothed rocks of little Prince Edward Island to the Pacific-bathed shores of British Columbia.

Gazing still further into the years that are to be, our four territorial infants must be considered; four great areas of northern territory already christened as Ungava, Franklin, Mackenzie and Yukon; Ungava including all the district between Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean, with the exception of Labrador; Franklin, covering the group of islands north of Hudson Straits, lying between the 60th and 125th degree of west longitude; Mackenzie, taking in the heart of our vast north-land, and Yukon, the land to the west of the Mackenzie River and north of British Columbia. One hardly dares to dream of what the centuries will reveal in these mighty expanses of territory—these dominions within a dominion; what multitudes of human beings, with what varied interests, commercial enterprises and developments, may find habitation therein. One hesitates even more to picture the potentialities of the Canada of 1996—the Dominion of the twentieth century.

The wish and prayer of every true lover of the Dominion is that

> "In the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
> The worthy heir of British power and British liberty."

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE GLOAMING.

AUGUST is our summer time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree with the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they all were engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk, but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavour of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever afterward described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he though more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drum-

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tochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eternal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates, because of the mean way they spoke of marriage, and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "the Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of Pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace



MOTHER CHURCH CAST HER SPELL OVER HIS IMAGINATION.

and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant,

and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and greyness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the Pharisaism of his church, against the Philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scottish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes, and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied, and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of Bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for *Ferrier's Journal*, that kindliest of all journals to the young author, which he would receive back in a week "with thanks." The Sunday night came, and Carmichael sat down to write his weekly letter to his mother—she got notes between, he found them all in her drawers, not a scrap missing—and as he wrote, his prejudices, and petulances, and fancies, and unrest, passed away. Before he had told her all that had happened to him during the week—touching gently on the poor Revivalist—although his mother had a saving sense of humor, and was a quite wonderful mimic—and saying nothing of his evening with St. Francis de Sales—for this would have alarmed her at once—he knew perfectly well that he would be neither a Roman nor a reporter, but a Free Kirk minister, and was not utterly cast down; for notwithstanding the yeasty commotion of youth and its censoriousness, he had a shrewd idea that a man is likely to do his life work best in the tradition of his faith and blood. Next morning his heart warmed as he went through the college gates, and he would have defended Knox unto the death as the maker of Scotland. His fellow-students seemed now a very honest set of men, as indeed they were, although a trifle limited in horizon, and he hoped that one of the "fruits" was satisfied with his Sunday work, which shows that as often as a man of twenty-one gets out of touch with reality, he ought straightway to sit down and write to his mother. Carmichael indeed told me one evening at the Cottage that he never had any mystical call to the ministry, but had only entered the Divinity Hall instead of going to Oxford because his mother had this for her heart's desire, and he loved her. As a layman, it perhaps did not become me to judge mysteries, but I dared to say that any man might well be guided by his mother in religion, and that the closer he kept to her memory the better he would do his work. After which both of us smoked

furiously, and Carmichael, two minutes later, was moved to remark that some Turkish I had then was enough to lure a man up Glen Urtach in the month of December.

The young minister was stirred on the way to Kilbogie, and began to dream dreams in the twilight. Love had come suddenly to him, and after an unexpected fashion. Miss Carnegie was of another rank and another faith, nor was she even his ideal woman, neither conspicuously spiritual nor gentle, but frank, outspoken, fearless, self-willed. He could also see that she had been spoiled by her father and his friends, who had given her *carte blanche* to say and do what she pleased. Very likely—he could admit that even in the first blush of his emotion—she might be passionate and prejudiced on occasion, even a fierce hater. This he had imagined in the Tochty woods, and was not afraid, for her imperfections seemed to him a provocation and an attraction. They were the defects of her qualities—of her courage, candor, generosity, affection. Carmichael leant upon a stile, and recalled the carriage of her head, the quick flash of her eye, the tap of her foot, the fascination of her manner. She was free from the affectatations, gaucheries, commonplaces, wearinesses of many good women he had known. St. Theresa had been the woman enshrined in the tabernacle of his heart, but life might have been a trifle tiresome if a man were married to a saint. The saints have no humor, and do not relax. Life with a woman like Miss Carnegie would be effervescent and stimulating, full of surprises and piquancy. No, she was not a saint, but he felt by an instinct she was pure, loyal, reverent, and true at the core. She was a gallant lass, and . . . he loved her.

What an absurdity was this reverie, and Carmichael laughed aloud at himself. Twice he had met Miss Carnegie —on one occasion she had found him watering strange dogs out of his hat, and on the other he had given her to understand that women were little removed from fools. He had made the worst of himself, and this young woman who had lived with smart people must have laughed at him. Very likely she had made him into a story, for as a raconteur himself he knew the temptation to work up raw material, or perhaps Miss Carnegie had forgotten long ago that he had called. Suppose that he should call to-morrow on his way home and say, "General Carnegie, I think it right to tell you that I admire your daughter very much, and should like your permission to pay my addresses. I am Free Church minister in Drumtochty, and my stipend is £200 a year" . . . his laugh this time was rather bitter. The Carnegies would be at once admitted into the county set, and he would only meet them at a time . . . Lord Hay was a handsome and pleasant young fellow. He would be at Glen Urtach House for the shooting in a few days . . . that was a likely thing to happen . . . the families were great friends . . . there would be great festivities in the Glen . . . perhaps he would be asked to propose the bride's health. . . . It really seemed a providence that Saunderson should come along the road when he was playing the fool like a puling boy, for if any man could give a douche to love-sickness, it was the minister of Kilbogie.

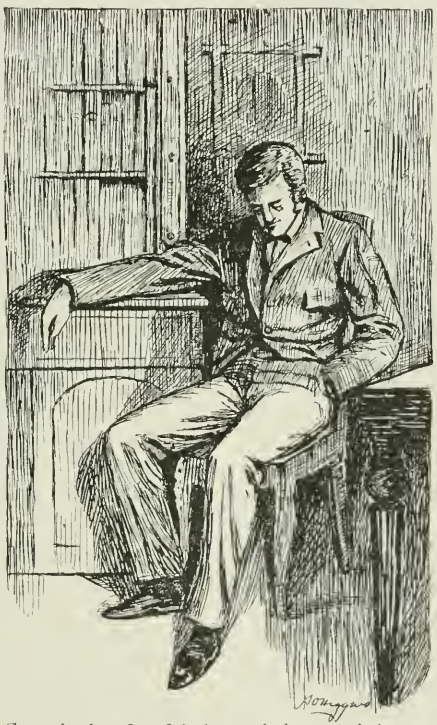
Carmichael was standing in the shadow as Saunderson came along the road, and the faint light was a perfect atmosphere for the dear old bookman. Standing at his full height he might have been six feet, but with much poring over books and meditation he had descended some three inches. His hair was long, not because he made any conscious claim to genius, but because he forgot to get it cut, and with his flowing, untrimmed beard, was now quite grey. Within his clothes he was the merest skeleton, being so thin that his shoulder blades stood out in sharp outline, and

his hands were almost transparent. The redeeming feature in Saunderson was his eyes, which were large and eloquent, of a trustful, wistful hazel, the beautiful eyes of a dumb animal. Whether he was expounding doctrines of an incredible disbelief in humanity or exalting, in rare moments, the riches of a divine love in which he did not expect to share, or humbly beseeching his brethren to give him information on some point in scholarship no one knew anything about except himself, or stroking the hair of some little child sitting upon his knee, those eyes were very simple, honest, and most pathetic. Young ministers coming to the Presbytery full of self conceit and new views were arrested by their light shining through the glasses, and came in a year or two to have a profound regard for Saunderson, curiously compounded of amusement at his ways, which for strangeness were quite beyond imagination, admiration for his knowledge, which was amazing for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, respect for his honesty, which feared no conclusion, however repellant to flesh and blood, but chiefly of love for the unaffected and shining goodness of a man in whose virgin soul neither self nor this world had any part. For years the youngsters of the Presbytery knew not how to address the minister of Kilbogie, since any one who had dared to call him Saunderson, as they said "Carmichael" and even "MacWheep," though he was elderly, would have been deposed, without delay, from the ministry—so much reverence at least was in the lads—and "Mister" attached to this personality would be like the silk hat on the head of an eastern sage. Jenkins of Pitrodie always considered that he was inspired when he one day called Saunderson "Rabbi," and unto the day of his death Kilbogie was so called. He made protest against the title as being forbidden in the Gospels, but the lads insisted that it must be understood in the sense of scholar, whereupon Saunderson disowned it on the ground of his slender attainments. The lads saw the force of this objection, and admitted that the honourable word belonged by rights to MacWheep, but it was their fancy to assign it to Saunderson —whereat Saunderson yielded, only exacting a pledge that he should never be so called in public, lest all concerned be condemned for foolishness. When it was announced that the University of Edinburgh had resolved to confer the degree of D.D. on him for his distinguished learning and great services to theological scholarship, Saunderson, who was delighted when Dowbiggin of Muirtown got the honour for being an ecclesiastic, would have refused it for himself had not his boys gone out in a body and compelled him to accept. They also purchased a Doctor's gown and hood, and invested him with them in the name of Kilbogie two days before the capping. One of them saw that he was duly brought to the Tolbooth Kirk, where the capping ceremonial in those days took place. Another sent a list of Saunderson's articles to British and foreign theological and philological reviews, which filled half a column of the *Caledonian*, and drew forth a complimentary article from that exceedingly able and caustic paper, whose editor lost all his hair through sympathetic emotion the morning of the Disruption, and ever afterward pointed out the fault of the Free Kirk with much frankness. The fame of Rabbi Saunderson was so spread abroad that a great cheer went up as he came in with the other Doctors elect, in which he cordially joined, considering it to be intended for his neighbor, a successful West-end clergyman, the author of a *Life of Dorcas* and other pleasing booklets. For some time after his boys said "Doctor" in every third sentence, and then grew weary of a too common title, and fell back on Rabbi, by which he was known unto the day of his death, and which is engraved on his tombstone.

The Rabbi was tasting some morsel of literature as he came along, and halted opposite Carmichael, whom he did not see in the shadow, that he might enjoy it aloud.

"That is French verse, Rabbi, I think, but it sounds archaic; is it from a Huguenot poet?"

"Assuredly," replied the Rabbi, not one whit astonished that a man should come out from a hedge on Kilbogie road and recognize his quotation; "and as you suggest, a piece which I have good evidence Queen Mary used to read. It is you, John Carmichael." The Rabbi awoke from the past, and held Carmichael's hand in both of his. "This was very mindful. You were going home from Pitscourie and turned aside to visit me.



"Snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair."

"It is unfortunate that I am hastening to a farm called the Mains, on the border of Pitscourie parish, to expound the Word; but you will go on to the Manse and straightly charge Barbara to give you food, and I will hasten to return." And the Rabbi looked forward to the night with great satisfaction.

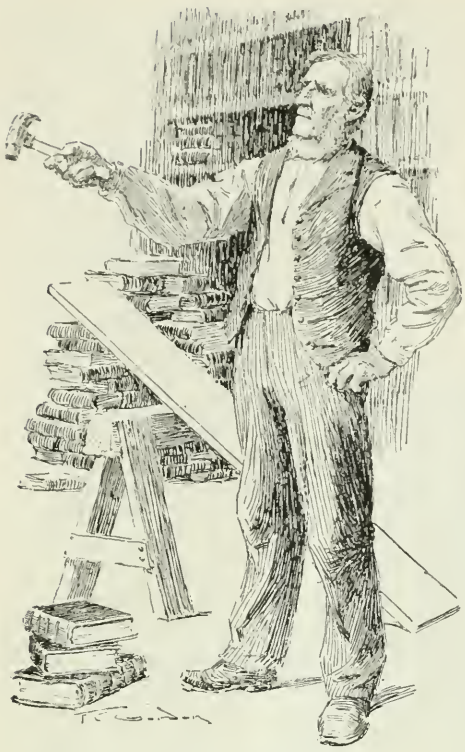
"No, I am not coming from Pitscourie, and you are not going there, as far as one can see. Why, you are on your way to Tochty woods; you are going west instead of east; Rabbi, tell the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This was a searching question, and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started, and stand in a row on the road to block his progress. Then there would be a parley, which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their way—often looking back to see that he was safe, and somehow loving him all the more for his strange ways. So much indeed was the Rabbi beloved that a Pitscourie laddie, who described Saunderson freely as a "daftie" to Main's grandson, did not see clearly for a week, and never recovered his lost front tooth.

"That," remarked young Mains, "'ill learn Pitscourie tae set up impidence aboot the minister."

"There is no doubt that I snuffed—it was at Claypots steading—but there was no wind that I should turn. This is very remarkable, John, and . . . disconcerting.

"These humiliations are doubtless a lesson," resumed the Rabbi as they hurried to Mains, "and a rebuke. Snuffing is in no sense a necessity, and I have long recognized that the habit requires to be restricted—very carefully restricted. For some time I have had fixed times—once in the forenoon, once in the afternoon, and again



"Ye 'ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there."

in the evening. Had I restrained myself till my work was over and I had returned home, this misadventure would not have occurred, whereby I have been hindered and the people will have been kept waiting for their spiritual food.

"It is exactly thirty years to-night since I began this meeting in Mains," the Rabbi explained to Carmichael, "and I have had great pleasure in it and some profit. My subject has been the Epistle to the Romans, and by the goodness of God we are approaching the last chapters. The salutations will take about a year or so; Rufus, chosen in the Lord, will need careful treatment; and then I thought, if I were spared, of giving another year to a brief review of the leading points of doctrine; eh?"

Carmichael indicated that the family at Mains would almost expect something of the sort, and enquired whether there might not be a few passages requiring seperate treatment at fuller length than was possible in this hurried commentary.

"Quite so, John, quite so; no one is more bitterly conscious of the defects of this exposition than myself—meagre and superficial to a degree, both in the patristic references and the experimental application; but we are frail creatures, John, and it is doubtful whether the exposition of any book should extend over a generation. It has always caused me regret that Mains—I mean the father of the present tenant—departed before we had come to the comfort of the eighth chapter."

The Rabbi's mind was much affected by this thought, and twice in the kitchen his eye wandered to the chair where his friend had sat, with his wife beside him. From Priscilla and Aquila he was led into the question of hospitality, on which he spoke afterward till they came to the Manse, where he stationed Carmichael on the doorstep till he secured a light.

"There is a parcel of books on the floor, partially opened, and the way of passing is narrow and somewhat dangerous in the darkness."

CHAPTER XII.

KILBOGIE MANSE.

MINISTERS there were in the great strath so orderly that they kept their sealing wax in one drawer and their string in another, while their sermons were arranged under the books of the Bible, and tied with green silk. Dr. Dowbiggin, though a dull man and of a heavy carriage, could find in an instant the original draft of a motion on instrumental music he made in the Presbytery of Muirtown in the year '59, and could also give the exact page in the blue-books for every word he had uttered in the famous case when he showed that the use of a harmonium to train MacWheep's choir was a return to the bondage of Old Testament

worship. His collection of pamphlets was supposed to be unique, and were a terror to controversialists, no man knowing when a rash utterance on the bottomless mystery of "spiritual independence" might not be produced from the Doctor's coat-tail pocket. He retired to rest at 10.15, and rose at six, settling the subject of his next sermon on Sabbath evening, and finishing the first head before breakfast on Monday morning. He had three hats—one for funerals, one for marriages, one for ordinary occasions—and has returned from the Presbytery door to brush his coat. Morning prayers in Dr. Dowbiggin's house were at 8.05, and the wrath of the Doctor was so dangerous that one probationer staying at the manse, and not quite independent of influence, did not venture to undress, but snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair, lest he should not be in at the psalm. Young ministers of untidy habits regarded Dr. Dowbiggin's study with despair, and did not recover their spirits till they were out of Muirtown. Once only did this eminent man visit the manse of Kilbogie, and in favourable moments after dinner he would give his choicer experiences.

"It is my invariable custom to examine my bed to see that everything is in order, and anyone sleeping in Kilbogie Manse will find the good of such a precaution. I trust that I am not a luxurious person—it would ill become one who came out in '43—but I have certainly become accustomed to the use of sheets. When I saw there were none on the bed, I declined to sleep without them, and I indicated my mind very distinctly on the condition of the manse.

"Would you believe it!" the Doctor used to go on. "Saunderson explained, as if it were a usual occurrence, that he had given away all the spare linen in his house to a girl that had to marry in . . . urgent circumstances, and had forgotten to get more. And what do you think did he offer as a substitute for sheets?" No one could even imagine what might not occur to the mind of Saunderson.

"Towels, as I am an honorable man: a collection of towels, as he put it, 'skilfully attached together, might make a pleasant covering.' That is the first and last time I ever slept in the Free Church Manse of Kilbogie. As regards Saunderson's study, I will guarantee that the like of it cannot be found within Scotland," and at the very thought of it that exact and methodical ecclesiastic realised the limitations of language.

His boys boasted of the Rabbi's study as something that touched genius in its magnificent disorderliness, and Carmichael was so proud of it that he took me to see it as to a shrine. One whiff of its atomsphere as you entered the door gave an appetite and raised the highest expectations. For any book-man can estimate a library by scent—if an expert he could even write out a catalogue of the books and sketch the appearance of the owner. Heavy odour of polished mahogany, Brussels carpets, damask curtains and tablecloths; then the books are kept within glass, consist of sets of standard works in half calf, and the owner will give you their cost wholesale to a farthing. Faint fragrance of delicate flowers, and Russia leather, with a hint of cigarettes; prepare yourself for a marvellovs wall paper, etchings, bits of oak, limited editions, and a man in a velvet coat. Smell of paste and cloth binding and general newness means yesterday's books and a man racing through novels with a paper knife. Those are only book-rooms by courtesy, and never can satisfy any one who has breathed the sacred air. It is a rich and strong spirit, not only filling the room, but pouring out from the door and possessing the hall, redeeming an opposite dining-room from grossness, and a more distant drawing-room from frivolity, and even lending a goodly flavor to bedrooms on upper floors, It is distilled from curious old duodecimos



A TALL, BONY, FORBIDDING WOMAN.

packed on high shelves out of sight, and blows over folios, with large clasps, that once stood in monastery libraries, and gathers a subtle sweetness from parchments that were illuminated in ancient scriptoriums, that are now grass grown, and is fortified with good old musty calf. The wind was from the right quarter on the first day I visited Kilbogie Manse, and as we went up the garden walk the Rabbi's library already bade us welcome, and assured us of our reward for a ten miles' walk.

Saunderson was perfectly helpless in manner of mechanics—he could not drive a tack through anything except his own fingers, and had given up shaving at the suggestion of his elders—and yet he boasted, with truth, that he had got three times as many books into the study as his predecessor possessed in all his house. For Saunderson had shelved the walls from the floor to the ceiling, into every corner and over the doors, and above the windows, as well as below them. The wright had wished to leave the space clear above the mantelpiece.

"Ye 'ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there, or maybe John Knox, and a bit clock 'ill be handy for letting ye ken the 'oors on Sabbath."

The Rabbi admitted that he had a Knox, but was full of a scheme for hanging him over his history, which he considered both appropriate and convenient. As regards time, it was the last thing of which that worthy man desired to be reminded—going to bed when he could no longer see for weariness, and rising as soon as he awoke, taking his food when it was brought to him, and being conducted to church by the beadle after the last straggler was safely seated. He even cast covetous eyes upon the two windows, which were absurdly large, as he considered, but compromised matters by removing the shutters and filling up the vacant space with slender works of devotion. It was one of his conceits that the rising sun smote first on an À Kempis, for this he had often noticed as he worked of a morning.

Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi's treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilized. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the Ægean Sea, where he had his Lesbos and his Samos. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favorites. This was not because he had the faintest ap-

proach to orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end. During his earlier and more agile years the Rabbi used to reach the higher levels of his study by wonderful gymnastic feats, but, after two falls—one with three Ante-Nicene fathers in close pursuit—he determined to call in assistance. This he did after an impressive fashion. When he attended the roup at Pitfoodles—a day of historical prices—and purchased in open competition, at three times its value, a small stack ladder, Kilbogie was convulsed, and Mains had to offer explanations.

"He's cuttit aff seevin feet, and rins up it tae get his tapmaist bukes, but that's no a'," and then Mains gave it to be understood that the rest of the things the minister had done with that ladder were beyond words. For in order that the rough wood might not scar the sensitive backs of the fathers the Rabbi had covered the upper end with cloth, and for that purpose had utilized a pair of trousers. It was not within his ability in any way to reduce or adapt his material, so that those interesting garments remained in their original shape, and, as often as the ladder stood reversed, presented a very impressive and diverting spectacle. It was the inspiration of one of Carmichael's most successful stories—how he had done his best to console a woman on the death of her husband, and had not altogether failed, till she caught sight of the deceased's nether garments waving disconsolately on a rope in the garden, when she refused to be comforted. "Toom (empty) breeks tae me noo," and she wept profusely, "toom breeks tae me."

One of the great efforts of the Rabbi's life was to seat his visitors, since, beyond the one chair, accommodation had to be provided on the table, wheresoever there happened to be no papers, and on the ledges of the book-cases. It was pretty to see the host suggesting from a long experience those coigns of vantage he counted easiest and safest, giving warnings also of unsuspected danger in the shape of restless books that might either disappear from beneath one's feet or descend on one's head. Carmichael, however, needed no such guidance, for he knew his way about in the marvellous place, and at once made for what the boys called the throne of the fathers. This was a lordly seat, laid as to its foundation in mediæval divines of ponderous volume, but excellently finished with the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine, softened by two cushions, one for a seat and another for a back. Here Carmichael used to sit in great content, smoking and listening while the Rabbi hunted a passage through Scripture with many authorities, or defended the wildest Calvinism with strange, learned arguments; from this place he would watch the Rabbi searching for a lost note on some passage of Holy Writ amid a pile of papers two feet deep, through which he burrowed on all fours, or climbing for a book on the sky-line, to forget his errand and to expound some point of doctrine from the top of the ladder.

"You're comfortable, John, and you do not want to put off your boots after all that travelling to and fro; then I will search for Barbara, and secure some refreshment for our bodies," and Carmichael watched the Rabbi depart with pity, for he was going on a troublous errand.

Housekeepers are, after beadles, the most wonderful functionaries in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland, and every species could be found within a day's journey of Drumtochty. Jenkins, in-

deed, suggested that a series of papers on Church Institutions read at the clerical club should include one on housekeepers, and offered to supply the want, which was the reason why Dr. Dowbiggin refused to certify him to a vacancy, speaking of him as "frivolous and irresponsible." The class ranged from Sarah of Drumtochty, who could cook and knew nothing about ecclesiastical affairs, to that austere damsel, Margaret Meiklewham of Pitscourie, who had never prepared an appetizing meal in her life, but might have sat as an elder in the Presbytery.

Among all her class, Barbara MacCluckie stood an easy worst, being the most incapable, unsightly, evil-tempered, vexatious woman into whose hands an unmarried man had ever been delivered. MacWheep had his own trials but his ruler saw that he had sufficient food and some comfort, but Barbara laid herself out to make the Rabbi's life a misery. He only obtained food as a favor, and an extra blanket had to be won by a week's abject humiliation. Fire was at times denied him, and he secured oil for his lamp by stratagems. Latterly he was glad to send strange ministers to Mains, and only his boys forced lodgment in the manse. The settlement of Barbara was the great calamity of the Rabbi's life, and was the doing of his own good nature. He first met her when she came to the manse one evening to discuss the unlawfulness of infant baptism and the duty of holding Sunday on Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. His interest deepened on learning that she had been driven from twenty-nine situations through the persecution of the ungodly; and on her assuring him that she had heard a voice in a dream bidding her take charge of Kilbogie Manse, the Rabbi, who had suffered many things at the hands of young girls given to lovers, installed Barbara, and began to repent that very day. A tall, bony, forbidding woman, with a squint and a nose turning red from chronic indigestion, let it be said for her that she did not fall into the sins of her predecessors. It was indeed a pleasant jest in Kilbogie for four Sabbaths that she allowed a local Romeo, who knew not that his Juliet was gone, to make his adventurous way to her bedroom window, and then showed such an amazing visage that he was laid up for a week through the suddenness of his fall. What the Rabbi endured no one knew, but his boys understood that the only relief he had from Barbara's tyranny was on Sabbath evening, when she stated her objections to the doctrine, and threatened to walk into Muirtown in order to escape from unsound doctrine. On such occasions the Rabbi laid himself out for her instruction with much zest, and he knew when he had produced an impression, for then he went supperless to bed. Between this militant spirit and the boys there was an undying feud, and Carmichael was not hurt to hear her frank references to himself.

"What need he come stravagin' doon fra Drumtochty for? It wud set him better tae wait on his ain fouks. A licht-headed fellow, they say as kens; an' as for his doctrine—weel, maybe it 'ill dae for Drumtochty.

"Tea? Did ye expect me tae hae biling water at this 'oor o' the nicht? My word, the money wud flee in this hoose gin a' wesna here. Milk 'ill dae fine for yon birkie: he micht be gled tae get onything, sorning on a respectable manse every ither week."

"You will pardon our humble provision"—this is how the Rabbi prepared Carmichael; "we have taken my worthy Abigail unawares, and she cannot do for us what in other circumstances would be her desire. She has a thorn in the flesh which troubles her, and makes her do what she would not; but I am convinced that the root of the matter is in her, and that her heart is right."

That uncompromising woman took no notice of Drumtochty, but busied

herself in a search for the Rabbi's bag, which he insisted he had brought home from Muirtown that morning, and which was at last found covered with books.

"Do not open it at present, Barbara; you can identify the contents later if it be necessary, but I am sure they are all right," and the Rabbi watched Barbara's investigations with anxiety.

"Maybe ye hae brocht back what ye started wi', but gin ye hev, it's the first time a' can mind. Laist sacrament at Edinburgh ye pickit up twal books, ae clothes brush, an' a crochet cover for a chair, an' left a'thing that belonged tae ye."

"It was an inadvertence; but I obtained a drawer for my own use this time, and I was careful to pack its contents into the bag, leaving nothing." But the Rabbi did not seem over confident.

"There's nae question that ye hev filled the pack," said Barbara, with much deliberation and an ominous calmness; "but whether wi' yir ain gear or some ither body's, a'll leave ye tae judge yirsel'. A'll juist empty the bag on the bukes;" and Barbara selected a bank of Puritans for the display of her master's spoil.

"Ae slipbody (bodice), well hemmed and gude stuff—ye didna tak' that wi' ye, at any rate; twa pillow slips—they 'ill come in handy, oor ain are wearin' thin! ae pair o' sheets—'ill juist dae for the next trimmie that ye want tae set up in her hoose; this 'ill be a bolster slip, a'm judgin' ——"

"It must be the work of Satan," cried the poor Rabbi, who constantly saw the hand of the great enemy in the disorder of his study. "I cannot believe that my hands packed such garments in place of my own."

"Ye 'ill be satisfied when ye read the name; it's plain eneuch; ye need na gang dodderin' aboot here and there lookin' for yir glasses; there's twa pair on your head already;" for it was an hour of triumph to Barbara's genial soul.

"It's beyond understanding," murmured the Rabbi. "I must have mistaken one drawer for another in the midst of meditation;" and then, when Barbara had swept out of the room with the varied linen on her arm, "this is very humiliating, John, and hard to bear."

"Nonsense, Rabbi; it's one of the finest things you have ever done. Half a dozen journeys of that kind would refurnish the manse; it's just a pity you can't annex a chair;" but he saw that the good man was sorely vexed.

"You are a good lad, John, and it is truly marvellous what charity I have received at the hands of young men who might have scorned and mocked me. God knows how my heart has been filled with gratitude, and I . . . have mentioned your names in my unworthy prayers that God may do to all according to the kindness ye have shown unto me."

It was plain that this lonely, silent man was much moved, and Carmichael did not speak.

"People consider that I am ignorant of my failings and weaknesses, and I can bear witness with a clear conscience that I am not angry when they smile and nod their head; why should I be? But, John, it is known to myself only and Him before whom all hearts are open how great is my suffering in being among my neighbours as a sparrow upon the housetop.

"May you never know, John, what it is to live alone and friendless till you lose the ways of other men and retire within yourself, looking out on the multitude passing on the road as a hermit from his cell, and knowing that some day you will die alone, with none to . . . give you a draught of water."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—for Carmichael was greatly distressed at the woe in the face opposite him, and his heart was tender that night—"why should you have lived like that? Do not be angry, but . . . did God intend . . . it can-

not be wrong . . . I mean . . . God did give Eve to Adam."

"Laddie, why do ye speak with fear and a faltering voice? Did I say aught against that gracious gift or the holy mystery of love, which is surely the sign of the union betwixt God and the soul, as is set forth after a mystical shape in the Song of Songs? But it was not for me,—no, not for me. I complain not, neither have I vexed my soul. He doeth all things well."

"But, dear Rabbi"—and Carmichael hesitated, not knowing where he stood.

"Ye ask me why"—the Rabbi anticipated the question—"and I will tell you plainly, for my heart has ever gone forth to you. For long years I found no favor in the eyes of the Church, and it seemed likely I would be rejected from the ministry as a man useless and unprofitable. How could I attempt to win the love of any maiden, since it did not appear to be the will of God that I should ever have a place of habitation? It consisted not with honor, for I do hold firmly that no man hath any right to seek to himself a wife till he have a home."

"But . . ."

"Afterwards, you would say. Ah, John, then had I become old and unsightly, not such a one as women could care for. It would have been cruel to tie a maid for life to one who might only be forty years in age, but was as seventy in pilgrimage, and . . . fallen into unlovely habits."

Then the Rabbi turned on Carmichael his tender eyes, that were shining with tears.

"It will be otherwise with you, and so let it be. May I live to see you rejoicing with the wife of your youth."

So it came to pass that Carmichael first told his new-born love to this unlikely confidant, and was amazed at the understanding of the Rabbi, as well as his sympathy and toleration.

"A maid of spirit and of a firm mind—and that is an excellent thing; and any excess will be tamed by life. Only see to it that ye be agreed in that which lieth beneath all churches and maketh souls one in God. May He prosper you in your wooing as He did the patriarch Jacob, and far more abundantly."

Very early in the morning, Carmichael awoke, and being tempted by the sunrise, arose and went downstairs. As he came near the study door he heard a voice in prayer, and knew that the Rabbi had been all night in intercession.

"Thou hast denied me wife and child; deny me not Thyself. A stranger Thou hast made me among men; refuse me not a place in the City. . . . Deal graciously with this lad who has been to me as a son in the Gospel. . . . He has not despised an old man; put not his heart to confusion. . . ."

Carmichael crept upstairs again, but not to sleep, and at breakfast he pledged the Rabbi to come up some day and see Kate Carnegie.

(To be continued.)

YOUR BIRTHDAY.

YOUR birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
And the dower of youth and zest;
It is kind of heaven to give us this day
When the world is looking its best;
When the crimson roses are all abloom,
With their sisters of paler grace;
When the sun makes warm, and the dew makes glad,
Each velvety beautiful face.

When the breeze which comes seems a heavy breath
From the lungs of the earth o'ergrown
With the fairest things, and the sweetest things,
That ever were seen or known:
When the bird has an added note of pride
In each carol of joy he sings:
"*Do you know? Can you guess? My pretty mate*
And the wee things under her wings!"

Your birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
And the fair young cheek and brow;
Your birthday, my girl with the smiling lips,
What things shall I wish for you now?
Come close—put your two hands into my own
While I wish you a happy year;
While I wish you the best that heaven can give
To a maiden so sweet and dear.

While I wish you love with never a stint—
For the riches of love are great—
While I wish that the shadows may flee your path,
And the glorious sunshine wait.
While I wish you happiness full and deep,
The gladness and brightness of life,
While I wish you a heart so filled with peace
There can be no throbbing of strife.

Your birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
And the shimmering braids of hair,
I say, as I look through a mist of tears,
It is good to be young and fair.
It is well to lean on the Father's care,
Love forces the words in a flood—
"*God bless my girl with the tender eyes;*
God bless her, and keep her good!"

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE WRONG JIMMIE.

BY W. S. ARNOLD.

"WHY are you not married?"

Why am I not married? I had never been asked that question before, for, as a man once told me, no one would ever take me for anything else than a born bachelor. "You look," said he, "like a man who expects too much from a girl and, ahem! hastn't much to give in return." Perhaps it was because I had never been asked it before that the question rather amused than annoyed me.

It was a young American who asked it, as he sat smoking on one of the ocean greyhounds, his chair tilted back, and his feet on the railing, and as there were only men about and we had had rather a dull time, I broke my rule, not to talk of private affairs with strangers, and told him this:—

There were two of us and we were chums, he was Jimmie Jones and I was Jimmie Brown. We were at school together, and we both left and went into offices at the same time. After several years of work a kind old uncle died and left me quite a sum of money, and as neither of us cared for clerking Jimmie got his father to give him a "portion" and we started off to see the world.

As we both lived in Montreal and had already seen most of the States and Canada we went first to London. After doing England, Scotland and Ireland, we visited most of the large cities on the Continent, including Paris, Nice, Rome, Naples, Vienna and Berlin. But, although we thought we never would, we soon tired of travelling and went back to London. Here we met a young "gentleman farmer," as he called himself, who very kindly took us out to see his place. We stayed with him a week and by the end of that time Jimmy was so charmed with the idea of being himself a "gentleman farmer" that he wrote his father asking him to cable his consent to his buying a farm. Although Mr. Jones knew Jimmy to be a little of the "rolling stone" kind, still he was an indulgent father and his cable came in due time, and was shortly followed by a draft on the Montreal Bank in London.

We spent some time in gaining experience, and then having entered into a partnership we bought out our friend and settled down in his place.

The life seemed to suit us and in a short time we began to gain quite a name for our farm as being the best for miles about. Although we kept pretty much to ourselves, we sometimes rode to the meets or attended some dance, but our chief amusements, after work, were golf on our private links, tennis on a splendid court and our pipes and chimney corner.

Ha! that chimney corner, what a delight it was for each of us to draw in our big armchairs round the blazing fire, light our pipes and talk. What did we talk about? Why everything, politics, religion, books, in fact anything so long as we did not hold the same views on it. For what is the use of two men talking if they always agree?

Once it happened that Jim had to go up to London on some business. He stayed away longer than usual and on his return I found that he had managed the business so badly that some one would have to go up again. I told him this, at the same time saying that I would go: but he wouldn't hear of it. He said it was his fault and he would go and pay his own expenses. As he seemed cut up about it, I let him do as he proposed.

What a change came over him after that second visit He talked so little,



Drawn for Canadian Magazine. "HA! THAT CHIMNEY CORNER."

argued so feebly, forgot his holes in golf and his score at tennis,—in short he seemed to grow as absent-minded as an old man. And to make matters worse he was always going up to London; and every time he came back he seemed to grow worse.

I let him go on until about March, when one night I determined to know the cause.

It was a cold night and as we were seated in front of the fire as usual, I made a grand attempt to make him argue. I ran down his pet politicians, attacked his favourite authors, and pooh-poohed some of his religious views, but all without effect.

At last, rising, I said.

"I'm going to bed, Jimmy."

"Sit down," he said, "it's early."

"No, no!" I said, "I'm off."

"Hold on," he cried, "I've something to say to you."

"Well?" I said, resuming my seat.

"Fill your pipe, old chap," he said, passing the jar over to me.

I did as he said, and then holding the pipe in one hand and the match in the other, I said:

"Well, go ahead with what you have to say before I light up."

He looked at me in a frightened kind of a way and then replied.

"I say, Jim. Jim—well, that is,—oh, yes, hang it all, I'm in love."

"In love!" The words seemed to knock me speechless. *In love!* this, then, was the reason that he moped so much, this was why he questioned me so much about my views on lady golfers, and this, too, was why he was always running up to London. In love! and I hadn't guessed it before; for a while I could say nothing, do nothing, simply glare, but finally I mastered myself enough to say:

"Well?"

It wasn't much, but it seemed to affect him more than if I had fumed and raged, which I think he expected I would do. He looked at me in a sheepish way and echoed, "Well!" Then as I did not speak he stammered:

"And,—and I want to get married."

"No, you won't," I almost shouted, thrusting my face in front of his, while my whole body quivered with suppressed rage.

"Won't? Why not?" he said, with a poor attempt to be brave.

"Why not?" I roared.

"Yes," he stammered, "why not?"

"I'll soon show you why not, and in a trice I was up stairs and in my room. Laying my pipe on the table, I struck the match I still held; after a few moments look through my not-too-tidy desk I found the paper of which I was in search and hurried back to the room. Arriving there I shoved it into his hands, saying:

"There, read that; that's why not."

He stared at it for a while, but did not open it out, for he knew well enough what it was. It was the agreement that we had both signed at the time of taking up the farm, and in it we had promised that neither should marry without the other's consent; a foolish agreement, perhaps, but still it was there.

Looking up at me, Jimmie said "But you can let me off."

"Well," I said, looking sheepish in my turn.

"And you will, won't you, Jim?" he asked, rising and putting his hand on my shoulder. I looked at him just for a moment, and I believe I would have said "yes," but the thought of a girl coming between us hardened me, and I said, "No," in a low hard voice.

He said nothing, but turned and walked away to his room, while I stood staring into the fire. I don't know how long I stood that way, but as the big clock in the hall struck some hour, I don't know which, I straightened myself with a start. Taking the paper Jim had left on the mantelpiece I went slowly up to my room and to my bed.

Next morning I went down stairs a little late and the housekeeper told me that Jim was in the barn attending to some work, but as I had other work

I did not see him till dinner-time which, as we were plain bodies, was at twelve.

I was a little shy about our meeting, but Jimmy took no notice of the event of the night before. He talked of his morning's work and asked me to help him with something in the afternoon. Well days and weeks went on the same as before except that Jimmy played golf much better, in fact so well that he beat me in almost every game. Another great difference was that he would never go to London, and, as on one occasion one of us had to go, he sent me. In fact everything would have gone along all right and he would, as far as I could see, have been perfectly happy if he had only argued; but no, he wouldn't open his mouth on a subject except perhaps to agree, and that was worse than if he had held his tongue.

About six weeks or so after the "row" we were seated on our veranda, which we had built "à la American" in front of our house and I had made a vain attempt to make Jimmy argue.

I felt that it was no use going on as we were. If Jimmy couldn't be happy with me he might as well be happy with the girl. Reasoning thus with myself I rose to tell Jimmy, but as I did so the old bitter feeling against the girl came and I sat down again. I sat still for a while but as I began to soften again I arose to leave the veranda, turning as I reached the door I looked at Jimmy sitting or almost lying in his chair, his hair was all ruffled and his face was as long and as grave as the proverbial judge's. His pipe was in his mouth but it was not lighted. The sight was to me a pitiable one, and before I knew what I was doing I called,

"Jimmy."

And then, startled at what I had done, I popped in at the door and listened. There was no sound so I opened the door again and said "Jimmy."

"Well?" he replied in a sleepy voice.

"Jimmy," I said for the third time, "you may marry that girl" and slamming the door I rushed up to my room and locked myself in. Listening, I could hear Jimmy come slowly up the stairs and walk to my door. He tried the handle but when he found the door was locked he turned and walked away to his own room. As soon as he was gone I slipped out and walked on tiptoe to our rubbish room. From amongst the debris I pulled out two portmanteaus, and returning to my room I again locked the door.

Then I stood in the centre of the room with the two bags at my feet not knowing what to do. I felt that I was a martyr, for had I not given up my Jimmy, my chum, to some one I did not know, and a woman at that? I felt that I must go away, but for how long and where, was the question. Was it necessary, I thought, that because Jimmy was going to get married, that we should separate for always. I thought not. I was sure Jimmy would not think so, and now that I was in a reasonable state of mind I thought that the girl, if she was at all worthy of Jimmy, would not think so. I determined, therefore, to go away and stay away until Jimmy was married.

Leaving the bags as they stood, I had a smoke and went to bed.

All next day Jimmy did not mention the subject, but in the evening when we were sitting at our pipes, he said:

"Did you really mean what you said last night?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Then shake," he said, and you are a brick, Jimmy.

"But, but," he continued hesitatingly, "I was in your room to-day, what had you the bags out for?"

"Well, Jimmy, I said, I'm feeling seedy. You see we've both been under a strain since the summer, and," looking slyly at him, "you're going to have your relief."

"That's true," he replied, "what do you think of doing?"

"I'm going on a visit to Canada," I said, "and when you have got your wife, and the house all fixed up to suit *her*, write to me, and I'll come back on a *visit*. If we suit each other, I stay, if not, (with a shrug), I've often thought of trying a sheep run in Australia."

"That's fair," he cried, "and I'll agree, because I know you will suit each other. Now, when do you leave?"

"Oh, I'll not keep you waiting," I replied with a laugh. "The steamer leaves on the twentieth and this is the seventeenth, so that I have but two days. I don't need much and will leave to-morrow by the express for Liverpool, so you can get away to your new 'boss' as soon as you like."

He laughed, shook my hand again, and taking up my pipe he began to fill it. I did the same with his, and when we had exchanged we smoked "the pipe of peace." And this smoke, with Jimmy laughing and talking, was so pleasant that I began to repent my giving in, and my going away.

Two days afterwards I was in Liverpool, and on the third day I was at sea.

On board the steamer my chief companions where those who sat next me at table. On my left was a Church of England minister, a Mr. Wiggs. On my right was a young lady, Miss Dunn, and on her right was her father, John Dunn, Esquire.

Mr. Wiggs was a tall spare man of about thirty-five, and, like myself, a bachelor. He was travelling for his health. Mr. Dunn was about sixty-five, not very tall and by no means over healthy. He and his daughter were travelling for pleasure. And then his daughter—well, she was a funny kind of a girl, not at all what I would suppose a girl of twenty-two would be. At table she was rather quiet; she did not drop her napkin two or three times every meal nor allow her dress always to be getting under my feet. On deck too, she was well behaved; she did not talk too loudly nor too much, and if I happened to say something funny, she did not laugh very loudly and then run round and tell all her friends, and that goes down a lot with me, for I hate a girl to make a fuss when I crack a joke—it makes me so nervous. then if I offered her my arm she did not lean on it as if it were meant to support her, nor did she lay one or two fingers on it in such a manner as to have them always slipping off. And when we played whist as she, her father, Mr. Wiggs and I very often did, she was my partner and played very well. But if she made a mistake and I happened to frown (who can help it?) she did not immediately pout and play badly for the rest of the game. And again, at the piano, she did not thump it like a drum or play one note and wait till you were dropping off to sleep then play another and so on; no, she showed very good taste in her selections and nearly always played my favorite pieces. In fact she did what no other girl had ever done, she pleased me.

But voyages do not last forever and when she told me, as we sat on deck, the steamer gliding up the grand St. Lawrence, that she and her father were going to stay in Toronto and not Montreal, I grew moody and felt out of sorts for the next day or two. But at Quebec we got out and took a drive through the city, and as I know it well I derived a lot of pleasure in pointing out to her the places of interest. At Montreal we parted and as I drove to my hotel I tried to persuade myself that it was just as well.

About a week after my arrival, I got a note from Jimmie. It was scrawled so badly that I could hardly read it.

He said that on the day after I left he had gone to London and direct to the hotel where the girl had been staying with her father and aunt, for London it seems was not their home,

but at the hotel he was told that they had left about three weeks before, and the clerk did not know where they had gone. From the hotel he hurried to the house where he had first met them, but it was closed, and the servant next door said the family had gone to the continent, but did not know any more about them. From there Jimmie went to call on a lady who was a mutual friend, and had the good luck to find her at home. When he broached the subject, however, he was told that the young lady had called about three weeks before, and, finding no one at home, had left her card on which she had written that she was going to Scotland and then abroad.

Here he stopped, saying he would write soon again.

It was two weeks before I got another letter from him, and during that period I had rather an unpleasant time. I went, of course, to see Jimmy's people and hunted up some of my old friends, for I had no relations, but the most of my time I spent in smoking, thinking and keeping away from the railway stations. My thinking was, of course, for the most part, about Jimmie; but now and then I would fall into a pleasant sort of a dream, and I would dream of the voyage over. Something about that voyage made it very pleasant to think of, so pleasant indeed, that coming suddenly before a glass, with such thoughts in my mind, I caught myself smiling.

As I have said, the other way in which I passed my time was keeping away from the railway stations, or, rather, fighting the desire to go to Toronto. I had a great longing to go there and see the Dunns, and I would sit for hours arguing the pros and cons, and to my secret disgust, the cons nearly always won. But once, by some dodge, I made the pros win, and packing my bag, I went to the station. As I was standing in the line waiting to buy my ticket, an old friend slapped me on the back, and I went out to speak to him; then we went in to have something sociable, and when we parted the train had been gone for five minutes. I went back to my hotel, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

My next letter from Jimmie, was written in a better hand but was very short. He simply said that he had hunted all the passenger lists of the outgoing steamers, but without any success.

He had even gone to Scotland, trusting to luck to run across them, but, of course, luck hadn't treated Jimmy as well as he thought he ought to be treated, and he returned to London very much disgusted with that goddess. He ended by saying that he was coming out to Canada to join me and he hoped I would forget his little piece of foolishness and go back with him to the farm.

Next day, as I was strolling along St. Catherine Street, I noticed a large poster which informed the public that a trip to Toronto and back through the beautiful scenery of the Thousand Isles and the rushing Rapids, was just the thing to relieve mind and body. This I thought was a good argument for the pros, and without giving the cons a chance, I hurried down to St. James Street, took a cab—I was so frightened the cons would overturn the pros—and bought my ticket.

From then till next morning seemed an age, and when I did get on board the weary journey up the canals quite wore out my patience. At last, however, we got to Brockville, but as something had gone wrong with the machinery, we were to stay there three or four hours longer than usual. Disgusted that the machinery should break down when I was in such a hurry, I got out to take a look at the town. As I turned the corner into some street, King Street I think it was, I ran into a gentleman and was about to beg his pardon and pass on, when he exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Brown! You here?"

"Mr. Dunn," I cried, and catching hold of his hand, I told him over and over again how glad I was to see him.

"Well, well, I don't doubt it, but please don't shake so hard. You see," he added, with a laugh, "I'm getting old."

I dropped his hand, and regained my composure in a minute.

"Are you staying here?" he asked.

"Yes, well no—that is I'm passing through."

"Ah! going further," he said.

"No," I replied, as an idea occurred to me. "I'm going to stay here for a day or so, and then return to Montreal. It's so warm in the city, don't you know."

"Of course," he said, "and that's just the reason we left Toronto; we wanted to see if Brockville was any cooler; but come," he added, "and we'll go to the hotel and see Mabel. You remember my daughter, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes,—that is, I think so,—I mean I,"—and I swore inwardly as I felt my cheeks burning under his laughing eyes. "But" I said, as I began to get cool, "if you will give me the name of your hotel, I will send up my bag. I suppose it will be the best place at which to put up."

"Of course, of course," he said, "and I forgot that I had to attend to something too," and giving me the name of the hotel, he hurried off, while I returned to the boat to get my bag.

Taking a hack, I drove to the hotel, which was not very far away, and to my great delight met Mabel as she was returning from a "turn." She had not changed at all, and what was very like her, she exhibited no surprise at seeing me. We sat on the veranda and had a nice long chat till "Papa" came back, then she went in to get ready for lunch, and I talked politics, English politics of course, with "Papa."

We, that is the Dunns and I, stayed a week in Brockville, when we all went back to Montreal. We had a splendid trip, and the scenery was beautiful, or at least the Americans on board said so, and as the principal scenery that I saw was a sailor hat, some black hair, and a rosy pair of cheeks, I agreed with them.

The Dunns did not stay in the city, but went to live with some friends at Lachine, who very kindly invited me to go out *often* and see them, which I did. Being a man of leisure, I usually went out in the afternoons, and so had Mabel all to myself.

Time went by very pleasantly until one morning when a cable came from Jim, saying he was just about to sail for Montreal. This news gave me a great fright, for I dreaded meeting with Jim. To him I would have to confess that I was in love with Mabel Dunn, and the thought of doing this rather troubled me. However, I thought if I had to do it I might as well make sure of Mabel first, and not run any risk of putting myself in the ridiculous position that Jim was now in, a position which seemed to me very much like the return of the Prodigal.

But to make sure of Mabel, was, I found, no easy job. She never gave me any of those nice opportunities that story-book lovers get, in which I might make a proposal without straining the nerves of either. Indeed, it seemed to me that when I began to get the least bit "spooney," she changed the subject, or in some way or other brought me back to my senses. And so matters went on, until one morning, a Saturday, I read in the papers that Jimmie's ship had passed Father Point the night before and was expected in Quebec early that morning.

At this rate I might expect Jimmie in Montreal on Sunday, so whatever I wanted to do had to be done at once.

That afternoon I dressed as neatly as I could, and took the train for Lachine. Nobody was to be seen about the house, but a servant told me that Miss Dunn was in the "walk." Now the walk was a broad path at the foot of the grounds, sheltered on both sides

by bushes and tall trees which almost met overhead; at one end was a summer house, and at the other a high fence. In fact it was a perfect lovers' walk, and just suited, I thought, for my purpose.

Hastening down the path which led to this little Eden, I turned round the bush that guarded the entrance, and was overjoyed to see the familiar figure of Mabel. One step more and I was surprised to see a tall, spare man by her side, and before I could take another step he quickly placed his arm around her waist and drew her towards him; what he was going to do next I didn't know, but I had seen enough, and at the top of my voice I roared, "Sir." The two turned round with a start, and I was about to rush at the man or do some other foolish thing when he suddenly sprang at me and seizing my hand, he exclaimed:

"Jimmie, I've found her!"

It was the *other* Jimmie.

That night, as we sat in my room at the hotel, Jimmie explained it all. It seems that when he was looking over some clothes to bring to Canada he had found in one of the pockets a card of one of the friends of his friends. The sight of the card made him remember that the gentleman lived in Montreal, and had several times, in his (Jimmie's) presence, pressed the Dunns to come out to Canada for a visit, but Mr. Dunn had always raised some objection. When the steamer reached Father Point, Jim got off with the mails. He was in time to catch the up train, and so was in Quebec Friday night, and Montreal Saturday morning. Without going to see me, he had set off to look for this common friend, with the result that he had found him at Lachine, and the Dunns with him, and—well, he was just telling Mabel, when I came upon them, what I narrowly escaped saying for myself.



"I was surprised to see a tall, spare man by her side."

Of course, if he had only told me his friend's name he would have had no trouble, but then Jimmie was so queer after he first met Mabel Dunn.

They were married in Montreal and we all went back to the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie, Mr. Dunn and myself. And as Mr. Dunn is an excel-

lent golf player, and holds different political opinions from me, and as Mrs. Jimmie is a better and a kinder housekeeper than the one we had before, I was quite happy, and the visit I promised to make Jimmie has lasted till now, and isn't nearly finished although it is fifteen years since it began.

"And now," I said, turning to the young Yankee, "is that a good enough reason for not being married?"

"Well," he replied, rising as the dinner-bell rang, "you may call it what you wish, but I would say you were crossed in love."

"Oh, no," I said, rising too, "hardly that. Only, you see, in my opinion, Miss Dunn married the wrong Jimmie."

HYMN TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

FATHER of mercies! from whose bounteous hand
We each receive a satisfying store;
Thee, who dost deck with flow'rs this sunny land,
Our hearts with rapture filling, we adore.

For not alone for Thine own pleasure Thou
Dost scatter o'er the hills the grazing herds,
But Thou dost send us for the gleamy plough
The lusty ox; and for our joy, the birds.

Dark Autumn goes and Winter, like white Death,
Succeeds, and binds the earth in gelid ice;
Yet Thou art faithful, for Spring's balmy breath,
At Thy command, undoes the frigid vice.

Again, the vault of heav'n seems on fire;
The hillsides smoke; the heat dries up the streams;—
Then Thou dost speak, praised by th' accordant choir,
And genial show'rs soothe th' earth in peaceful dreams.

Nature doth Thee acknowledge, for she waits
Upon Thy word, t' adorn the branch with buds;
And Thou dost warn her early, when the gates
Will loose the blasts and inundating floods.

The woodland choir that tunes its song for Thee,
From Thee receives direction to retreat;
For soon their downy nests, hung on the tree,
Will totter where the reign of Death's complete.

How oft, at ev'ning on a daisied hill
We've stood, and glad surveyed the scene around;
All vocal was the mead; the dancing rill
Rejoiced and flung its pearl-showers on the ground.

No more could forests still their music quite;
In rhythmic wavings they their joy expressed;
The slumb'rous pines upon the shadowy height,
With all surrounding Nature, called Thee "blest."

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY CHARLES EGERTON MACDONALD.

FOR the past one hundred and fifty years wherever the British soldier has been called upon to fight for king and country, either against a savage foe or against the highly trained soldier of Europe, whether engaged in extending the bounds of a world-wide empire or in holding ground already won, wherever, in short, there has been hard fighting to do, there has been seen the Scotch Highlander distinguished by his picturesque but extremely useful garb and by many other traits inherited from his Celtic forefathers. It may truthfully be said that he has done more than his share, but complaint from him has been heard only when he was kept in the rear and was not placed where the fight was hottest.

The remnants of the Celtic communities were driven to take refuge in the inaccessible districts of Europe. In the Highlands of Scotland they long preserved their independence and their blood uncontaminated by mixed marriages. The Feudal system which extended over Europe did not reach the Highlands. There the inhabitants were divided into clans and tribes under hereditary chiefs whose power remained unbroken until 1746.

The clan system was the most remarkable circumstance in their history, being responsible for many of their peculiar customs. Many members of each clan were descended from the same family and bore the same name as the chief. They pointed with pride to a long descent from an honorable ancestry and their songs and traditions referred to the exploits of the same line of friends and kindred.

The power of the chief did not depend on interest, but on consanguinity as being the central stem of descent from the old patriarchs or fathers of the clan. He was landlord, leader and judges and the clansmen were always ready to follow him in the chase or to war. Each clan was a small independent state under a sort of hereditary monarchy. The authority of the King, owing to his distance from them, and to his inability to enforce obedience, was unacknowledged.

> Each trained to arms since life began,
> Owning no tie but to his clan,
> No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
> No law but Roderick Dhu's command.
> —*Lady of the Lake.*

The clansmen were summoned to war by what was known as the "Fiery Cross"—made of yew—which after having been dipped in goat's blood was carried through the country among the clansmen, the bearer designating the place of meeting.

> "Prompt at the signal of alarms
> Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

Each clan was drawn up as a regiment commanded by its chief. Every chieftain had his bard who followed the clansmen to battle and roused their feelings and energies by songs and narratives reciting the deeds of their ancestors and kinsmen, and afterwards celebrated the achievements of those who fought. In the field the pipers kept alive the enthusiasm by their war-like high-toned notes, and after the battle sounded dirges for the slain. These two functionaries were attached to the Highland Regiments for many years after their formation and the pipers remain to this day.

But while these ties of blood tended to preserve internal harmony, the more readily the clans resorted to violence upon any external affront, and the Highlands were long the

theatre of feuds and warfare between the different clans. The quarrels of the chief, or of any one member of a clan, were common to all, and were frequently transmitted from one generation to another. As most of the wealth of the mountaineers was in cattle, the most effectual way of inflicting an injury or beginning an attack, was by an incursion to carry off the cattle of the hostile clan.

The most active of the people regarded warfare as the most honorable occupation, went armed at all times, and were inclined to despise the labor necessary to obtain subsistence from the soil. Their arms consisted of a broadsword girded on the left side, a dirk on the right, a gun, a pair of pistols, and a shield. When the British government began to raise regiments in the Highlands, about the middle of the eighteenth century, large numbers of men were found accustomed to the use of arms, who could easily be made into good soldiers.

Their peculiar garb helped to form hardy constitutions in early life, and owing to its lightness and freedom enabled them to move with great swiftness. It was well adapted for the shepherd, the hunter and the warrior.

Different nations have different methods of fighting. Close combat was the Highlander's ancient mode of attack and it is probable that from inherited impression his first impulse was to charge with ardour and grapple with his foe. When they advanced near the enemy they poured in a volley of musketry, then dropping their muskets dashed forward and on closing used the broad sword, receiving the bayonets on their targets. The Highland regiments in the British army until the end of last century carried their peculiar arms and followed their own mode of fighting. They were considered the best light infantry in Europe and no troops could withstand their impetuous attacks.

A conspicuous fact in the history of the Highlanders was their loyalty and zeal for their ancient line of Kings. Even their songs were all Jacobite. Oliver Cromwell planted garrisons in the Highlands to punish them for their loyalty during the civil war, but after the Restoration they were withdrawn by Charles II. in consideration of the services rendered to his father and himself. William III. also adopted severe measures which helped to confirm their attachment to the exiled family and increase their aversion to the new King. Their chivalry, their songs, traditions and Jacobite principles, with their dislike to the new regime, predisposed them to take part in any attempt to restore their ancient line of sovereigns.

In 1715, they took up arms on behalf of the elder Charles and again in 1745 when Prince Charles Edward landed in the Highlands they flocked to his standard and followed him in that struggle for a Crown which ended on the fatal day of Culloden. Had it not been for the tact and influence of the Lord President Forbes a general rising would have ensued. And after Colloden when that unfortunate Prince wandered for months in the Highlands with £30,000 offered for his capture, his hiding place known to hundreds, no one could be induced to betray him.

In 1745, it was estimated the different clans could muster about 35,000 men. A few instances of the strength of the leading clans may be given. Campbell's (Duke of Argyle) 3,000, Macdonalds 2,400, Grants 1,350, Frasers 900. After the rebellion of 1745, the chiefs were deprived of hereditary jurisdiction and judicial power. The possession of arms was prohibited and what excited the most violent indignation the Highland garb was proscribed under penalties only short of death.

With the view of putting an end to disaffection, and of directing the sentiment of loyalty into a proper

channel, Lord Chatham, in 1757, advised George II. to raise regiments in the Highlands. As evidence that all jealousy on the part of the Crown had disappeared, many of those who had taken part in the rebellion were given commissions, and regiments were embodied from the disaffected clans. This confidence was not misplaced, for in time the Highlanders transferred their loyalty to the House of Hanover. George III. regarded their disaffection with great indulgence. He granted a pension of £4,000 per annum to Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, who bequeathed to him the ribbon and star of Charles I., as being the heir of the House of Stuart.

Lord Chatham, in a speech delivered in 1766, thus expressed himself: "I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with valor, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

A friend of Lord Chatham, observing how this call to arms was answered, says: "Now battalions on battalions were raised in the remotest parts of the Highlands of those who a few years previous, and while there was any hope, were devoted to, and too long had followed the fate of the race of Stuart."

The Highlander's familiarity with arms, his hardy constitution, his warlike instincts, and the clan system, enabled him to become an excellent soldier. The devotion to his chief and clan he transferred, though in a lesser degree, to his superior officer and regiment. In a Highland regiment, surrounded by his clansmen and the companions of his youth, his conduct was the subject of observation. He felt that apart from regard for duty, he had to sustain the good name of his clan or native glen, and any disgraceful conduct was a reflection on others whose good opinion he valued. He was largely influenced by sentiment where another soldier would act from a sense of duty or fear of chastisement.

Among the early Highland regiments, dereliction of duty and corporal punishment were unknown. They possessed the most exalted notions of honor, and were noted for the warmth of their friendships. The chaplain had great influence, and attention to religious duties was noticeable.

Between 1740 and 1804 upwards of fifty Highland regiments were raised among the clansmen through the influence of the chiefs and the cadets of the different clans. Membership was confined to native Highlanders. A few may be mentioned, the 78th, or Fraser's Highlanders raised in 1757 by Col. Simon Fraser among the Frasers, his father, Lord Lovat had been beheaded for adhering to Prince Charles in 1745; the 89th, or Gordon Highlanders, in 1759, in those districts where the influence of the Gordon family prevailed; the 73rd, or MacLeod's Highlanders, in 1778, by Lord MacLeod, whose father the Earl of Cromarty, head of the MacLeods had lost title and estates and had been sentenced to death for complicity in the rebellion of 1745; Lord MacLeod himself had been in exile for thirty years yet such was the respect for his name among his clansmen that though without wealth or political influence he raised in a few months a regiment of two battalions numbering 2,200 men of whom 1,800 were from his clansmen and the district where his family once ruled as chiefs; the 76th, or Macdonald Highlanders through the influence of Macdonald of Sleat, among the Macdonalds of Sleat and Glencoe,

and the 78th, or Seaforth Highlanders from the Mackenzies.

But the most famous Highland regiment, the first formed and the model of all the others was the 42nd, or Royal Highland regiment, originally and still known as the *Freicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch. This designation, owing to the sombre appearance of the dark tartan in comparison with the bright uniform of the regular soldiers who were called red soldiers, was first given to the six Independent Highland companies raised in 1729 to enforce the Disarming Act and to maintain order in the Highlands. They were the "Watch" of the country and were drawn from a higher station than that of the ordinary soldier, being gentlemen of good family.

In 1739 they were augmented by four additional companies and formed into a regiment of the line. The Earl of Crawford, although a Lowlander, was first colonel. While the companies acted independently. each commander assumed the tartan of his own clan; but when regimented a new pattern was adopted appertaining to no clan, which has ever since been known as the 42nd, or Black Watch Tartan. Full Highland dress was worn and the native arms, including shield and broadsword were carried.

But shortly after being regimented a tragic affair occurred. They mistakenly believed their service was still to be limited to the Highlands, so when ordered to leave that country they objected; but on being told that the King desired to see them, never having seen a Highland regiment before, they marched to England in 1743, and caused great excitement on the journey. On their arrival they were reviewed by George II. and were considered the finest body of men in the service.

Unfortunately falsehoods had been circulated among them to the effect that getting them to England was merely a ruse of the Government to transport them to the colonies as disaffected Jacobites, and they concluded the only way of escape was secretly to return to their own mountains. On the night following the review they assembled near Highgate and began their wild and romantic homeward march, passing from wood to wood in such a manner that it was not exactly known in which direction they moved. Five days afterwards they were discovered in a wood near Dean Thorp, and troops were sent to intercept them. Seeing themselves in this situation, they submitted after a short negotiation. A court-martial was held and three of the men were shot. Order, however, was soon restored, and the regiment embarked for Flanders.

But there must have been something uncommon about the whole affair, making it different from an ordinary mutiny. Lord John Murray, afterwards Colonel of the regiment, always kept portraits of the three unfortunate men hung up in his dining-room, and some of their countrymen, instead of blaming them, compared their march to the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks through Persia.

Their first foreign service, and indeed of a Highland regiment in the British army, was at Fontenoy in 1745, where their conduct won the admiration of all Britain. They fought in their own way and whenever they charged they drove in the French lines. They covered the retreat as they were the only regiment that could be kept to its duty. A French account of the battle says, "The Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Throughout the operations in America, beginning in 1756 and ending with the extinction of the French power on the North American continent, the Black Watch, Montgomery's, the 78th, and other Highland regiments figured in every engagement. At Ticonderoga, in 1758, although more than one half their men and two-thirds of their

officers were killed or desperately wounded, the Highlanders would not leave the field until ordered a third time to retreat. At the capture of Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne, their gallantry was especially conspicuous. At the crowning victory of Quebec, in 1759, they were the first to scale the heights of Abraham with Wolfe, and did fearful execution with their broadswords.

At Martinique and the taking of all the Windward Islands in 1762, in the war with the revolted colonies and in those battles that added India to the British empire they did good service. Throughout the hostilities against France beginning in 1793, in Egypt and the Spanish Peninsula and at Waterloo the bare-legged Highlander bravely sustained the reputation of his country. In the Crimea, the Indian mutiny, the Soudan and the other later wars their services are too well-known to call for comment.

At present there are eight regiments in the British army wearing the kilt The difference between the Highland regiments, most of which were originally clan regiments, and the other Scotch regiments such as the Scots Guards and the Scots Greys which originally were raised in the Lowlands should be noticed.

In the course of time the Highland regiments lost many of their Highland characteristics and others than native Highlanders were allowed to enter. Still the Highland garb the symbol of bravery associated with so many heroic deeds cannot fail to have its influence on all who wear it.

Many changes have occurred in the Highlands, especially about the beginning of this century when large numbers of the inhabitants left for Canada and other portions of the empire, but taking with them a love for their traditions and the land of their fathers which is still cherished by their descendants wherever they may be found.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be:
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!
Time rolls his ceaseless course."

"Yet live there still who can remember well,
How when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle cliff and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round."

—*Lady of the Lake.*

In all that long series of engagements since first the Highland Regiments faced the enemy at Fontenoy in 1745, they have always borne a conspicuous part and upheld the honor of the British flag. Whatever the general result of the battle might be —excepting at Ticonderoga where success was impossible, but not excepting Fontenoy—they have always carried the part assigned to them unless prevented from closing with the enemy. So long as men rejoice in the recital of deeds of valour, so long will the achievements of the men wearing the garb of old Gael stir the blood like the skirling of the bag-pipes.

SOMETHING ABOUT CAPE BRETON.

BY THOMAS MULVEY.

WHERE to take a holiday, where to escape the ever increasing hurry of city life, where to restore the depleted energy which modern progress requires,—are yearly questions.

The extension of railroads into our summer hunting grounds is yearly pushing the overworked seeker for recreation farther and farther into the Northern wilderness. Each year sees the fashionable summer hotel a distance farther on, and he who would exchange for a while the formal side of life for the freedom of nature must push beyond them. Perhaps the most interesting part of our country to the student of our history, the lover of picturesque nature, and the seeker of freedom and recreation is that little island which forms the north-easterly corner of Canada—Cape Breton. Now the sleepy home of fishermen, it was once the scene of the greatest military demonstrations which America in early times had seen. Standing out in the ocean, as Cape Breton does, the bracing winds of the North Atlantic give renewed energy to the overworked humanity who visit its shores.

Everybody knows where Halifax is and how to get there—from Boston by steamer to Yarmouth, and thence through the poetic Valley of Annapolis; or, from Toronto by the St. Lawrence River through the Thousand Islands and the Rapids to Quebec, and thence by the Intercolonial Railway. From Halifax it is a journey of about twelve hours to Sydney, through Truro and past the Straits of Canso.

A glance at the map will show that Cape Breton is the most easterly part of Canada, Louisburg being over three hundred miles nearer to England than Halifax. The island is divided almost in halves by two salt lakes, the Great Bras D'Or Lake and the Little Bras D'Or Lake, which extend nearly one hundred miles southerly from Sydney, the principal town of the island.

A branch of the Intercolonial Railroad also runs from Point Tupper, the most southerly point of the island at the Straits of Canso, which separate the island from Nova Scotia, to Sydney. Leaving Point Tupper, the traveller passes through picturesque valleys lying lowly between wooded ranges and then along the northerly shore of Great Bras D'Or Lake. There is very little tide on the lakes, and their shores are clean and for the most part like those of fresh water lakes. There are numerous wooded islands, and long, slender projections stand out from the mainland. They have all the beauty of a fresh water lake, and the flavor of salt extends to the adjoining farms. The streams which here and there flow into it abound with trout and salmon, and from the lake itself are caught cod and mackerel. The hills in the distance add picturesque effect to this beautiful lake scenery.

The most interesting parts of the island, however, lie north of Sydney—Ingonish, Smoky Cape and North Cape in particular. Ingonish is about sixty miles from Sydney, and can be reached by steamer calling once a week. If you wish to see the most beautiful scenery in the island, you must drive. The road is not the best and the journey is tedious, but the best of the scenery can be viewed in no other way. Leaving Sydney, you drive to Little Bras D'Or. The scenery here is most beautiful. You then cross the beautiful island of Boulandarie to the Great Bras D'Or ferry.

Here the scenery begins to be magnificent. To the right run a long line of green hills which rise almost precipitously out of the water and are lost in the horizon.

From Great Bras D'Or the road runs by the water's edge for some distance, when you ascend and descend the heights to St. Ann's. Farther on is Indian Brook. Where the road crosses the Brook at its outlet the cliffs may be seen towering precipitously overhead to a distance of two hundred feet. A few miles up the stream is a waterfall which pours down between jagged rocks over two hundred feet high. Farther on as you approach Smoky Cape the road creeps up to the table-land a thousand feet above the sea. Half way down the northerly side of the Cape, the settlement and harbor of Ingonish are seen, and away to the north the distant outline of North Cape.

Louisburg is reached by railroad—a short run from Sydney. The present town is on the west of the harbor, almost land-locked, about three miles in length. The former town was on the south and west of the harbor. Looking to the south can be seen the ruins of the citadel Four ruined casements of the King's Bastion appear at a distance like the ruins of some ancient bridge or causeway. At the entrance to the harbor is Battery Island—to the north is Light-house Point, both scenes of action in the two great sieges which have made Louisburg famous in history. Directly opposite the entrance to the harbor are the ruins of the Grand Battery. Grand it was, but in both sieges it was abandoned without a shot being fired in its defence. It was a work of great importance and its ruins extend for one hundred and fifty yards along the shore. Turning south from the Grand Battery we approach the ruins of the ancient fortress, and the mass brings to our minds, in a way not before understood, the greatness of the struggle. Farther on is the west Gate, and at a distance of two hundred yards from it are still visible the trenches dug by the besiegers as they drew nearer and nearer the doomed fortress. Over the ground to the west behind every hillock there are indications that cannon had been placed to batter down the walls. Irregular mounds are all that are left of the ramparts. The west Gate was defended by two batteries—the circular and the Dauphin. Passing on the east towards the ocean we come to the King's Bastion, a most elaborate defence work as can be seen from the ruins. The remains of bomb-proof casements and subterranean chambers arched with masonry can yet be seen. Beyond are the ruins of the Queen's, Princess' and several others as we follow the ramparts back to the west Gate. The circuit of the ruins of the defences is over two miles. Louisburg was founded in 1720, and from that time to the first siege in 1745 the equivalent of about $15,000,000 was spent on the erection of the fortress.

The little rock encircled islet, Battery Island with its grassy crown, shows no trace of the deadly strife which it witnessed. The platform of the Battery and the foundations of some of the buildings are visible, but the great calmness which surround it and the monotonous break of the waves on the reef towards the sea, do not bring to mind that deadly midnight attack in which many brave and reckless New Englanders fought their first and last fight. Four hundred men led by Captain Brooks, a New Hampshire man under Pepperell, volunteered for a midnight attack on the Battery. They left Light-house Point and attempted a surprise. While still a distance from the landing place their approach was discovered and muskets flashed. Onward they pressed through the surf upon the rock shore. Many were killed on the jagged rocks as their boats surged with the waves, many also by the increasing fire of the garrison. Brooks

and some followers splashing through the water gained the shore and engaged in a hand to hand encounter. They pressed on until Brooks was cut down. Brooks' landing place is called Grenadier Leap, no doubt to commemorate this rash but brave assault.

Louisburg was a source of peril to the New Englanders. The fishing question was then a greater source of trouble than in recent times. The French were strongly fortified at Louisburg, and the fishing vessels of the English were always liable to capture. The latter had no corresponding stronghold and they were almost driven from the fishing grounds. The New Englanders were, to a great extent, a maritime people and their trade suffered considerably. The first expedition against Louisburg was organized in 1745 by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts. The Land forces were commanded by Pepperell while Admiral Warren directed the attack from the sea. The siege lasted about six weeks, during which the New Englanders displayed most reckless daring, due no doubt to their personal feelings for the injuries which they had suffered and which were directly attributable to the fortress. Their ignorance of the art of war and their impetuousness made greater difficulties for the French commander than their numbers. On the other hand the defence of the French was weak. The capture of Louisburg marked an era in the history of New England. While London was illuminated amid rejoicings, the New Englanders were weighing their success and their concerted action, and looking forward to separation from the Mother Country.

Louisburg remained in the possession of the English from 1745 to 1749 when Cape Breton was transferred to France under the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The New Englanders were rather offended thereby. Their brilliant expedition was then without result. In 1758 when Louisburg was again captured by Amherst and Wolfe there was little rejoicing in New England.

The second siege was an expedition of much greater importance. The fortress had been repaired and strengthened in the meantime. The numbers engaged on both sides was far greater. After the fall of Quebec there was no need of a fortified position at Louisburg, and the fortress, where it was not battered into ruins, was dismantled.

There is more than picturesque scenery and historic associations to delight the tourist in Cape Breton. The summer hotel with its accompanying figures has not yet reached this locality. The natives have not yet learned that the tourist and the summer boarder are proper objects of prey. The traveller will find an honest hospitable welcome, with fair accommodation.

WELCOME DEATH!

Through the slow-passing days this old grey man,
Waits here for Death, who will not seem to him
Dreadful or cold-eyed, or ruthless or wan,
For Time has filled his life-cup to its brim.

MARRY MARSTYN.

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S WORK-BAG.

BY E. LAETITIA PHILLIMORE.

SHE died when she was twenty-one, and she had the reputation of being the most famous beauty of her day. Now all that remains to remind one of the haunting loveliness about which poets sang and painters raved, is the little faded yellow work-bag that I hold in my hand.

I like to picture her as she sat at work in the wide window seat with the hot sun blazing on the velvet stretch of lawn outside. I can see the quaint sprigged muslin gown she wore, short as to the waist and much frilled as to the neck, and the slender jewelled fingers working on that square of fine, fine linen, the ray of light falling athwart the sunny hair.

Such a strange strand piece of linen as it is—yellow with age and perfumed with the ghostly scents of a hundred years ago; such queer beasts crawling about on it—squirrels with the bushiest of tails, holding in their stiff little paws the largest of nuts; caterpillars with some of their many legs rubbed away by age and friction, ravens with beaks so large that they would have startled Elijah, and bulrushes of a size that would have alarmed Moses.

There is one little beast unfinished. He has no tail, his eyes are missing, and his last leg is tremulous. My great grandmother must have been interupted during the last of her Noah's Ark creations, for the bag is made up with much silk cord and many tassels of heavy gold, and the finest of damask linings, and she never noticed the unfinished animal.

I like to imagine how it all happened, I found an old old scrap of a letter belonging to her to guide my fancy. She married a gallant Colonel a great many years older than herself. People said they were a devoted couple, but the blue eyes of her miniature wear a sad and unsatisfied look in them to me. There was never a breath of scandal connected with her—the eyes are too blue and too steadfast for that—but before her marriage she had what they termed "love passages" in those days, with a handsome reckless boy-officer who was killed in the wars.

I can see her now. She is sitting in the window seat, and the muslin curtain is fluttering in the breeze. A vague mingled scent of lavender and sweet briar is in the air. The jar of red roses and spicy honeysuckle standing on the old spinet (up in the garret now, its sweet notes silent forever) gives forth that subtle perfume, always connected in my mind with prim Dutch gardens, and blue china, and grandfather's clocks— a world of walled gardens, and sweet Puritan maidens and old fashioned virtues. She is at work on the little unfinished animal which belongs to no particular order of creation—when she hears the sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravel walk.

I think it is the day before her wedding. She is surrounded by white ribbons and delicate satins. Her fingers are trembling, and the color has fled from her cherry lips and damask cheek. The blue ribbon in the sunny hair piled high on the top of her graceful head is trembling too. There is a footstep in the hall, and a young officer in uniform rushes headlong into the room. It is well she is alone—for what would her mother say to the storm of love, and grief and passion that burst from his lips as he implores her to tell him that it is "not true." She is only a loving girlish creature in spite of her 'prunes and prisms' education, her sweet modesty and

virgin purity, and I am afraid she forgets that she is to be married to my ever-revered great-grandfather on the morrow. The embroidered bag is crumpled up in her agitated hand and by and by falls to the polished floor unheeded, the last of its menagerie fated never to be whole of limb like its fellows. And the two white arms are thrown round his neck, and the hot tears fall from the blue eyes on his breast where the fair head lies pillowed as though that were its natural resting place.

And he promises to be "better" if only she will love him enough to run away with him. Hot-headed reckless boy as he is, his sins have only been the sins of youth—very much on the surface and consequently very highly condemned, more scorned than the respectable vices that lie so deeply concealed that none can suspect the rotten core. He has a brave true manly heart and the sweet-faced girl has broken it—not she at least, but those stern-faced Puritan parents of hers.

The bag is under his feet now. He is crushing the peculiar squirrel with the abnormally fine nut in his paws, but she does not notice it. For once in her life her barriers of pride and conventionality are broken down and she sobs out all her love and grief upon his breast.

But she is quite firm. She knows where her duty lies: it lies in the direction of my great-grandfather who died at the age of eight-five, full of years and honor, yea, and of port wine also, and was buried by the side of his third wife Matilda Eliza, under an immensely imposing marble sarcophagus.

And so they say good-bye, poor young things! It will be all the same (to me, for instance) a hundred years hence, but they don't feel like that. Their lips meet, and their tears mingle, and they only know that fate is cruel to them.

For she sends him away—for ever. And he snatches the flowers from her bosom to wear next his heart, as a reminder of her sweet presence. And she kisses them before he goes—softly and reverently as though they were dead things instead of being warm with the warmth of her white bosom and quick throbbing heart. "Pansies—that's for thoughts," she says, smiling bravely through fast-falling tears. And he goes away, and is killed in his first engagement; and they bury him hurriedly and quietly on the battle field, just as he is, with a brown withered bud of flowers next his silent heart.

So it is all over. My great grandmother picks up her work again and looks at it blindly. She does not touch it again. Somebody else makes it up for her afterwards, some girl friend perhaps, who does not notice that the embroidery is unfinished.

They have music that evening in the drawing-room. My great grandmother has a thrilling liquid voice which is one of her chief charms. In the middle of one sad little song—it is all about Love and War and Death—she breaks down and sobs. Worst of all she turns away from my great-grandfather who is trying to soothe her. They say it is very natural—this agitation—the day before her wedding. All young girls feel the solemnity of such an occasion. My great grandfather accepts the explanation. He is easily satisfied, both with himself and other people.

She wears her white bridal gown the next day, and looks like a broken flower. She makes him "an excellent wife." There is never any friction about housekeeping matters and he supplies her with plenty of money. Of course she is very happy indeed. Why should she not be so? Has she not everything she wants?

People call her's "a tragic fate" when her baby comes and she slips away to the Land of Shadows and Eternal Repose. Her boy-lover was killed the day before; only it was not known at the time. But I feel sure she knew it—in a vision, perhaps.

The yellow scrap of paper which I hold in my hand bears these words upon it, in the quaint handwriting of the day.

"And soe deare Love farewell. If Memories are to be the sweetest Parte of the Story of our deepe Passion for one Another, then am I not entirely without them. Doe you remember the Pansies your Redde Lippes kissed? they are dead now Sweethearte, but they will bloome againe in Heaven where We Two shall of a Surety meete."

It is only a tattered scrap. There is no more . . . but when I look at the unfinished bag and then at the yellow paper, I think I understand.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 100TH REGT., AND OF GIBRALTAR.

BY AN OLD N. C. O.

IT is now more than thirty-five years since the occurrences related in this paper took place. I was then a very young man, having not long previously left school, and I was ready and willing to take my share in whatever mischief, fun or frolic that presented itself to me.

Every one who is old enough remembers when the 100th or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment was raised in Canada, during the latter days of the Indian Mutiny, and it is also familiar to many what erroneous ideas were entertained of military service by great numbers of the young men who accepted the Queen's shilling, and avowed themselves "free, willing and able to serve her Majesty the Queen for the term of ten years, or twelve if required."

Scores of these aspirants for military fame had had their aspirations fired by reading such books as "Tom Burke of Ours," "Charlie O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," and similar works more or less of a fictitious character as regards a soldier's life. Nor is it too much to say, perhaps, that many of the Upper Canadian recruits who enlisted in the 100th Regiment thought that it was only a question of time, and that a short time, when they would be promoted to the non-commissioned ranks and soon afterwards to commissions. Alas for the vanity of such expectations. Of the 1,200 men who were enlisted in Upper and Lower Canada only two ever rose to commissioned rank in the Queen's service. One of these, a sergeant belonging to No. 5 Company, a Brockville boy, was promoted to an ensigncy in 1861, and very speedily found out that he was far worse off as an officer than ever he had been as a sergeant, and in about a year's time quitted the service once and for all. The other case was that of a soldier of nineteen years' service who was created Quarter-Master in 1877, and has only recently honorably retired.

I was not one of those who joined the 100th on its formation, for I did not enlist until November 3rd, 1859. It was Thanksgiving day, and if I recollect aright it was the first time that our official rulers took official notice of the fact that we have anything to be thankful about. Be that as it may I left home in the morning telling my guardian, for I had neither of my parents living, that I was going into Toronto to church. We lived some five miles to the west of the city, and before leaving home I confided to

my younger and only brother that I thought I would join the 100th Regiment. He had reached the mature age of twelve years, but did not think it necessary to give me any advice or counsel on the subject; all that I can remember he said was, that our guardian would be "awfully mad."

Well, to St. Stephen's church I duly went, and after service met a young lady at the church door who was a very intimate acquaintance of my sisters, as well as of other of my relatives. She lived with her mother at no great distance from St. Stephen's; it was a dear old country house, one of the oldest in the city, and is now pulled down. This friend naturally asked me to go in and see her mother, but I declined, saying "I was going to England," consequently had other things to do. Thirty-six years since, a voyage to England was a very great undertaking, and among the young folks of Toronto those who obtained such a privilege were more or less of heroes among their companions and were consequently very much envied. Miss A., who had been at my home but a few days previously, was greatly astonished and plied me with questions to which I fear I gave somewhat evasive replies. However, I parted with her soon, she heartily wishing me "good bye."

After getting some lunch I strolled along Front street towards the Old Fort undecided what to do. It was a case of letting "I dare not wait upon I would." Had I met anyone who had been going towards my own home, in all likelihood I should have walked off with them and never have enlisted. The contrary happened, though, for near the old Half Way House I met two soldiers of the 100th—tall, well set up fellows, and that decided me. I asked them to enlist me, and they, as they would receive a gratuity from a grateful country of fifteen shillings sterling, or about $3.75, were only too willing.

We soon reached the barracks, and there I got my first rebuff, for Captain C., the officer in command of the depot, was unwilling to take me. I did not know what I was doing, he very wisely observed. I told him I was sure I did. I soon learned how much better he knew what I was doing than I did. "Well," said Captain C. to the corporal who brought me before him, "I can't refuse him if he passes the doctor, but the lad is a simpleton." It was no part of the corporal's duty to reply; he simply saluted and marched me off to barracks. Next day I passed the medical examination, and was sworn in before Mr. George Garnett, who was then police magistrate. Exactly eight days later, I, in company with fifty others, some but little older than myself, some men who had already served and had taken or purchased their discharges, and others who had enlisted because they had nothing else to do and wanted bed and board, sailed from Quebec *en route* for Liverpool in the Allan steamship *Nova Scotian*.

Of the voyage itself there is little to record. We were in charge of a Lieutenant of H. M. 17th Foot, then quartered in Quebec. He was a kindly and considerate man, and made our time on shipboard, some ten days, as pleasant as possible for us. We had absolutely no rough weather, and, so far as my memory serves me, we did not sight a single vessel on our voyage across the Atlantic.

We stayed first at Birkenhead for one night. I was billeted with a comrade at a small tavern called "The Nag's Head," and we were very comfortable. Next morning we took the Great Western Railway at 9.30 for Reading. By some mismanagement, nothing had been done to provide us with food, and when we reached the Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, which, as our train was a slow one, was at two o'clock in the afternoon, we were almost famished. Into the refreshment room we poured, and speed-

ily possessed ourselves of everything that was eatable within sight. Civilians who were indulging in a glass of ale and a sandwich were hustled on one side; we ruled the room. The uproar was intense, and very soon the keeper of the room began to receive unlimited abuse for not getting us more to eat. He, poor man, would gladly have given us more if he had only had it; as it was, he could only hand out some two or three loaves of bread, and give every one who asked for it all the ale they could drink. Presently the officer in charge made his way into the bar, and, with the aid of the sergeant and a policeman, cleared us out of the room on to the railway platform and then into the coaches. We had to pay tenpence each for that so-called "meal." For those who had been able to drink three or four glasses of ale, it was cheap enough; but for others like myself who did not get or want any stimulants, it was very dear. All I got was a sausage roll, so called, and my comrade fared even worse: he got only two small pieces of what was supposed to be bread and butter, the latter being conspicuous by its absence. We expected to hear more of the disturbance we had created, but never did. We reached Reading late on a Friday evening, and remained there until Monday, being billeted throughout the inns of that quaint old Berkshire town. We had a grand time, many going to the theatre on the Saturday evening, promenading up and down the High Street all through the day-time, and astonishing the habitués of the smoke-room in the principal hotel by some dozen of us walking in on the Saturday about 6 p.m. and holding a sociable, which consisted of those of us who could sing doing so, and those of us who could not, making speeches.

The landlord wanted the party to leave. They were welcome, he said, to what they had ordered; he was very proud of the military, but they were keeping civilians away. To this protest, we replied that we were Canadians, and in Toronto we were welcome wherever we chose to go, and that if it was right for civilians to sing songs and make speeches in his smoke-room, it was right for us. We meant to pay for what we had, also to behave ourselves, and we were going to stay.

We omitted to mention in our colloquy with the landlord that even in Toronto when we went out to "make a night of it" we did draw the line at the Rossin House; but that, if we thought about it at all, was ours and not his business. Well, we remained in the smoke-room and as we had each one of us received our bounty, about $15, on the day we sailed from Quebec, mine host probably got far more profit out of the smoke-room for that evening than if we had not displaced the civilians.

On Monday, November 28th, we marched into Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight, and the next day made our first appearance on the parade ground. Very soon I learned that there were plenty of stern realities about a soldier's life. The very first parade I ever attended was one to hear the sentence of a Court Martial on a soldier of, I think, the 96th regiment who had been convicted of insubordination in telling "Lance Corporal John Brown"—we will say—"that he would see him hanged before he would go on picquet. Lance Corporal John Brown being then and there in execution of his duty" The sentence was, I remember, 84 days imprisonment, with hard labor. I thought it very hard lines: I don't think so now though. I soon learned that an insubordinate soldier is an enemy to others even more than to himself, and that disobedience to orders merits the heavy punishment it invariably receives. Of course this was an aggravated case, but do not let any young fellow who reads these reminiscences and who contemplates soldering think

that even simple disobedience of orders is ever lightly passed over. I have known a man of absolutely blameless character to be tried by Court Martial and reduced to the ranks from sergeant because he neglected to have the windows of his barrack room cleaned, when ordered by his captain to have them done.

In April, 1860, I had learned my drill, done my musketry practice and was ready for all duties. I had learned to scrub a floor and wash up dishes without a shudder, could carry coal or do pump fatigue and was happy in myself and contented with my plain but wholesome food, comfortable oat-straw bed and warm if by no means luxurious barracks. One thing I never learned and never had to learn, that was punishment drill, and though I once had a day's confinement to barracks for appearing on parade in unpolished boots and on another occasion had to appear before the commanding officer to explain how it was that I, after leaving the Sergeant's Mess on New Year's day, 1863, was found affectionately embracing a lamp post opposite my quarters, I was never in any trouble of any kind. Respecting this last aberration of intellect on my part I may mention that my commanding officer let me off with what our Sergeant Major was pleased to term "severe admonishment."

Soon after being dismissed drill I was appointed lance corporal, and in about fifteen months later when in Gibraltar reached the rank of sergeant. During the summer of 1860 I was one of a guard of honor stationed during July, August, September and part of October at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, in attendance on Her Majesty. It was a delightful duty; we were twenty-one men and four sergeants and had only one sentry to post. I was a lance corporal and was on duty only every fifth day. During August the Queen entertained us all at a garden party in the grounds of Osborne House giving us a sumptuous dinner, with fruit and cakes afterwards, to our heart's content. Her Majesty came into our tent whilst we were dining and addressed a few words to two of our number. I was not one of those so honored but afterwards when we were indulging in the sports provided for us, I was spoken to by the Prince Consort who asked me how long I had been in the army and if I was a native Canadian.

Whilst in the Isle of Wight I saw the Prince of Wales leave on his memorable journey to Canada and, with the exception of the Princess Royal and Prince Alfred, saw the younger members of the Royal family driving or riding past our quarters almost daily.

In November, with a large draft from our depot, I joined the service companies of the regiment in Gibraltar, leaving England by the troopship *Magaera* on a Tuesday, and reaching "Gib." on the following Monday. I shall never forget my first morning in that famous fortress, nor of the impression it left upon me. Our regiment was quartered in the Casemate barracks, a low two-storeyed casemated battery in fact, containing no less than twenty-four barrack rooms each of which would hold forty men. To the rear of the men's quarters was a low range of rooms where were quartered the staff sergeants and the cooks. This was also a battery, right down to the water's edge, mounted with heavy ordnance and protected by the guns of the battery above it.

Reveillé sounded in Gibraltar with morning "gun fire" and was as early as 4.30 a.m. in summer, and 6.30 in the winter months.

From "Retreat" to "Reveillé" in Gibraltar there is practically neither ingress or egress to or from the city excepting at the Ragged Staff and New Mole harbours, and only there to privileged persons. On the land side ingress or egress is simply impossible without an order direct from the Governor and this I never remember

to have been given but on one occasion which was when a great robbery had taken place and it was ascertained that the alleged thief had left through the Landport Gate just before "Retreat" sounded.

The scene in Casemate Square any fine morning all the year round from about 7.30 until noon is one which once seen can never be forgotten. Every nation, every costume almost in the world is there represented. Tommy Atkins is everywhere, and well aware he is of his own importance. There is no

> "Tommy this and Tommy that
> And Tommy go away,"

in Gibraltar, the valiant Thomas is as good as anybody else in "Gib," his own officers only excepted, and Thomas makes the most of the occasion. He looks with scorn on the "scorpions," an Anglo-Spanish native born population, and I regret to say abuses them whenever the opportunity offers. Thomas excuses himself for his arrogance by pleading that he had to go on guard all the year round with never more than four nights in bed, often with three, to keep "those dirty scorpions from being murdered in their beds."

But besides T. A., bound either in red, blue, green or scarlet, are to be seen sailors of every clime. The Jack Tar of our own loved Queen, with sailors of the German, French, Portuguese, American, Spanish, Turkish and Grecian Navies, all appeared in the daily panorama on the Casemate Square. The turbaned and picturesquely attired Moor passes by in quiet dignity. Near by him is the Spanish peasant with his broad sombrero from the rim of which he ever and anon takes his constant solace, the cigarette. Then there is the Turk with his fez and the Jew wearing generally a silk hat that "once was new."

In addition to all these, there are the guards going to and returning from their guard houses after their round of twenty-four hours duty. There are the old North Front guard coming off, it is composed of the 25th King's Own Borderers, and consists of a captain, subaltern, sergeant, two corporals, bugler and twenty-one men. Proudly they swing through the square towards their barracks in the Wellington Square, and though it is a sight witnessed daily all the year round, there is always more or less of a crowd to see the guards go and return. Following the guards just named come the New North Front, the North-East Front, the Devil's Tower, the Bay Side, the Landport, Waterport, and old Mote Guards, all extra-mural, and numbering no less than 57 men with eight N. C. O.'s, two buglers, and two subaltern officers in addition.

The total number of infantry mounting guard in Gibraltar day by day is two field officers, two captains, two surgeons, six subalterns, and about 250 N. C. O.'s and men.

Many amusing stories are told of guard duty in Gibraltar and certainly many of the posts are by no means pleasant ones to any one at all troubled with nerves. I was sergeant of what is known as the South Sheds guard, on one occasion; it was composed, besides myself, of a corporal and nine men, and number two post was on a grave-yard adjacent to some quarries. It was a moonlight night in July, and had been a fearfully hot day. I had just inspected the reliefs as they came off duty at 1 a.m., and was watching the lights in the harbor, and thinking that "Grand Rounds" having been, it would soon be possible to get a little rest, when I was startled by a yell from the sentry on No. 2 post of "Sergeant of the Guard." I seized my rifle, and ordering two men for escort doubled to the sentry as fast as I could go. When I reached him, he had his arms at the "port," and in response to my order of "shoulder your arms and tell me what this means," he merely did as

ordered, and replied, "Look, sergeant," pointing towards the graveyard. I did look, so did my escort, and saw what appeared to be a dwarf, gazing fiercely at us. As we had seen this apparition, as it seemed, in the midst of the tomb-stones, and shrouded by the shadows of the shrubs it presented an almost diabolical appearance, and certainly did not reassure us. We "went for" it though, and found that it was a goat, which had by some means strayed into the graveyard, and was held by one of its hind feet in a cleft root. We released the animal, and retured to the guard-room not a little disgusted.

There were many "characters" in the 100th, as there are in all regiments. One of these was a Scotchman, whom I will call by his Christian name, Aleck. He was a man of great general information; was a little of a poet, and could quote Shakespeare, Burns and Scott till it was wearisome. His delight, though, was in lengthy sentences and long words. On one occasion he was on the New North Front guard, and when the officer in charge for the night was inspecting the arms to see if they were all properly loaded, he told Aleck that there was a little dirt on the muzzle of his rifle. "No, sir," said Aleck," it is not dirt; it is some of the lubricating mixture, which is placed round the elongating, expanding bullet to accelerate its flight towards the object aimed at." The officer was a callow youth only just dismissed drill to his duty, and Aleck's reply took his breath away. He asked no more questions, but passed on.

I should like to dwell on the bull-fights of Spain, and of the wonderful spectacle of cruelty created into a pleasure that they present, but my space is exhausted, and I have no room for further reminiscences. In February, 1863, I began to think it was time I made up my mind either to soldier for life, with the prospect of a commission in the distance, which my friends were anxious to obtain for me, or to return to civil life. I chose the latter course, and an appointment being vacant in the depot, applied to my commanding officer to be allowed to go home to fill it. My request was granted, and the middle of February saw me once more in Parkhurst Barracks. For some time I discharged my staff duties; but never did an hour's barrack duty, and was practically a non-combatant. Late in the summer of 1863, I obtained a lengthy furlough, and had it extended several times, not resuming my duties until December 1st, when I made my application to be discharged by purchase. After the payment of the regulation compensation of £20, I was graciously permitted to depart, and took with me, I am pleased to say, gratifying proofs of esteem from the officers under whom I had had the honor to serve.

One word, in conclusion, to any gently nurtured boys, who wish to adopt soldiering as a profession, and either cannot pass the requisite examination for a commission, or afford the preliminary expenses. Do not think that it is a bed of roses; it is very far from that at first, but recognize the fact that it is a school of stern discipline, of unquestioning obedience, and of rigid performance of duty. Duty cannot be evaded, or half done, and there is no such thing as favoritism. A capable man in the ranks, who conscientiously does his duty, and has sufficient education, gets on, and no questions are asked as to whether he is the son of a ploughman or of a gentleman.

Gentlemen's sons can do worse things than enlist if they are prepared to honestly face their duties, but they cannot make a greater blunder, and one that will bring dire retribution with it, than to enlist and think they can have an easy time of it and let others do the work.

"FOR SERVICES RENDERED."

BY MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

I HAD been knocking about the continent for five years, and although I am absolutely without kith or kin in the whole wide world, it was with a thrill of genuine pleasure that I once more set "my foot upon my native heath."

I had been in the city almost a week before I ran across any of my former intimates, and then I came suddenly upon the one for whom I had cared most in the old days.

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous, and almost before I well knew what had happened, I found myself in a cab beside him, *en route* for his home.

"I simply won't take no," he cried, still gripping my hand, as he hailed a passing jehu. "And Linda would never forgive me. Linda? Why Mrs. P., of course, and she's just the—well you can judge for yourself."

And away we went, my weak protests quite overruled by the impetuous heartiness of my friend.

I found Mrs. P. charmingly vivacious and quite as hospitable and friendly as her husband. Irving and Terry were playing in the city at that time, and as my friends had a box for the evening's performance, they insisted upon my accompanying them to the theatre. While we were at dinner they sent a messenger to tell my man to come with my things, so that I found myself, without more ado, comfortably installed in the house of my friends until, as they said, I should decide upon a permanent abode.

The play was, of course, magnificent but I must confess that while the eyes of the house were rivetted upon Marguerite and Mephistopheles, I saw very little but Mrs. P. It was not, however, her beauty, though beautiful she undeniably was, which so attracted and held my attention, but a pearl pendant which hung from a fine gold chain about her throat. It was a very curious and inexpressibly lovely ornament, and one which might well elicit a second glance from even the most casual observer.

It was made in the shape of a five-pointed star; at the extreme end of each point was set an exquisite little pearl, and half way down a diamond blazed and scintillated.

But beautiful as were these jewels, they were as pebbles compared with the superb pearl which formed the centre of the star. Large, lustrous, translucent, with a delicate pink tinting, it is impossible to attempt to describe its loveliness. The gold setting of the pendant was curious and Oriental. Certainly it was an odd and valuable ornament, and one not likely to be duplicated. And yet, in my wanderings over the globe, I had seen either it or its exact counterpart, adorning the soft, white throat of a woman who was in everyway the exact antithesis of my friend's wife.

It was this which so interested me in the ornament, and again and again during the performance I found myself wondering how it had come into the latter's possession.

Harry P. must have observed my preoccupations at last, for he leaned over to me and said: "You are admiring that pearl affair of Linda's, aren't you? When we get home, I'll tell you all about it."

An hour or so later, comfortably lounging on a divan in my friend's smoking-room, I lit a cigar and prepared myself to hear the story.

"Most people admire that pendant," Harry began, "but your eyes fairly

devoured it, old man. What do you suppose it's worth?"

"I should be afraid to guess," I replied, half smiling. "Did you imagine I spent the evening endeavoring to compute its monetary value?"

Harry laughed. "Bosh," he said, "but do you know it was a present to me for services rendered which I never intended to render, from an entire stranger whom I only saw once in my life, and then under circumstances which,—but you're looking puzzled old boy, so I'll begin at the beginning.

"Well, about four years ago, one afternoon I went out to take a walk. It was just after I became engaged to Linda, and I'll confess that I was thinking a good deal about her—so much, in fact, that I just walked on without any regard as to where I was going until raising my eyes suddenly, I found myself in a very unfamiliar locality, and looking about me for a few minutes I discovered that I had wandered into the Italian quarter of the city.

"It was not the most pleasant place for a young man, unarmed and alone, to linger in the gathering dusk of a short December day, and I hastened to find the quickest way out.

"I turned around and endeavored to retrace my steps, but I could remember nothing distinctive that I had passed to aid me, and I soon began to feel rather uneasy, especially as several Italians, whom I met, scowled darkly at me and muttered something to each other which, from their expressions, I could gather to be any thing but friendly.

"Suddenly I felt a light touch on my arm. I turned quickly. A woman stood beside me. She was slight and wonderfully graceful, and although a heavy red shawl was drawn tightly about her head and face, I caught a gleam of such dazzling white skin and magnificent black eyes that it was easy to imagine the beauty of her hidden features. She stretched out a dainty white hand and said clearly in a voice which was music itself: 'Soldi, signore, per pane.'

"I have a smattering of Italian, and almost without thinking I drew out some change and placed it mechanically in her pink palm. 'Grazie signore,' she said in the same clear, rather loud tone, then dropping her voice suddenly, she said softly in English: 'Follow that street, Signore,' and with an almost imperceptible wave of her hand she indicated a narrow little street branching off to our right.

"Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had disappeared, whether into one of the squalid little houses all around us or around the the corner just behind, I know not.

"I hesitated a moment before following the direction my mysterious medicant had advised, then suddenly remembering that he who hesitates is lost, and reflecting that in my present position one street was about as good as another, I determined to trust her, and proceeded boldly forward.

"I had not gone very far when all at once, out of the gathering gloom, two men sprang upon me. One of them pinioned my arms while the other placed his hand firmly over my mouth. Before I could fairly get my breath the latter whispered into my ear, in English, but with a strong foreign accent: 'Make no outcry, signore. To come with us quietly, will save your life. You give us your word, quickly!'

"I nodded. The man removed his hands, and whispering 'Follow me,' hurried down along a narrow alley into a dingy little house. Upstairs we went, in single file, the man who had held my arms bringing up the rear.

"The room was quite dark, and I stood in silence awaiting developments, while one of the men locked the door, and the other struck a match and lit a candle-end, which stood in the broken neck of an old bottle upon a greasy little table in the middle of the floor.

"The candle sputtered and hissed, casting a fitful light upon the small, dingy apartment. Besides the table, the furniture consisted of an old four-post bedstead, with dirty hangings, and several chairs. Various old clothes hung upon the walls, and cast eerie shadows in the dim light.

"While I looked about me, the man who had spoken to me before, and who seemed to be the leader of the enterprise, having pocketed the key of the door, turned to me, and said politely, with the air of a prince courteously making a demand which it never occurs to him can be refused:

"'I will take the paper now, if it please you, signore.' I looked at his outstretched hand and calm, expressionless face in amazement.

"'What paper?' I managed to ejaculate.

"'The only paper in your possession which is of any interest to us,' the man replied a little impatiently.

"Then as I still gazed stupidly at him, he continued quickly, a slight flash lighting up his black eyes: 'It is foolish of you to waste time in this way, signore. You must know the danger to which you are exposing yourself and us.'

"As he finished speaking, his companion stepped forward angrily, and said something rapidly in Italian.

"I looked from one to the other helplessly, and, I must confess, a little hopelessly.

"There seemed but one possible solution to the mystery.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, with an assumption of calm dignity, 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but you have undeniably mistaken me for someone else. I never saw either of you before, and have no paper which could be of the slightest use to you, unless,' I added, 'this might serve to unlock yonder door and set me free,' and I tendered the fellow a bank note.

"As I did so, the fiercer of the two, who had hitherto kept rather in the background, showing his gleaming teeth in a wolfish snarl, clapped his hand to his belt and sprang forward. I caught a flash of steel, but at the same instant his companion swung him back with one hand, while with the other he struck my outstretched arm with such force, that my hand involuntarily sprang open, and the bank note fluttered to the ground.

"'Pardon, signore,' he said, drawing himself up proudly, 'but we do not accept alms, although we know how to receive and remember a kindness.'

"At that moment the other, who had turned to the window, came hastily forward, and, with an excited manner, said a few disjointed words to his companion. The latter turned to me quickly, and his voice had an imperious, imperative ring as he said:

"'Signore, we can delay no longer. Have the goodness to deliver over to us, without further parley, the paper which La Contessa consigned to your charge.'

"'La Contessa?' I stammered.

"'Yes,' replied my captor, impatiently. 'Surely you cannot have lost it in fifteen minutes?'

"A sudden light broke in upon my mind. 'Soldi per pane,' I muttered, half unconsciously.

"A flash lit up the dark eyes which looked into mine.

"'Si, signor,' said the man, 'Soldi, signor, per pane. It is in your pocket.'

"At that instant steps were heard stumbling up the dark little stairs, and a voice muttering imprecations.

"Both men, without a second's hesitation, sprang forward, lifted me bodily, and flinging me into the corner of the great feather-bed, drew the coverings tightly over me. 'Not a sound for your life,' I heard as my head sank out of sight. There was a rattle of chairs and a noise as if a pack of cards had been dropped upon the table, then someone fell against the door and loudly demanded entrance. After a brief interchange of remarks, which I could not well understand,

the door was opened, and several men entered. How many I cannot tell, for although only one of the visitors spoke, there seemed to be two, if not three others who moved occasionally about the room.

"A heated discussion in Italian then ensued between the two men, whom I concluded to be the leaders of each side. I could not follow it all, of course, but I gathered from several words which recurred frequently and were familiar to me, that the altercation was about the precious paper and their mysterious 'Contessa.'

"At length the visitors, evidently much enraged, departed. After the echo of their footsteps had entirely died away, my two gentle hosts flung the coverings off the bed, and the spokesman of the party bade me come forth.

"As I once more stood before them he said gravely, 'Signore, things are looking darker than I thought. It will be impossible for any of us to take possession of the paper for some time to come. Therefore we shall have to ask you to retain your guardianship of it. Do not attempt to open it. If one seal is broken your life must answer for it. We shall send for it as soon as possible, but deliver it only to him who presents a card with the words 'soldi, signore, per pane,' upon it. Meantime keep away from this part of the city. I shall see you out of this neighborhood.' And throwing a long cloak over my shoulders, he started downstairs. I followed passively, quite numbed by the kaleidscopic turn my hitherto uneventful life had suddenly taken.

"We walked in silence, Heavens only knows where and how far. All at once my companion whisked off the cloak which enveloped me.

"'Two blocks further on you will find a cab-stand,' he said in a low voice, 'Buona Notte, signore,' and touching his low, slouched hat, he left me abruptly.

"I can assure you I lost no time in reaching that cab-stand and getting home, old fellow."

Here my friend paused and commenced to fill his pipe with a reflective air.

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, go on," I cried. "Did they ever come for the paper?"

"Well, it was just the thought that perhaps they might, much rather damped the pleasure of my safe return," my friend replied. "However 'chaque your apporte la peine,' and it's not my way to borrow trouble, so I determined to put the matter out of my head.

"The next morning, however, after putting on my overcoat, I happened to plunge my hand into one of the pockets. It struck something hard. I pulled it out,—well, old man, you could have knocked me down with a feather—if it wasn't a paper folded into a little square package and sealed up in the greatest style, with 'soldi, signore, per pane,' writen across it in a delicate feminine hand. How it got into my pocket was a perfect mystery to me.

"I brought the thing up to Linda and told her the whole tale. She at once decided that the girl who had first spoken to me, was 'La Contessa' herself, and that she had, unnoticed by me, slipped the paper into my pocket, and then directed me to the very arms of the men, according to a previous arrangement between them.

"I was for opening the thing and getting at the bottom of the affair, but Linda would not hear of it. She turned quite white and made me promise to follow implicitly the directions the dictatorial old duffer had given me.

"So the paper lay undisturbed in my desk for about six weeks. Then one evening, just as I was finishing dinner, a small card was brought to me.

"'There's a gentleman waiting for answer, sir,' said James, as I took it. 'He won't come in.'

"There was no name on it, but across it was written in the same delicate handwriting which graced the paper, the magic words 'soldi, signore, per pane.' I rose immediately and brought the paper into the hall, where the messenger had elected to remain. It was my friend who had escorted me to the cabstand, and he looked like some foreign prince as he stood there in his great fur coat.

"Taking the paper, with one swift glance he satisfied himself that the seals had not been tampered with, then bowing low, 'A thousand thanks,' he said, 'La Contessa will remember,' and going to the door he signed imperiously to James, who opened it with more alacrity than he usually displays. Just as the door went to again, I caught a glimpse of a closed carriage, through the window of which a beautiful face, almost hidden in furs, looked out anxiously with great, soft, black eyes.

"I thought that now the curtain had gone down on the little drama, and that I had certainly seen the end of it. Indeed, the incident had almost faded from my mind, when one evening, six months or so after Linda and I were married, we were sitting in here, when James brought me a little package. It contained a beautiful morocco case in which reposed that pearl pendant which you so much admired to-night. On the top of the case was an envelope. It contained my poor banknote which the Italian grandees had spurned, some silver money and a sheet of note paper on which was written,— but I'll show it to you."

Harry rose and going over to his desk, drew from one of its drawers the little sheet. On it was traced in very small characters :—"La Contessa begs that the signore will accept this little trifle as a slight token of her gratitude for the very great service which he rendered her. She also returns with sincere thanks what he so kindly loaned her, and trusts that he will pardon her for retaining one coin as a souvenir of their meeting."

"And that really was the end," finished Harry. "I tried for a little while to identify my unknown liberal friend but soon gave up, for Linda said she considered it both unkind and illbred, when the lady evidently desired to remain incog. Anyway," he added, striking a match, "It would probably have been useless. I guess she's left the country,"

I watched the smoke from my cigar curling upward in soft, misty rings, through which I seemed to see a pair of lustrous, dreamy, black eyes, then I said :

"Would you like me to furnish an epilogue to your story, old chap ?"

Harry looked at me in amazement.

"You ?" he said.

I sat up and drew from my pocket a large wallet, which I always carry with me. From its capacious depths I took a little square envelope, and handing the note which it contained to my friend, I said : "How does that writing compare with the chirography of your Contessa ?"

Harry stared first at the note and then at me. "The deuce !" he ejaculated at length. "Who the dickens is she ?"

"The note tells," I replied, and taking it from him I read aloud. :

"La Contessa del Bracione is grateful beyond words to the Signore Hamblyn, for she prizes none of her jewels more highly than the little pin which the Signore has been so charmingly kind as to restore to her."

"Monte Carlo, —— 4th, 18——"

"La Contessa del Bracione ! little pin !" muttered Harry, as if his senses were leaving him. I burst out laughing.

"It was a pin which she lost in the hotel gardens, and which I was fortunate enough to find," I enlightened him. "An odd little thing. The head of the Goddess of Liberty cut from an American nickel and goldplated. Probably made from the coin

of yours which she retained as a souvenir. You should feel flattered at the value she places upon it," I added a trifle bitterly.

"Then you know her? You have spoken to her?" Harry cried out.

"I spoke to her several times. I saw her quite often during her stay in Monte Carlo, and what interested me so in your wife's ornament was that the Contessa used to wear one exactly like it. They are so odd, that I could not help wondering whether the two were not one and the same. But, of course, that is impossible as you have had yours nearly three years and it was only two years ago that I saw the Contessa."

"And where is she now?" asked Harry.

"Who can tell?" I replied, "she left Monte Carlo a week or two before I did and though I have travelled about constantly through Italy, and from one European watering-place to another, I have never set eyes on her again."

"She seems to have made an impression on you," said my friend, regarding me quizzically. "Have you treasured up that scrap of her handwriting ever since?"

I replaced the little note tenderly.

"I keep it," I answered after a moment, "in memory of the most beautiful woman whom I was ever permitted to look upon, and one whom I believe to be as good as she is beautiful."

LOVE'S QUEEN.

WHEN Love sprang forth from out the realms of night,
He ruled the world.
And all opposing banners, at his light,
In haste were furled.
They, whom he favored, praised his reign benign,
His favor lost, they, swift from heights divine,
Sobbing were hurled.

Then Constancy, a meek and gentle maid,
Silently came,
And on this wayward King her hand she laid,
Breathing her name.
In humble tones he owned her cogent sway,
Equal in power he crowned her from that day,
Equal in fame.

Love rules his conquests still, but not alone,
For, hand in hand,
Love and his Queen to mightier Empire grown,
Together stand.
Their subjects know no more a changeful lord—
Unending song is in their realm outpoured,
A happy land

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

MEN swing their strong arms about, and cut a wide path through life. Women's work has been to follow after; to smooth down the roughnesses; to trim the untidiness; to decorate the bare places; to make homes out of houses. But these are the women to whom God has been good; women who have husbands, or brothers, or fathers' or sons, to break the road for them. There are women who must do it quite alone.

As field-work bronzes the faces and hardens the hands of the worker, so life's heaviest labor brushes the delicacy off most hearts, and leaves them harder. It must be so. There must be some change, though many women and many men would say "hardness" was not quite the word, but rather "knowledge," ability to "keek through every other man."

It is only a question of outlook.

But there should be no sneer between the two great lines of women. It has been the fashion for the workers to sneer at the home-women; to call them silly, trifling, ignorant. The home-makers retaliated by crying of boldness, and of unwomanliness. Each in her own way is doing her own work, well or ill, for lasting reproach or for enduring good. The place in which the work is done is very little, the work that is done is very much more.

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Women have been accused of hampering the working of their brains, by the metaphorical strings they tangle around them. They try to remember so much. From their childhood they are cautioned to recollect where their various belongings are put. Very often from being put on the hunt for those of their male relatives, they get into the way of connecting places and things each time they see them.

Men remember how old they are—better than women, some people maintain—but they do not charge their minds with the dates of their marriage anniversaries, or the ages of their children. They do not make it a part of their business to remember how many pairs of hose they have, or what day the linen comes from the laundry. They keep a note-book for important business engagements, and are charged with putting all other affairs into the same pocket with the letters which confiding women still give them to post. This pocket has been termed a "forgettery."

All through life a woman who is in a home is keeping her eyes open to aid the eyes of those about her, running a smoothing-iron over home affairs, even gossiping (some declare) only to entertain the men of the household. This may libel the men, but certainly not more than the charge of gossiping has libelled some women these many years.

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When the world was young, when there was not such a dust of travelling in the air, people thought more, with less versatility, perhaps, but more concentration. There are people who maintain that those of to-day read altogether too much, that any properly active mind can gather enough with open eyes and ears from life itself as it is lived about them. If it were necessary to see only the present few decades, perhaps so. But the light of the past makes so plain the pages of to day's history, and the great dead have still so much for us in their written thoughts, that surely to-day and to-day's productions are only a part of our real world.

Of the reading habit of which so many boast, and of which so many speak slightingly there is a great deal to be said. Many women read merely for amusement, to pass time which hangs heavily, or to forget themselves. Some read with a hunger for the good things of literature, some with only a dogged desire to improve. None of these reasons are unworthy ones, but they are not all. It is beyond doubt that some read only in order to say "I have read;" that they fill their minds with the names of books

and writers which shall serve as conversation-starters.

In the matter of the nourishment of the body it is enough that food has been taken. It is expected it will do its duty at forming bone or blood, keeping up the fires of the system or replacing waste. Food which is re-tasted is believed to be over-heavy or over-rich.

It was well said of a mind enriched by good literature that only by its fertility, did it indicate the streams of literature which had passed over it.

Surely reading has its best use when it is nourishing the mind, not clogging it, not making it an attic room in which to store unused facts, but moulding, building up, strengthening, perfecting the part which thinks.

It is often said of one or another, "She reads too much." It can easily be true. Some gorge their bodies with food that cannot be assimilated, and we call them gluttons in reproach. Undigested mental food is quite as surely a menace.

The pastry of literature is an injudicious diet. It is pleasing for the present, and, perhaps, not an immediate harm. It is not that it in itself it is absolutely hurtful, but it destroys a taste for the nutritious food which is a positive good.

It is a fact that medical advice leads people to formulate some odd courses of diet. But when a woman partakes only of whipped egg or chopped beef, or abstains from sugar, or eschews pork, it goes without saying that she has some ailment or—some fad.

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"Money's the root of all evil, but give me lots of the root."

It was a trite and clumsy witticism, but the lad who laughingly said it was only a boy, and his companion joined the laugh and thought the saying rather clever than otherwise. He grew to manhood, handsome, stalwart manhood, and he and his hard-earned money were a great deal to each other. His first love-story was at the end an estrangement, and then the money was more to him than before. People praised him for his business ability. Women liked his handsome face.

And still the dollars piled one on the other. First the purchasing power was their whole attraction for him. Soon the spirit of winning over mastered him. There were creases on his brow, anxiety in his eyes and hard set lines around his mouth. The ring went out of his laughter, the buoyancy out of his voice. Then his health gave way. Doctors prescribed rest. Solitude was past him. He could not boast of himself to himself. He had no thought to entertain himself with. A summer resort was the choice, quiet, yet with all the activities of pleasure-seekers about to interest and distract him

A woman came amongst the guests at the hotel—a beautiful woman with a wise and witty tongue. She was a favorite at once, but, gracious to all, was yet less gracious to the young man with the pale, harried face, and the bank account.

He saw it and felt it. Pique pricked him one moment, scorn calloused him the next. It was plain to all that the rich young man admired the handsome woman, and she avoided him. One day he took an acquaintance into his confidence. She was plain featured, sallow and undersized. He dilated on the beauty of the other. She never winced.

"Tell me," he said, "why Miss Mortimer avoids me. Women usually like me," and he smoothed down his handsome beard.

The little woman looked at him for a moment and then said quietly—"You are not her equal."

He stormed, enquired, asked her to repeat it.

She did so.

Then he asked what she meant.

"I will tell you," she said. "You have thought money meant everything, and you have made it mean everything. You are rich and you like to be."

He assented, and swaggering on, boastingly said he could buy out every one of those lean-faced fellows she favored, the whole crew were a beggarly set—the doctor, the students, the frantic old ornithologist and the poverty-pinched man of letters.

"And yet," said the woman, "they have something you have not. Each one of them has a mind trained to think. You have not. It is the old story. They have been climbing up on the heights from which they hear the voice of the Eternal. You have been worshipping the Golden Calf below. You have no-

thing in common with Miss Mortimer. You have devoted your life and all your thought to money-getting. She despises mere wealth of pocket"

The young man thought over the girl's words, and, with almost fairy swiftness his money dwindled and dwindled in his estimation until he set it beside the necessaries of life, and it was only as large as the were. Then in a low voice he asked the little sallow-faced girl to help him to read and to think, and she bent, all too willingly, to the task. Into her eyes there came a strange light when he drew near, a strange dulness when he passed from sight. Into his there was only a thanktulness for her, a wistful longing for the other, the beautiful woman who had ignored him.

But when the boasting spirit had broken itself upon his new resolves, when he had owned himself a failure and set out for success on another road, Miss Mortimer began to be interested in him. The little pale-faced girl taught him out of her very heart. The beautiful woman heard him his lesson and thought how clever he was, and how finely his mind was really made after all. They were engaged in the autumn and the world and his wife, as is their wont, discussed the matter He said the little woman was not good-looking enough for Jack Jones, Esq., and his wife remarked she had always thought her over sharp with her tongue.

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Guests are in order during the dog-days, which we dread as the calendar pushes us forward into July. And as the city is fetid and smoky and the daily grind sucks deeper and deeper into the reservoirs of vitality, the city workers—women and men—throw down their busy tasks and escape into the country, not all of them, just the fortunate ones.

Farmers are proverbially hospitable, but all summer is their busy day. It very often happens that the horses which should be in the field are careening over the countryside to meet guests at trains, to take guests to boats, or to drive them about. People who have not lived on farms can never quite understand what a tangle even one day off makes for men and horses, what a deal of calculating it takes to tend to all the fields, and fight against drought and sudden showers with muscles backed by will-power and flanked by a fear of the wolf at the door. When the farmer gives his guests his time, he, in reality, puts his hand deep down into his pocket. Money is not a question between friends, but acquaintances should be chary of tossing their purses too lightly one to the other.

There are, in spite of asservations to the contrary, a few mean people left alive. Some are mean enough to allow themselves to be the guests of people they do not wish to entertain. A good deal of the nonsense about city and country cousins come bodily from the clever brains of the men on the comic papers. Some of it has its origin deep down in the despicable facts. Surely the man at whose table you are welcomed, whose bread you break, should receive equal welcome at your table. If he does not, you were not his true guest, you were somewhat of a beggar or a thief.

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There were spreading chestnut trees and sweeping elms out there at the edge of the city. Some pine trees had been left too, and maples grew further on. There was no true forest cover, the trees were too sparse, and the grass grew up to the trunks and formed cushioned seats there. Up above, the clouds were twisting and twirling through the sky. One great white one that looked like a bat of wool fresh from an old-fashioned hand-card, sailed swiftly overhead. Its fluffy layers of white mist and sunshine shifted and lengthened. Presently it was all ragged-edged and rent. Then the blue came through and in the opening the young moon was framed all shadowy and shy.

Beneath the trees the ground rolled into little hillocks and dimpled into hollows, and, beyond, it stretched out into a meadow golden with buttercups, white with daisy discs and pearly gray with the full-flowered heads of yarrow. There were children's merry voices in the air. They were gathering the flowers out yonder, darting from place to place, surfeited with the quantity, and losing their zest full quickly from the very ease of the gathering.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GROWTH IN CULTURE.

WHILE Canada may not possess a history which discloses a long period of unity in national aim, in intellectual activity or in social development, there are signs that a notable national feeling is being engendered. The increase in the number of newspapers, the really high standard among journals and the intense interest manifested by writers in everything national are among the most leading of these signs. And when it is considered that newspapers, newspaper reading matter and newspaper tone is but a reflex of the national mind, no person can but conclude that Canada is growing in culture.

By culture is meant an interest in literture, in art, in music, in social thought, in the science of government and in national development—an intelligent and active interest in these the higher subjects of mental activity.

Another sign of this growth in culture is the fondness of the people for good books and first-class magazines. The sales of these have never been greater and the intellectual horizon of the Canadian people must surely broaden with these most important agents in their midst. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the sales of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE—and the publishing of this journal is a public, not a private enterprise—are double what they were a year ago, and more than double the sales of any other magazine ever published in Canada at the same price. That so many Canadians will pay the high price asked for a year's subscription to this Magazine and to such magazines as *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Forum*, etc., cannot be taken otherwise than to mean that Canada is growing in point of culture.

A FLOWER NUMBER.

The August number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be "A Flower Number" and will contain special illustrations, initials, head-pieces, and tail-pieces illustrating the leading Canadian flowers. Fuller particulars of the contents will be found in the usual page. It will be purely a fiction number and will be sold at the regular price. Extra copies should be ordered from the newsdealers in advance.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETIES.

Indiscriminate charity is one of the most hurtful of society's modern virtues. Giving to a poor man or a poor woman that which they have not earned is obeying a divine command, but whether that command is being obeyed in an intelligent manner is an entirely different thing. The helping of people in distress is legitimate if that helping be performed with sympathy, patience and an intelligent view of the needs of the particular case to be relieved.

On this point, Josephine Shaw Lowell writes most thoughtfully in the June *Forum*. She says: "The aim of a charity organization society should be to get people to do far more in every way for those in distress than they have ever thought of doing. It should teach them that people ought to give more time, thought and money than they are in the habit of giving. To take only one example, the case of a widow with young children. A working man dies and leaves a little money, and his widow tries to get along with it and succeeds for a little while; then it is gone, and she and the children are dependent. What is the usual course of things? People give her a little money here, a little money there, and she spends almost all her time run-

ning around for the money until she gets to be a regular beggar, and the children beg and the whole family go to destruction. People have given them money because, as they truly say, it was such a pitiful case. What ought to have been done? First all the relations should have been made to give something regularly: then what the woman could have earned, without neglecting her children, should have been taken into consideration; and then somebody should have given her enough to make up the rest of her support in a decent way, so that the children would not have been left to starve and freeze, or have been forced to beg. But there are very few people who are willing to give one woman ten dollars a month for ten years, diminishing it, of course, as the children grow older, and watching over them all that time. That is the way, however, in which dependent widows and children should be taken care of. It is a question of letting them become beggars, or of watching over them and giving them enough to make sure that the children are brought up properly: the watching being more important and more difficult than the relief."

HON. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

On the evening of June 19th there passed away a gentleman who had been a member of the old Parliament of Canada, President of the Council in the Cartier-Macdonald Administration in 1862, a member of the new Parliament of Canada, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario in 1880—the Hon. John Beverly Robinson, second son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada. He was born in Toronto in 1820, and had been living in that city since his call to the bar in 1844. He was prominently connected with many provincial interests, possessed a wide circle of friends and had won for himself a permanent and honored place in the history of his country. Energetic, enthusiastic and broad-minded, he was a worthy citizen.

THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

The summer-resort man looks blue; the owner of the trout-creek, the builder and seller of canoes and yachts, the keeper of the livery-stable, the owner of street railway stock, the owner of pleasure steamboats, and all the rest of those who have been accustomed to receive a share of the money which people usually spend on summer pleasures have taken on an extra wrinkle above or between their eyebrows. And all this because of the bicycle craze. A man buys a bicycle for himself at $100, another for his wife at $80, and two smaller ones at $60 each. Then he finds that $300 is all that he can afford for summer excursions and pleasures. The summer cottage must be left idle, and rides out of the big towns and larger cities along country roads to quiet inexpensive picnic grounds or to the nearer public parks are made to suffice.

It is estimated that 50,000 wheels have been sold in Canada this year. Averaging these at $75, there is a total investment of $3,750,000—a most startling sum. This three and three-quarter millions would buy a great many street-car tickets, numerous steamboat coupons, large quantities of dry goods, etc. The regular course of trade is being interrupted. The sharp man who has foreseen all this and turned his attention to the wants of bicyclists is reaping a harvest. But he is not numerous. Those who have not done this are feeling the pinch severely.

There can be no doubt the bicycle is a great convenience. In a large town or city when the business man has to travel a mile or two, perhaps three miles, to reach his place of business, the bicycle is a good investment and a very handy means of transportation. To those who live in congested town and city districts, it affords a pleasant and convenient means of reaching outlying parks and green country lanes and woods. To those whose occupation is a sedentary one, it offers a necessary physical training which is a medicine of the sugar-coated-pill variety.

Yet after all, this rush for bicycles is a craze which must soon reach its limit. Many young girls are riding bicycles who are unfit by previous training to stand the rough physical work entailed in propelling the silent steed. Moreover through the worship of the wheel they are sometimes led into habits and company which are not conducive to an elevation of thought and morality. Young men who are always on their wheel receive too little of that home influence which is elevating and refining.

They are drawn away from literature and art and music, from those finer studies which develop that part of man which distinguishes him from the rest of the animal world. They are led into making the Sabbath a day of pleasure, rather than a day of body and mind improvement.

Properly used the bicycle is a most excellent convenience and superior means of pleasure : abused it leads to a degradation of the people who worship it. It has come to stay, but the mad rush to possess and the wild craze to be always in the saddle will pass away as something which is unworthy of the high ideas of life which should fill the mind of every true man and every worthy woman.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the New York writer, who has scored a success with his novel "Tom Grogan," has been telling how to write short stories. As the art is little known in Canada, a few of Mr. Smith's pointers may be valuable :

"How do I write my short stories? To begin with, the first draught is always written on a half-sheet of paper. That sketch contains all the meat of the story —the plot, the thread, the facts, or whatever you choose to call it. Here and there you would find, if you read one of these bits of data, the word 'describe,' which means that the detail against which it is placed has such bearing upon the rest of the yarn that it needs careful elaboration.

"A short story must never be confounded with a pastel. It must lead up to something. It should have for its structure a plot, a bit of life, an incident such as you would find in a brief newspaper paragraph. I do not mean any paragraph ; but one of sufficient interest to make an editor clip it out and insert it in his own paper. The short story, to my mind, must be capable of being told in not more than three minutes. That is to say, any one who has read it should be able to tell the entire plot to a dinner company within that time, gestures taking the place of detailed descriptions.

"Now, a story is something more than incidents and descriptions It is a definite thing. It progresses constantly. It arrives somewhere. It must enforce some idea (no matter what). It must be such a reality that a man who read it would carry away a definite impression. If you ask a man of intelligence what such-and-such a story is like, and he replies, 'Oh, something about a boat and some people who sailed on it,' you may be pretty sure the piece of writing does not deserve the name of a story.

"In a word, a short story is a triangle. Starting from a certain point, it proceeds along one line, then it turns and goes along another, and finally it returns to the point of departure. It must be like a triangle to be complete. You've read many so-called short stories that were nothing more than one side, or possibly two sides of a triangle.

"After writing out the outline on a half-sheet torn from a book, I begin to write the real story with the framework before me. For this purpose I use blank books caught together at the side, and write on the right hand sheet only, filling in, from time to time, on the left hand sheet opposite the place where a bit needs to be inserted. When I have done the best I can with it, I send the book to the stenographer, who returns the manuscript written out in typescript. Then I usually cut that manuscript into paragraphs, rearrange it, rewrite parts of it, and put it together anew ; and when the new version comes back it is about the best I can do just then.

"A few weeks later I again take it up and revise it. In all these revisions it is most necessary to preserve the continuity of thought. It is fatal to polish a piece of writing until the thread is hidden. And if you ever write a short story, take a big blue pencil and strike out the best line you ever wrote in your life – if it doesn't belong there.

"A short story is a one-act play. A novel is a six act play, with climaxes instead of curtains. A short story is a one-stranded yarn ; a novel is a six-stranded yarn. To put the art of short story writing into a single sentence : You take a bit of life ; you make it a bit of literature ; and then you make it a work of art."

CRIMINALS AND POLITICIANS.

The people of Canada may be a nation of thinkers, but no one would suspect it from the way in which they treat their criminals. They send these debased and

twisted individuals to a penitentiary, ostensibly that they may be forced to reform, and they place over them—whom? Do we find men of learning, of intellect, of culture, of scientific attainments, of knowledge concerning criminal reform, placed in charge of our prisons? No, we find politicians.

A new head for Canada's greatest prison was appointed the other day, and what were his qualifications? He was a politician who had served his party faithfully, and had never been accused of anything more noble. He may endeavor to the best of his ability to earn his salary—the position is worth $5,000 a year—but that he will ever accomplish anything in the way of reform in criminal treatment is not expected—even by himself. He is too old to gain the knowledge of criminal life which can be gained only by long years of patient study and close observation.

According to Charles Dudley Warner, there is only one prison in New York State which is not run by a politician, and that is the Elmira Reformatory. He says: "under these superintendents and keepers the criminals are secure, but there is no hope of their ever being any better.

"What sort of men do we need at the head of our prisons? We need the same kind of men whom we would put at the head of any institution of learning. We need a gentleman; a man of intellect, fine bearing and good influence and example. Of course he would need doctors and others to help him, and there is no such field in the world for the study of psychology and human nature as a penal institution. For once economy and philanthropy go hand in hand in a great and vital work."

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

On June 9th, there opened in London, the third Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, when representatives from boards of trade of the various cities in Canada, Australia, Cape Colony and Great Britain met to discuss the commercial interests of the greatest commercial nation that the world has ever produced. During the past three years there has been a decided tendency in thought towards the formulating of some plan whereby the various parts of the Empire might combine their commercial activity for offence and defence, with an increased growth of inter-imperial trade. Various schemes of zollvereins and customs unions have been proposed and discussed, but nothing definite has resulted. All that can be said to have been done is that public opinion has been awakened on this question, and many strong and active brains are thinking away the difficulties which at the present time may seem insurmountable.

The old Cobdenite shakes his head and says that nothing can come of this discussion; that Great Britain has been wedded to free trade by ties which cannot be put asunder. But we of the younger generation of free-traders must recognize that there are circumstances to which the best theory cannot be made to apply, and that the commercial situation of the world to-day, a great majority of the nations having adopted a system of high protection, may not allow of our free trade theories being carried into actual practice. The United States will soon elevate to the highest seat in its government, Major McKinley, the great high priest of protection. None of the more advanced nations of Europe seem to be at all worried about their protection practices, and have exhibited no desire to make this world one commercial sheepfold.

To die for a principle is a very wise idea in poetry and biographical sketches, but it would hardly be suitable for England in her present state. If British manufacturers find that they are dying for the principle of free trade, they will soon abandon this joy of their heart for another principle which may be less pleasing but which promises to be more profitable. Of course the British manufacturer is very conservative, and the probability is that he will lose considerable money before he gives up his present plan. He must not be expected to retreat early in the battle—that would not be British.

RAILWAYS AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Through the kindness of Mr. M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto, I was recently permitted to look over some advertising matter which his railway was sending broadcast, and I was surprised to think, for the first time, how much our railroads must be doing for our national

development. The sending of books, pamphlets and folders in which appear numerous illustrations of Canada's natural and artificial beauty-spots, and of Canadian industrial centres, to the various parts of the earth, must tend to keep Canada always before the public. While our railroads may sometimes do things which we do not desire them to do, and may sometimes leave undone things which we would like to see them do, yet we must give them credit for the good which they do perform.

One of the prettiest of the collection was a booklet entitled "Gateways of Tourist Travel," which described and illustrated the St. Clair Tunnel, Niagara Falls, the Muskoka Lakes, and the beauties of the St. Lawrence. Even if it was something got up to advertise "The Greatest Tourist Route of America," I, as a Canadian, was proud of it, and inwardly expressed the hope that the best people in the United States and Great Britain would receive copies.

Another more bulky pamphlet, entitled "Pen and Sunlight Sketches," contains a wonderful amount of information, in addition to some very readable matter. It gives the rates to every town of importance reached by the Grand Trunk System, and also a list of hotels, with rates; the steamboat connections at the various ports, and similar facts of great value to the traveller.

Another, entitled "Canadian Summer Resort Guide," shows the beauties of Toronto and enumerates what should be seen when visiting the Queen City, describes the Midland Lake region, the Georgian Bay route, or Soo-Mackinac trip, the Northern Lakes of Ontario, which includes Muskoka and the beauties of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

But space forbids a further description of these handy and instructive guides. But it is difficult to understand how one can look over this without being impressed by the numerous granaries of summer pleasure which may be reached by the Canadian railroads. Canadians have too little faith in their own country, too shallow a regard for the intrinsic beauty of Canadian lakes and rivers, too prosy an idea of the benefit to be derived from viewing the beauties of nature and the handiwork of man in other than their own little domiciles. The ideas of the people need broadening, so that more of that, for Canadians slave early and late, may be kept in circulation, and so that this circulation may be more rapid and more profitable to all concerned. A man is what he makes of himself; a nation is what the people make of it. The whole is not greater than the sum of the parts.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

Canadian general elections date back, in the popular mind, only to 1867. Before that year the Province of Canada (Ontario and Quebec), had general elections of its own, as had New Brunswick and Nova Scotia respectively. Since the confederation of the four provinces, there have been several general elections, all of which were won by the Conservative party except that of 1873, when the Liberals came into power for four years. The general election of 1896 has again, according to first returns, brought the Liberals on to the Treasury Benches.

The change of government means little change in fiscal policy. With the protectionists sweeping everything before them in the United States, and with a growing feeling towards mild protection in Great Britain, the Liberals can make little change in the fiscal policy carried out by their predecessors. Duties may be revised and re-adjusted, but it is difficult to see how any Canadian government could, at the present time, lower very materially the rates of customs duties imposed on goods coming into this country.

The defeat of the government led by Sir Charles Tupper can be explained only on the ground that a somewhat hard financial period had caused people to feel that nothing could be lost and something might be gained by a change. The Remedial Bill, or the question of the propriety of the government interfering to restore separate schools to the minority in Manitoba, was a considerable factor in determining results. Yet it cannot be said to have had a general effect throughout the whole country. A large number of the members returned, both Conservative and Liberals are pledged against the proposed Remedial Bill. But the attitude of both parties was somewhat similar. Neither was the issue a direct question of Protection *vs.* Free Trade, because

the Liberals have acknowledged that under present circumstances duties cannot be radically reduced.

The discussion of all the questions before the electorate has been thorough and even warm. But no real trouble resulted, and everything connected with the campaign has been conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. There are no schisms to be regretted or to be injurious. The new government when it comes into power will undoubtedly uphold the honor of Canada, and do their best for the promotion and advancement of all national interests. The new opposition will, no doubt, endeavor to perform their duties as an opposition faithfully and well. Let us hope that under the new regime Canada will continue to make progress towards that perfection which should be the aim and object of all nations.

GROWTH OF A NEW BRAIN.

If the claw of a crab be pulled off, says the *Literary Digest*, a new one grows in its place, and some lower forms of animal life are not much disturbed at the loss of any part of the organism, so complete a power do they possess of replacing lost tissue by growth. It has generally been suppo ed that in the higher animals this power was entirely absent, but recent researches have tended to show that they possess it, not, to be sure, in regard to their legs, eyes, or ears, but in regard to a more important organ than any of these —that which dominates them all—the brain. The fresh growth of brain-cells, after part of that organ has been removed, has, it is true, been strenuously denied. The results of experiment have been contradictory, and as short a time ago as 1894, Marinesen concluded that the cells and fibres of nervous centres do not grow again after destruction. But now comes M. Alexander N. Vitzou, and by a series of experiments on monkeys has, as it would seem, proved that Marinesen was wrong. and that part of the brain will grow again if removed. Opponents of vivi-section will condemn the eminent biologist for cruelty, and will hardly accept the plea that the result of his experiments may alter for the better whole systems of treatment in brain disease or injury ; yet, all such questions aside, no one can fail to see the interest of his conclusions from a purely physiological standpoint. We quote from *The American Naturalist* (June) a few paragraphs describing the experiments already mentioned.

"In pursuing his studies on the physiology of the occipital lobes, M. Alexander M. Vitzou has discovered the presence of cells and of nervous fibres in the substance of noviformation in the monkey, two years and two months after the complete cutting away of the occipital lobes. The entire extirpation of these lobes results, as is known, in a total loss of sight in both monkeys and dogs. The experience of the author concerning this point agrees with that of M. H. Munck and confirms his conclusions. The later researches of different scientists have confirmed the facts which he demonstrated.

"Repeating the experiment of total extirpation of the two occipital lobes of a monkey, February 19, 1893, M. Vitzou noticed that during the fourth month the animal commenced to perceive persons and objects, but with great difficulty. At the end of fourteen months the ability to perceive was greatly increased. The monkey could avoid obstacles, which he could not do during the first months following the operation.

"On the 24th of April, 1895, Mr. Vitzou repeated the operation upon the same animal. After denuding the skull he found the orifices of trepanation closed by a mass of rather firm connective tissue. On lifting this mass with care, to his astonishment and that of the assistants standing about him, he found the entire space which had formerly been occupied by the occipital lobes completely filled with a mass of new-formed substance. This he proceeded at once to examine.

"A portion was taken from the centre of the mass closing the orifice of trepanation, and another from the posterior part of the new-formed substance found in the skull. . . . M. Vitzou demonstrated the presence of pyramidal nerve-cells and of nerve-fibres. The nerve-tissue was present in large quantities and the nerve-cells less numerous than in the occipital lobes of the adult animal, but their presence in the new-formed mass was constant.

"In brief, the conclusion from the preceding experiment is that the new substance occupying the place of the occipital lobes was of nerve nature, and that

it was due to a new formation of cells and of nerve-fibres in the brain of the monkey. Here is a fact, says the author, which demonstrates the possibility of regeneration of nerve-tissues in the brain, as well as what was previously known, that active nutrition is maintained in the rest of the organ.

"Moreover, we find in the presence of cells and nerve-fibres in the new-formed mass an explanation of the fact concerning the betterment, although slight, of the sense of sight. This explains also contradictory facts presented by different scientists, in the case of partial extirpation of the brain followed by an amelioration of the functions lost during the first operation."

THE WEAKNESS OF STRONG CABINETS.

Nothing in the recent history of Parliamentary institutions is more remarkable than the defeat of the Salisbury Government on the Education bill—for defeat it is practically. The Ministers have had to withdraw the measure for this session, after consuming months of time in discussing its clauses. The common criticism of Ministries with large majorities is that they flounder about awkwardly owing to their own unwieldly proportions. This is partly true, but the far-reaching nature of the Education bill has, in this case, been a factor in the situation. The measure created almost as much discussion among the friends of the Church Party as in the Nonconformist ranks. The consequence was that a resolute Parliamentary Opposition, possessing leaders undismayed by defeat, have been able to block public business, and force the Ministry into abandoning a vital feature of its programme. This is humiliating, and a Government in Britain invariably suffers extremely in prestige from a Parliamentary reverse. Mr. Balfour is blamed by *The Times* and other powerful critics. He is a most charming intellectual and social personality, and a political power in the country more than in the House. His influence in the Commons is not of the dominating kind which characterises Mr. Chamberlain. The Government forces have become unmanageable, and their numerical preponderance has helped to render the Opposition attack more effective. Inability to fulfil the pre-election promises as to Education will be a source of great disappointment to the Church Party, and it is difficult to foresee the ultimate results of this temporary setback. The position of affairs was peculiar from the start. The measure only applied to England. The Scotch members were apathetic, and the spectacle of the Irish Nationalists abandoning their Liberal allies to vote with a Tory Ministry, was no source of moral strength to the bill. The year has worn away, and the squires and dignitaries constituting so important an element of the majority, resent the idea of remaining at Westminster with the shooting season approaching. Not less vital have been the honest controversies among the friends of the bill themselves as to its merits and practicability. The moral contained in the episode, for all governments, is the unwisdom of over-estimating the effective legislative strength of a large majority. A question bristling with controversy is as dangerous to a well entrenched Cabinet as a weak one, perhaps more dangerous. To march ahead of average popular sentiment on any large subject, is a precarious course. A single commanding personality in a modern House of Commons can do much. But, from its nature, the present "government of all the talents" lacks that very requisite. The School question, in short, appears to be as fateful in England as in Canada.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

AN attempt to make a love story and a dissertation on hypnotism run side by side and fit between one set of covers has been made by a former resident of this country, Mr. Sydney Flower. Some time ago he wrote an A. B. C. book of his favourite study, and entitled it "Hypnotism Up to Date." He has now gone further, and produced a more interesting and more instructive book, "A Study in Hypnotism."* In it he gives, in the form of a story, an account of some of his experiences as a hypnotist, explaining everything in a clear and concise way. To outline what is attempted and what is accomplished in this book is impossible, owing to lack of space. All I can do is to say that any person who would like to secure a book on hypnotism which is neither pedantic, obscure nor uninteresting should get this one just published by Mr. Flower.

One part of the book pleased me very much. The hypnotist of the story says:

"Physicians would think it madness to tell a dying man who was too weak to lift his hand, and on whom the shadows of death were gathering, that he would feel a desire to eat come upon him in half an hour. Tears and sorrowful faces by the bedside are too strong counter suggestions for the enfeebled resistance of the wasted frame, and sympathetic relatives have killed more people than the world ever wot of."

"I have seen some people die fighting hard for life," said Mr. Brown.

"You never saw one die, I venture to assert," said Richard, "who believed that he would live. Once rouse in a man's mind the conviction that death has no hold upon him, and he will get better. . . ."

This is rash certainly, but it contains some truth. The chapter on Christian Science, is also very pleasing.

**

A most opportune book for the sportsman who may be looking for a new field to exploit is "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe in Quebec's Adirondacks,"† by G. M. Fairchild, Jr., editor of "Canadian Leaves," etc. This work deals with Quebec's Adirondacks, Lake St Charles, Lake Beauport, The Jacques Cartier River, Lake St. Joseph, the Tourilli Club, the Laurentides National Park, Ouananiche Fishing at Lake St. John, Angling and Caribou Hunting in Quebec. In fact it tells all about fishing and hunting in that province. It is illustrated with a large number of various kinds and degrees of photographs and drawings.

**

W. E. Hunt, of Montreal, is better known to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as "Keppell Strange." He is on the editorial staff of the *Witness*, but is a most worthy member of Canada's band of literary workers. His new volume is entitled "Poems and Pastels,"* and the cover and the typographical appearance is a credit to the publisher, William Briggs.

In this dainty volume, Mr. Hunt gives us two score of his miscellaneous poetry, some sixteen sonnets, and several very pretty pastels and sketches in prose. His poetry is marked by simplicity, concentrated thought, comprehensive views, and a charmingly musical style and finish. His work reminds one of the simpler poems of Tennyson and Longfellow, yet in nearly every case Mr Hunt's individuality asserts itself.

Here are two striking things:

THE SEA'S INFLUENCE.

The brine is in our blood from days of yore,
And ever in our ears the tide's-tune rings,
The waves run through our legend and our lore
And permeates a thousand diverse things;
The memory of our race's island home
Is charged with salt-sea spray and ocean foam.

FLOWERS.

Fairest of all earth's beauties
Are the flowers—
The scented, tinted flowers.

Fairest of all earth's flowers
Are the roses—
The regal, radiant roses.

*The Psychic Pub. Co., 56 Fifth ave., Chicago. Cloth, 226 pp.

† Published by the author at the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, Quebec. Paper covers, 207 pp.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, gilt top, 137 pp.

Fairest of all earth's roses
Are the maidens
The dainty, queenly maidens.

**

Some of the longer poems are even more striking in their deep thought, musical turns, strength of imagination and sustained power. But it is in the pastels that one most catches glimpses of the strength of this writer's imagination. These strong pen-pictures stir one's soul and one's thoughts until one wonders wherein lies the charm of them. The master, however, is invisible, his strong, bold strokes hiding him, and revealing only those enormous thoughts with which he fills the mind of the reader.

This book is certainly deserving of the attention which is usually bestowed upon Canadian books, and no purchaser of it will regret the expenditure.

**

Macmillans are publishing the People's Edition of the Poetical Works of Tennyson. The volumes are about 16mo. size, square, bound in cloth, and contain about 100 pages. The Idylls of the King are published in two parts, each one making a volume. They are very dainty, and will no doubt sell readily to those who desire to carry Tennyson around in their pockets for the purpose of study.

**

"Among the Freaks,"* by W. L. Alden, is a funny book, describing the experience of the proprietor of a dime museum in Chicago. The humor in it is neither low nor rough, but consists in peculiar and possible incidents which might occur when the freaks in a show agreed too much or too little, or just in spots.

**

Three more parts of the *Comédie Humaine*, by Balzac, have been translated for Macmillan's Colonial Library.* This series is being edited by George Saintsbury, who writes excellent prefaces for each volume. The three to hand are The Quest of the Absolute, The Country Doctor, and The Atheist's Mass. In his preface to The Country Doctor, Saintsbury says: "In hardly any of his books, with the possible exception of *Eugénie Grandet*, does Balzac seem to have taken a greater interest than in *Le Médecin de Campagne;* and the fact of this interest, together with the merit and intensity of the book in each case, is, let it be repeated, a valid argument against those who would have it that there was something sinister both in his genius and in his character."

**

In the same series has just been published "Tartarin of Tarascon," a caricature of bravery and courage, by Alphonse Daudet. This is not a weighty book by any means, but it is jolly. This volume is admirably illustrated.

**

Another book in the same cheap series is "The Hand of Ethelberta," by Thomas Hardy. As the author says in his preface, this is a somewhat frivolous narrative, and is written in a light mood. It is, however, an excellent picture, for the most part, of rich people's servants, their status, their habits, and their views of life.

**

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, have in preparation the fourth volume of the Pall Mall Magazine Library, entitled "Guns and Cavalry; Their Performance in the Past and their Prospect in the Future," by Major E. S. May, R.A. Also a new volume of Balzac, which bears the uneuphonic name of "Gobseck." Their great limited illustrated edition of Balzac, in Miss Wormeley's translation, is progressing favorably. Two new volumes in the Key Note Series bear the titles of "In Homespun," by Edith Nesbit, and "Nets for the Wind," by Una Taylor.

**

It appears, says a London Letter, that the George Meredith cult is no longer confined to the intellectual minority, for his last book, "The Amazing Marriage," has taken the public more than any of its predecessors, and so far the sale has compared favorably, in point of numbers, with the most successful novels of the year; Archibald Constable and Company, who issued it, will be Mr. Meredith's publishers in future. He keeps his copyrights in his own hands, with one exception,

* Longman's, Green & Co., London; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.; paper, 75 cents.

* Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Tragic Comedians," which is the property of Ward, Lock & Bowden, who will issue it in their forthcoming series of Nineteenth Century Classics. Mr. Meredith, who appears once more in the best of health, has just concluded a visit to London. He has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer.

**

Among Jarrold & Sons' (London) forthcoming volumes are a new novel by Grant Allen, entitled "The Jaws of Death"—a truly melo-dramatic title—which will be the initial volume of the new Daffodil Library; and a translation by Frances A. Gerard of "Black Diamonds," a stirring romance from the pen of the Hungarian grand old man of literature, Maurice Jokai.

**

Marie Corelli's "The Mighty Atom" seems to have taken England by storm. Over 100,000 copies have been sold there. It is also doing well in the States and in Canada.

**

Stephen Crane's books are selling well, and I have heard several Canadians speak most enthusiastically of his prose works. "Red Badge of Courage," is the title of the book to buy to know him best.

**

"The Grey Man," Crockett's new story, which has been published in the *Graphic* and in *Harper's Weekly*, will not be published in book form until October.

**

I have read some very favorable criticisms on Marion Crawford's new book, "Adam Johnstone's Son." It is having a gratifying success. It was reviewed in last issue.

**

Another book which was discussed last month, and which should be in every Canadian library is Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." As a Canadian story, it will live as long as Canada is a nation of book-readers and book-lovers.

**

Chatto and Windus, says a London Exchange, have nearly ready "Travel and Talk, 1885-93-95: My Hundred Thousand Miles of Travel through America, Australia, Tasmania, Canada, New Zealand, Ceylon, and the Isles of the Pacific," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M A. The work will be in two volumes, and will have two portraits.

THE LION'S WHELPS.

Old Mother glad and strong, and not afraid,
It was a stout, gay-hearted crew you bred
In the old days before the gods were dead,
When War dwelt here and England was unmade.
But they were not a roving breed; they stayed
At home and fought and bled, and drank and fed,
And sang and danced, and left their prayers unsaid,
But faced their foes clear-eyed and asked no aid.

The Lion's whelps of duller, later days
Went over seas and gained by their strong hands
Wealth and eternal fame, and matchless lands,
And set their sons in these to keep always
The lamp of loyalty burning, and the bands
Tied fast which hold the Mother to the Strays.

MARRY MARSTYN.

FLOWERS AND FICTION.....

The August number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be made up almost entirely of fiction—mostly illustrated short stories by Canadian authors. It will also be embellished with numerous initials, head pieces and tail pieces, showing the leading Canadian flowers. It will be a most superior issue, and one which it is hoped will be a credit to the Canada which is not made up of Indians, icebergs, snow-drifts and ice palaces.

Charles G. D. Roberts

Will contribute a beautiful poem, which will be illustrated by F. H. Brigden.

Florence, Venice, Switzerland,

The last instalment of Constance Rudyard Boulton's account of "A Canadian Bicycle in Europe" will contain an account of a trip from Florence to Venice, the Italian Lakes, and through Switzerland to Berne. It will be illustrated by that most brilliant of Canadian Artists, F. H. Brigden.

Fidele H. Holland

Is well known to Canadians as a bright writer of short stories. A short, racy, adventurous tale of domestic life by this talented woman will appear in the issue. It will be illustrated by two well known artists.

Trinity College, Toronto

This issue will contain an illustrated description of this famous Canadian University, from the pen of E. R. Young, B.A. This will be a valuable addition to the series of articles on Canadian Universities.

The Mermaid's Pool

A most interesting story by Lee Wyndham, entitled "The Mermaid's Pool," will be much appreciated by the numerous admirers of this gifted writer. It will be brightened up with several drawings.

This will be a number which will be especially worthy . . . of preservation. . . .

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YACHTING ON A CANADIAN LAKE.

THE

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THE FLOWER CHILD.*

(A Pastel.)

W. E. HUNT. (KEPPELL STRANGE.) AUTHOR OF "POEMS AND PASTELS."

BECAUSE the Child was beloved by the Genius of the Flowers, she led him away from the Ogres of Grind and Greed, under whose dominion the city long had been enslaved, and together they journeyed into the delectable domain of Spring. Always, there, the dawn is resilient and rosy; the clouds are luminous, tender and exquisitely modelled; the evening skies are symphonies of purple and azure and gold; all the day, the blue of the sky has a deeper depth, a tenderer tone. The woods upon the borders of this delectable land are carpeted with dead leaves, in an infinitude of browns and rare designs; the sunshine filters through the twigs and stems of the undergrowth, and weaves league upon league of lace-like light; the oak leaves upon the ground are now a-shimmer like flakes of mica, and now metallic and iridescent as beaten bronze—shaped with loving care by some great old master.

Afar off, it seemed to the Child, the trees were ashen and forlorn, as in winter time, every branch looked barren, and where the woods coalesced in the background, all was wan and like a grey cloud. Upon a nearer view, the Child saw that all the branches were bedecked with myriads of buds; tiny cones of orange and purple and emerald and ruby; soft silky spheres; long graceful tassels; clusters of precocious flowers; infrequently, a tiny tender glaucous leaf, timid of the day. Beneath the dried forest leaves upon the ground, the pulse was stirred of many lowly plants; the three heart-shaped leaves of the Trillium were unfolding; the frond of a Fern was beginning to daintily unroll; a few emerald spears and tassels gave promise of a glorious future.

Leisurely and onward these two went together, from loveliness to loveliness. They passed where rocky woodlands were adorned with the sweetly-scented, pale pink Mayflower; wandered where the pure, white, golden-hearted Bloodroot grew; paused where the delicately-perfumed Hepatica studded the dry expanse of shimmering leaves with violet, white and pink-purple stars. Presently, upon the hill-side, singly and in clusters, they met the rich-yellow, lily-like Dog-

*This pastel mentions Canadian Flowers only. For an index to flower illustrations in this issue see second last page.

Tooth Violet, nodding upon a graceful stem, amidst its long, curved and shining mottled leaves. Violets were all abloom near by, azure and yellow and white; every rock was bejewelled with miniature Saxafrage; far below, in the vale, where the mould was rich and moist and the deep grasses grew, the Violets were of sapphire and of amethyst; the borders of the streams and the marshes were all ablaze with burnished Marsh Marigolds.

Ever, as they went onward, they saw the quaint, purple and yellow, spotted and striped Skunk Cabbage; the curious-leaved, red Pitcher Plant; the pretty and innocent looking, but insect-eating Roundleaved Sundew; shy, wood-loving Orchis and Ladies Slippers; gay Painted Trilliums, purple Trilliums and Trilliums of vestal whiteness; yellow Sweet Coltsfoot, whitish Dutchman's Breeches, greenish-white Squirrel Corn. The dainty Hot Clover they saw, and Clovers red and white and amber; white and red Baneberry; blue and white Forget-me-nots; Scarlet Painted Cup, Golden Ragwort, white and purple Toothworts, Early Meadow Rue, Wild Cranesbill, Thyme-leaved Speedwells, Neckweeds, Corn Groomwell, Robin's Plantain, Gold Threads, Wood Daffodils and Anemones, Wood and Wild Strawberries; copses of June Berry and Staff Tree, Hawthorn and Cockspur Thorn, Blackberry and Raspberry and Cranberry and Wild Rose.

Denser and more dense grew the foliage of the trees, as these two wandered further into this flowery Eldorado. They passed wide stretches of country white with Bunchberry and Wild Lily of the Valley; lingered where the shy Northern Clintonia arched its rich green leaves, and where the regal Flowering Fern upraised its perfumed towers; and it seemed to the Child that some third Presence, sweet, vague and elusive, walked beside them. Once they came to a rocky nook, deep in bronzy mosses and roofed over with the foliage of the Maple. In this calm retreat grew Celandine, Columbine, Bishop's Cap, Foam Flower, False Solomon's Seal, Twisted Stalk, Herb Robert, Ginseng, Preacher in the Pulpit and Wild Ginger. Here the air was odorous with the incense of Cypress and of Pine, and ever the spot lingered in the memory of the Child, and he called it The House of Peace.

It was in one of the many noble halls of Summer that the third Presence, so long exquisitely felt, at length, revealed herself. The skies were of azure—so deep, so sweet, so soft, so tender! The foliage of the trees was in its young prime, thick and rich and of manifold green. The sun was obscured by a solitary luminous cloud. In such a setting came to the Child a picture ever common and ever rare: league upon league of golden-hearted Marguerites — illimitable! Afar off, they were as drifted snow; nearer, each sweet flower-head swayed upon its slender stalk, a type of perfect grace and purity. The burnished yellow chalices of the Buttercup glowed and gleamed in many a meadow; long lines of pale yellow Mustard stretched far away into the beyond; the sapphire of the Vetch glistened amidst the woven waving grasses; the fragile iridescent bells of the Bladder Campion swung lightly to and fro; the fragrant white and yellow Melilot was tangled by the wayside. The cloud passed away, the brightness of the early morning sun glorified every living thing; and, as Aphrodite arose from the foam of the sea, so the Presence came to the Child out of the foam-like flowers, and he knew her for the Beautiful.

Then a deep content was in the soul of the Child, and with rapture he murmured: "My Country, My Beloved Canada, How Lovely Art Thou!"

The Genius of the Flowers looked fondly upon the Child, and she said to him: "Thou hast obtained a gift of rare price, for, to whom she revealeth herself, Beauty groweth alway, even

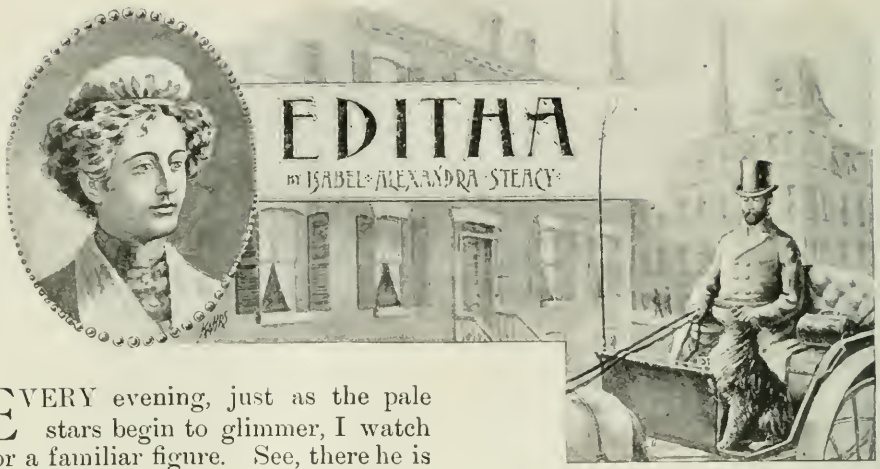
as a Lily in the Garden of the Soul; her loveliness ever increaseth, and she dieth only with Death."

So it was that, ever afterwards, Beauty was with the Child and the Genius of the Flowers, and for long they glided adown many a smooth stream and quiet lake. Here the shapely green leaves and the gauzy white petals of the Arrow Head were mirrored in the waters, beside the faint starry blossoms of the Water Plantain and the dense violet-purple spikes of the Pickerel Weed. Patches of Blue Flag were all along the way; white and yellow Water Lilies floated upon the shining expanses, and Arum Lilies grew in the moist places. Curious grasses and flowers and shrubs of rainbow hues bedecked the banks. Wild Convolvuluses ran riot amidst the Purple Flowering Raspberry and pink Lambkill; the bright scarlet patches of the Red Berried Elder make pale the pink bell-shaped flowers of the Spreading Dogbane; up rose Joe Pye Weed, pink-purple and gracious. Here and there were Loosestrifes and St. John's Worts, with gossamery stamens, and "yellow, glorious, golden"; Purple Loosestrifes, all aglow with color; Blue Vervain, in great glowing sapphire patches; fragrant wild Mints and Skull Caps; Wild Orange and Yellow Lilies; Common Mullein, yellow, erect, like huge candelabra; Black-Eyed Susans and Sun Flowers and Spotted Touch-me-nots; waxen berries, black and white, and red and yellow and purple.

One day, these three met Autumn, loaded with ripe fruit, and he showed them where he had scattered illimitable Golden Rod over hill-side and plain, and a-many purple Asters, and Michaelmas Daisies, and pearly Everlasting Flowers. Together they walked through his kingdom, and the country-side was all glorious with wild berries and orchards of luscious fruits. And one evening, when nearly all the Fire Flies had departed from the bushes, and the yellow Evening Primroses were dying, and the Pink Moths were dead, and the few remaining grasshoppers were dumb in the fields, and the Sumach bushes were purple and vermillion, and the Maple leaves were of crimson and of gold, and the glad solos and choruses of the birds were heard no more, they came unto the farthest borders of this domain and were met by a satellite of Winter, whose name is Frost. Here the Genius of the Flowers parted from the Child for a season, but, even as she had said, Beauty remained to comfort him.

And now, in the bleak, barren city, when the Child sometimes wonders whether the past was not all a dream, Beauty holds up for him the Glass of Memory, wherein he sees all his old friends reflected—a-many more than have been here set down—and he knows that the time soon will come when he shall see them all again.





EVERY evening, just as the pale stars begin to glimmer, I watch for a familiar figure. See, there he is now, driving past my window—his dog at his feet—one hand holds the reins, while the other rests on the head of the dog. There seems to be a silent sympathy between this man and the faithful collie at his feet. The strong features of the man are softened by that kindness and gentleness of aspect which is born of some secret sorrow nobly endured. The dog's whole attitude is one of conscious pride, while the eyes that look into the master's face are almost human in their affectionate yearning. If I mistake not, these two companions have some secret bond of sympathy.

Dr. Thorpe was seated in his study one evening. His gentle touch had that day soothed many a weary sufferer, worn and spent in the toils of pain. Little knew they of the stifled cry of the Doctor's lonely heart, which would not be hushed. Perhaps his voice was softer, and his touch even a trifle gentler than usual—that was all. So little know we of the heart-life of those about us. "Collie, old boy, I love her so. She is the only woman I can ever love. O, Collie, how can I bear the utter loneliness of life without her?" As he spoke, the manly tears of a pent-up grief fell upon the upturned face of the faithful creature at his side. Seeing his distress, the dog whined and licked his hand in mute sympathy.

Two years before, Editha Dale had been appointed Superintendent of the Hospital at Ottawa, at which Dr. Thorpe was a daily attendant. Of her previous life nothing was known, a proud reticence seemed to envelop her. Her fair, beautiful face, surmounted by an aureole of soft, sunny hair-ripples, was not one you could easily forget. The hint of sadness in the blue depths of those luminous eyes told only too clearly that sorrow, which comes to all, had come to her also. You instinctively felt that she, too, had trod the sacred precincts of the inner life of sorrow.

Dr. Thorpe in his daily visits to the wards found himself strangely drawn towards that proud young face as he watched her in her gentle ministry among God's sick. His noble, chivalrous heart was stirred to its depths, as he thought of the loneliness and apparent apartness of this young life. Editha appealed to the strong protective element in his nature, and thus a hitherto unknown sympathy was born of these two lonely lives.

About a year had dropped silently into the abyss of the past, when the faithful doctor, amid the dangers inherent to the discharge of his duties, had fallen a victim to that dread disease of the profession—blood-poisoning.

Entirely shut off from contact with the outer world, this brave girl, at the peril of her own life, nursed him as only a mother nurses her child.

Terrible days ensued, when God's reaper seemed about to thrust in his sickle. In his delirium her name was constantly upon his lips. A life and death struggle followed, and at last life was conqueror.

In the sanctity of their close companionship, Dr. Thorpe's whole heart burst into the rare bloom of a first and only love. One day, as they sat at a window idly musing on the passers-by, Editha saw a tear fall silently down his pale face. Then, springing to his feet, he caught her hand and kissing it passionately, he murmured, "Editha, I owe my life to you. Unworthy of you as I am, I love you as a man can love but once in a lifetime." As he rapidly uttered these words she sprang up, while a deathly pallor overspread her fair face.

"Dr. Thorpe, I must not hear you. Do not ask me to explain, for God's sake. Only trust me."

And, rushing into her study, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. O, the bitter anguish of that moment! A whole lifetime of suffering was endured in that brief space.

Once again everything went on as before at the hospital. Dr. Thorpe paid his daily visits, and Editha held long consultations with him with regard to her patients. She met him apparently as usual, except that there was a wistful expression about her face that smote his kind heart. He, noble man, respected her wish and no explanation was urged. He trusted her so implicitly that no thought of reproach ever entered his mind. Per-



"Dr. Thorpe, I must not hear you."

haps there was even a shade more deference in his manner towards her than heretofore. The doctor's love for Editha had become part of himself. She was the one love of his life. If she could not be his, still he must love her. Nothing, not even death, could change that. Love of this kind "is infinite —there can be no second like unto it."

One evening Dr Thorpe was taking his customary walk in the lovely suburbs in the vicinity of the hospital. "The day had gone to God, straight, like an infant's spirit." The silent, throbbing stars seemed to still the tumult of his sad, lonely heart, and their calm peacefulness stole into his weary soul.



"Harry, I forgive you."

The faithful Collie drew near and laid his head on his master's hand, guided by the divine instinct of love. He loved this creature for his dumb affection, but above and beyond all, because he belonged to Editha. She had requested the good doctor to keep him as she was unable to retain him at the hospital.

Suddenly the dog darted from his side and ran towards some object ahead—then, returning again, he repeated the same action. Obeying the mute appeal of the dog for help, he followed him, and saw a young man of gentlemanly appearance lying unconscious on the ground. Hastening to the hospital he immediately returned with assistance, and they carried the unknown one and placed him in a private ward. Editha nursed him as she had nursed Dr. Thorpe. Night and day the doctor found her at his bedside. When he remonstrated with her she only shook her head sadly. The young man said his name was Clifford. From his symptoms he appeared to be in the last stage of decline. No one seemed to know anything further of the unfortunate stranger.

In the silent vigil of the night Editha was seated beside her patient — her strong young arm supporting his head. With labored breath he whispered: "Editha, O, Editha. Forgive me. I would give years of life to undo the past. O, believe me, it was my love for you that maddened me. That, at least, was pure and true. The thought of your noble life has kept me through all these years from plunging into utter ruin. Anything, O, anything to forget the past."

"Harry, I forgive you." The words fell softly upon his dying ear like the rustle of a cherub's wing. And touching her lips to his cold brow she murmured—"God help you. You too have suffered."

One evening, about a week later, as Dr. Thorpe entered the hospital he was met by Miss Dale. She seemed strangely agitated, and her face was very pale and worn. She silently led him to her patient's room. With his

hand clasped in hers his weary soul had passed away.

"Dr. Thorpe—This was my husband."

And burying her face in her hands, she gave vent to the pent up tears of those years of proud, silent suffering. As soon as this paroxysm had subsided, she said: "Doctor, I asked you to trust me. You have done so, nobly. I wish now to tell you all." Pressing her fingers upon her throbbing brow, she continued in a low tone: "Five years ago my father died—I was young, only nineteen, and alone in the world. I became a trained nurse. During my vacation I visited friends in Boston. There I met Harry Clifford. His young, manly beauty won my heart, and in my girlish fancy I clothed him with all that was noble and good. He asked me to become his wife. After a year I consented and we were quietly married. While on my wedding trip a letter was forwarded to me. I opened it carelessly when these words caught my eye—'Harry Clifford can never be your husband, he already has a wife living in England.' The words burned into my brain until it seemed to be on fire—then all was dark and I knew no more. When I came to consciousness, a month later, I found myself in a hospital as a private patient. They told me I had had brain-fever. Every care that money could procure was lavished upon me—but I was once more alone in the world. At first I could not recall what had occurred, except that I had a vague, shadowy sense of some calamity. To my clouded brain it seemed years since the blow fell. One day Collie crept into my room. He licked my hands and looked into my face with an almost human expression of sympathy and affection. The sight of him appeared to link the past to the present, for at that moment the past rushed in upon me like a torrent and I recalled that fatal letter which changed the whole current of my life.

"I never saw Harry again until he came to the hospital to die. Then he told me all. He had been in India and there fell a victim to fever which slowly but surely sapped his strength. His one desire left was, he said, to see me once more before he died. He spent long weary months in fruitless enquiry, until at last he heard that I was in the hospital at Ottawa. The day you found him—or rather Collie found him—for he was his dog. He had walked many miles. When just in sight of the hospital he had sunk down, unable through faintness to reach it. His was, indeed, a heart-rending tale. While yet only a boy his father had urged him to marry a young heiress whom he met abroad. At first he refused, but the pressure brought to bear was so great that at last he consented.

"He had been married only a few months when he awoke one night to find his wife standing over him with



a knife gleaming in her upraised hand, and a fiendish purpose in her wild eyes.

"It became clear to him then that he had been the victim of a base plot —his wife was at intervals a raving maniac. He had her placed in a private asylum and he came to Boston, where I first met him. He told me I was the only woman he ever loved. He said he fought against his love for me but the thought of losing me maddened him. Why should his whole happiness be wrecked because he had been prevailed upon to take one rash step? The struggle lasted for weeks and at last he determined to go away. When he called, intending to say farewell forever, I told him that I had received a telegram calling me to Ottawa. The temptation was strong upon him —the struggle ceased—he asked me to become his wife. The rest of my sad story you already know."

When she ceased speaking, the kind doctor's eyes were filled with tears.

"Editha, my child, you have indeed suffered," he said, quietly, although his soul was filled with emotion.

Once more the day has fled. The silent stars lean expectant from their casement. Beneath their opalline light stand Editha and Dr. Thorpe, with the faithful collie at his side.

"Editha, my beloved, you are the only woman I have ever loved. I can never cease to love you."

And she came at love's bidding and placed upon his brow the priceless crown of the pure love of a noble woman.

"*I have suffered. Open wide thy heart and fold within the wet wings of thy dove.*"



THE RUINED GARDEN.

PURPLE and scarlet, and gold,
Garden asleep in the sun!
Why do you tempt, as of old,
Me with your joy to be one?

You with your roses and grass,
Lilies asway on their stalks;
—I with my grief as I pass
Down the long length of your walks.

You with your shadow and shine
Falling on mosses and leaves;
What have you now that was mine
In the old mornings and eves?

Knowing her hair's ancient gold,
(Yea, and the blue of her eyes!)
Only makes richer the mould
Whence all your beauty hath rise.

How shall I linger between
Crimson carnations a-row,
Over the hyacinths lean,
Kneel where the violets grow?

Garden asleep in the sun,
Odorous golden, and red!
All of your glory is done,
Now that my lady lies dead.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

Fredericton, N B



"THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD."

THOMAS SWIFT.

PART I.

Chapter I.

IT was a blithe June day in the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV., and the sun shone joyously on battlement, tower and pinnacle of Latham Castle, the stately home of Sir Henry de Latham. The fresh scent of flower and the idle carol of birds waiting for their young to break shell, greeted the senses of the fairest and proudest lady in all the northern land. For Sir Henry de Latham, descended from Orm, the mighty Dane, whose sway once extended over this corner of old Strathclyde, had wedded Hilda, daughter of the princely house of D'Estaigne. But this morning a cloud was on the lady's brow, that matched ill with the glorious shining of the sun; whilst the rueful burthen of her heart kept not tune to the glad singing of the thrushes and linnets in the thicket beyond the castle walls; a bride but three months wed, and weary of the world; one month of heavenly brightness and two of gloom, that seemed ever to be deepening into endless night.

Sir Henry, her lord, had been an altered man since the night when, with pallid face and trembling limbs, he had announced that the old knight, his father, was dead. For two long hours he had been in the grim death-chamber with the dying man. His ear alone had heard the last whispered words, his eye alone had beheld the last life signs, his hand had closed the tired eye-lids of the father who had loved him well.

Old Sir Thomas was borne to the last resting-place of his race; but the abbey walls had cast a shadow over the son's life that naught availed to lift. From a gay and debonair young knight, glorying in his spurs won on the romantic field of Chevy Chase and again brightened by the recent glory of Shrewsbury fight, he had become a silent, spiritless, dreaming man.

Lady Hilda, having made allowance for the natural outflow of grief, womanlike, had striven by every endearing wile to win him back to his own cheerful self, but in vain. The cloud that had settled over his being seemed to be too heavy and dark for the warmth and light of her love to penetrate. Not that her winsome presence and loving arts were repulsed; but they met with no response. And so the tiny gap in their wedded life, hardly big enough to harbor an unfond thought, gradually widened into a space for all the demons of unrest to riot in and play havoc with two lives. The husband was sorely to blame. It was not fair to the living to grieve so for the dead. And the much-tried

young wife, in her reasonable bitterness and jealous affection, almost hated the memory of the brave old warrior who slept peacefully two miles away at the foot of the high-altar in the great Abbey church. But what availed this? The old order of love and sunshine had ceased, and the new in all its weary hopelessness prevailed.

With an ill-stifled sob and tears glistening in her bonny eyes, Lady Hilda turned, and, passing through the massive portals, entered the great hall, hung round with armour and trophies of the chase. For a moment she paused, so that the lovely purple curtains of her eyes might have time to suit themselves to the softer light within. A long drawn sigh fell painfully upon her ear and, looking, she beheld her husband. Tall and stately and goodly to view, he stood idly contemplating a suit of armour worn by his father on the field of Creçy. So mournful he looked in the silent chamber that all the pent-up love of early wedlock rushed to her heart and, following the impulse to soothe, she glided up the hall and was beside him ere yet she had given time to think how such advance might be met. The silken rustle of her dress caused Sir Henry to turn, and she stopped—a picture of roseate beauty, throbbing womanhood and wifely tenderness. With a gallantry as noble as it was unexpected, the knight advanced and, bending his knee, gracefully kissed his wife's hand.

"Alas!" she said in her heart, "my hand only, as I were some distant dame." And yet, in truth, the salute was courtly and reverently done. She raised him, and resting an arm on his shoulder, for she was tall amongst women, exclaimed archly enough to conceal her sore feelings, "Nay, Harry, and thou art such a laggard in love, I must e'en set thee an ensample."

So saying, she gently drew his head down and kissed him tenderly on the lips.

Sir Henry's face paled unwontedly for one so sure of his love, and all the man was strangely shaken with emotion. He hesitated for a moment and then his strong arms enfolded the loving woman to his breast, and his cheek rested on her glossy brown tresses. "And dost thou love me so dearly, Hilda?" he murmured.

"As my life, Harry," was the fervent response. "Canst thou not see how I pine for thee? And yet, truant, thou comest not to my side as thou didst erstwhile. Surely sorrow for the dead hath its just limits and thou canst now spare a little space in thy thoughts for her whose right it is to be thy humble comforter."

"Nay, pray thee, sweet one, say not further. Thy tones cut into my heart," said Sir Henry. "Well do I know of my remissness; but I love thee, Hilda. Never doubt my love for thee. My poor father's death hath put me in a grievous strait, and hath upset my life. But more of this anon, sweetheart."

"Let us be happy—for a day," he continued lightly, though with ill-assumed ease. "And tell me, Hilda, how I may pleasure thee."

"I lack but thy sweet company, Harry, to be the happiest wife in England. And, truth to tell," with a roguish smile, "I am weary of playing lady to yon squire of dames, thy cousin Esmer, though he be of goodly parts and pleasing to maiden's eye."

"Thou speakest Esmer fair, Hilda," the husband replied. "Smooth he is in speech and brave enough in deed. Yet does he come but of an indifferent strain on the distaff side; for the Percies proved true neither to Richard Plantagenet nor to Henry Bolingbroke."

He stopped suddenly as though ill at ease, and then continued, "But let it rest. It ill becomes me, a belted knight, to speak guile of my father's brother's son. But what shall we do, sweet? This day should I go to Boscoe Abbey to consult Ambrose, the Abbot, on a matter of grave import.

Wilt thou ride with me and make this blithe day blither by thy loving company."

"That will I, dear Harry, and that right speedily," returned the glad wife. "And now will I hie me to my tiring, an' thou wilt look to the saddling of my palfrey."

but they did not mark the ring of bitterness and irony in the speaker's voice nor see the jealous pain lurking upon his features that were for the time steeled into the semblance of a smile of good will.

Esmer Latham watched them disappear within the leafy shade, then



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"Walled in by noble trees."

So Sir Henry and his young wife rode forth across the castle moat, as fair and noble a couple as the glad sun shone down upon in peaceful England. As they swept around the angle of the castle wall, a young knight doffed his plumed hat and bade them God-speed; turned and with clouded brow strode into the castle. A few minutes later, mounted, he, too, crossed the drawbridge and rode swiftly away in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile the lord and lady of the manor, attended, more for state than

safety, pursued their way, walled in by noble trees whose arching boughs nearly met over head, anon crossing an open space of warm sunshine and then plunging into deeper shade, until they came to the broad, white road that led to their destination. And thus they sped by sleeping cot and low-roofed farm, and through the blooming gorse that made the moor glow like a sea of shimmering gold, and splashed through the summer stream glinting over its rocky bed on its winding way to the great Abbey whose white walls gleamed before them through the green vista of the approaching trees.

They reached the hospitable courtyard and Sir Henry and Abbot Ambrose betook themselves to their business.

Lady Hilda also alighted and bent her steps over the velvet sward to the Abbey church where, kneeling before the high altar, with tears of joy she offered up her humble thanksgiving to God for having lifted her life out of the shadow of doubt and fear into the sunshine of hope and new-born happiness. Then they rode home in sweet and happy converse, and Lady Hilda rejoiced exceedingly in the fullness of her husband's love.

Chapter II.

On the following morning from the window of the spacious chamber hung with richest tapestry, Lady Hilda watched her husband ride away unattended. A little, perplexed frown sat on her brow and a troubled look was in her eyes. These solitary expeditions of his, begun soon after the old knight's demise, were a sore puzzle to her. She was young in wedlock and to her the outgoings and incomings of her lord were matters paramount; yet never a word had he vouchsafed her anent his mysterious and far too frequent absences. At first she had ascribed them to the desire for solitude in which to indulge his grief; but as the days went by and those wanderings continued, the high-spirited woman chafed at the want of confidence they bespoke. That morning she had risen from her couch in the glad hope that her husband, again her lover, would remain by her side, or, at least, invite her, as on the previous day, to share his outdoor journeyings. And here, soon as the morning repast in the great hall was finished, he had gone without a word or token, leaving her once more to her own poor devices for amusement or employment. It was hard—cruel,—and she but three months married. A bitter sigh escaped from her heaving bosom as horse and rider vanished, and turning she found herself face to face with Esmer Latham.

Too much accustomed to his presence to be startled, and too proud to betray her anguish, she assumed a gaiety she did not feel, and was, at once, the haughty daughter of D'Estaigne and the stately mistress of Latham Castle.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

So Shakespeare hath it: and a wicked bard of a later age, but one well skilled in knowledge of the human heart has said,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of women
> Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where."

For a few moments Lady Hilda and Esmer Latham gazed at each other in silence and dubious inquiry. A woman's wit is ever quicker than a man's to break an embarrassment: but there was in the lady's smooth tones a sense of pique and resentment at this intrusion on her secret thoughts.

"Methought, cousin Esmer, the day had been fair enough to win you to the merry green-wood. Is it not over early to linger in lady's bower?"

"You say truly, fair Hilda," returned Esmer. "And it was but by chance that my steps strayed hither. I was passing by the open door when

my eye chanced upon you gazing from the window, and, yielding to a careless impulse, I entered. Nay, never seek to hide from me your feelings, sweet cousin. Much do I grieve at the sight of your distress and my heart in pity informs me of what my eye would fain not see."

"Sir!" returned Lady Hilda, drawing herself up to her full height and fixing her bright, disdainful eyes on the speaker with the calm dignity of a princess. "Keep your pity for those who seek it. Hilda D'Estaigne desires not the pity of any man, not to speak of that of her husband's trusted kinsman."

The taunt fell short of its mark; for Esmer Latham, versed as he was in the arts of gallantry, expected some such return. But his cheek paled and his eyes shone with the admiration he did not conceal for the beautiful woman before him.

"It is of him, Sir Henry, fair Hilda, that I fain would speak," he replied calmly and courteously.

"Then must you speak to emptiness; for nothing will I listen to you," said the lady, and with stately steps she would have left the chamber. But Esmer moved more quickly towards the door and spoke reproachfully.

"Nay, fair cousin, put not this offence upon me, I pray you. I did but seek to acquaint you of that which is current gossip amongst the Castle menials. God wot I desire to say nothing that may breed discord between man and wife, but rather to guard the fair fame of both against the malice of slanderous tongues. I cry you mercy not to deem me overbold in my humble service towards you."

Esmer's plumed hat swept the floor, and without a further glance he was gone.

Lady Hilda, left to herself, became the prey to contending emotions.

What could Esmer mean? She chided herself for her weakness in refusing to listen to him. She sat down and with troubled heart reviewed the scene just enacted. She recalled every word that had been uttered, and every emotion that had betrayed itself on Esmer's usually impassive countenance. She shuddered as she strove to put aside the warm look of admiration that had shone in his eyes and tried to stifle the small voice of unworthy suspicion that made itself audible in her breast. She had of late come to avoid her husband's kinsman as much as possible—why, she hardly knew, save that she felt a vague uneasiness in his presence for which she could not satisfactorily account. Now she almost feared him. She started up at the thought and walked to the window, her face aflame and her eyes sparkling. She, the proud daughter of D'Estaigne afraid of Esmer Latham? She feared no man. Her gaze sought the arched opening of the leafy wood into which her husband had vanished, and she knew at once what it was she dreaded. The grim spectre was before her eyes in the broad daylight. It was for Sir Henry, her errant lord, she was concerned. Naught of harm could reach her save through him. Of herself she was utterly confident.

"It is of him I fain would speak," were Esmer's words. And all the old doubts, fears, anxieties, which but yesterday she had fondly hoped were buried for ever, came forth from their graves and paraded themselves in bitter mockery before her eyes. Sir Henry had a life apart from hers, and, until she had fathomed the mystery of his frequent absences, she could never know peace of mind. In her misery she turned as truly to her husband as ever woman turned to man. But she was not the woman to tamely give all and accept a moiety; to go on for ever blindly trusting to one, however dear, who held himself so far aloof.

With a sense of loneliness never before experienced in her young life, she put on a brave countenance and

moved among her handmaidens in the household duties of her sphere, thinking thereby to ease the gnawing pain at her heart. But a new trial awaited her; for she surprised herself straining to catch every whispered word that to her nervous sensitiveness seemed to be breathed that it might just escape her; whilst she interpreted every look directed at her charming self as one of pity or enquiry. The lowliest servant became an object of suspicion to her, and every idle eye and tongue, to her over-wrought senses, seemed to be pregnant with a knowledge that was existent to all except her whom it properly concerned. Weary and irritable she betook herself to her private bower and, flinging herself in abandonment on her couch, gave herself up to her misery, counting the lagging hours that should bring her wanderer home. The rooks, weary of their quest, with heavy wings were settling on the tall beech-tops of the Home Wood when the drawbridge chains rung in their grooves to give admission to the Lord of Latham. But Lady Hilda or anyone else saw but little of him, save when he sat at the head of the table, either on that evening or on the next day, which for the most part he spent with Abbot Ambrose, a guest at the castle, and whom he accompanied home to the Abbey.

On the third morning, Sir Henry again rode forth alone down the winding avenue which his weary, watching wife had come to hate, because it led him from her side—she knew not where. From her window she watched him disappear; then she turned, and the flush was on her cheek and a dangerous light in her eyes.

In the passage which led to the hall she met Esmer Latham, who would have passed her by with a courtly salute, had she not to his joyful surprise accosted him.

"Nay, Cousin Esmer, be not thus churlish. Behold before you a forlorn damsel whose lover hath deserted her. Time, this bonny morn, doth hang heavily on me; and pity it is this bright sun should shine for naught. What say you to a canter o'er the moors?

"If it be your pleasure, fair Hilda," he replied, with eyes down-cast, as though afraid they should betray the gladness within him.

So in brief space Lady Hilda and Esmer Latham issued from the castle, and the former without question guided her palfrey down the path on which were the hoof-marks of her husband's steed. For some distance they rode without exchanging a word, then the lady spoke.

"I have bethought me oft, Esmer, of your strange words dropped the other day, and in truth I have known little quiet of mind since. You said too much not to tell me more and I crave your pardon for answering you so rudely. Will you not now tell me of this bruit which hath place on idle tongues?"

There was a witchery in the pleading voice and a light in the glorious eyes turned upon his, which Esmer Latham, at least, was not the man to resist, even with prudence and honor his counsellers.

"Nay, sweet Hilda," began Esmer, but the lady stopped him with a look. "Pardon my tripping tongue," he resumed, "But yet do I think it just that you should hear the rumor that is abroad, though it doubts me much if mine should be the tongue to bring it to your ears."

"Say on, Cousin, and quickly, if you love me," calmly urged the lady.

"Love you, Hilda? It is because I love and honor you—nay, let me speak—it is because I believe you to be the best and fairest woman in this kinddom that I am loth to utter that which will cause you pain."

"I am strong. I can bear it, if it be just that I should hear it," replied Lady Hilda, throwing back her proud head and digging her spur into her palfrey, so that the spirited little

animal bounded across the pathway. She drew up again to her companion's side.

"It is whispered," said Esmer, "that Sir Henry pays constant visits to a fair stranger lady." Lady Hilda for a moment drooped in her saddle and all the way grew black before her.

The watchful eye of her attendant cavalier never left her and his hand was ready to support her. The horses stopped, and in a brief space the palfrey's rider recovered sufficiently to exclaim, "Now, our Lady in heaven be my stay if this be true!"

"It cannot be," she continued in agony, as the true significance of her position burst upon her. "My heart could never have so been traitor to my judgment as to fix itself on a faithless knight. It must be false; else all my hopes of happiness are wrecked. Hast thou no word of comfort, Esmer?" she asked piteously, falling, in her mental affliction, into the more familiar form of address.

"What can I say, dear cousin?" Esmer sorrowfully said. "You already are chiding me in your heart for bringing upon you this distress?"

"And thou—dost thou believe this story?" she inquired.

"I believe it," was the curt and merciless answer.

"Then, Heaven in its mercy send me aid!" exclaimed the stricken wife.

"I must e'en believe what my eyes have seen," said Esmer. "And I have beheld them together in the garden of her mansion."

"And what took thee to this—this woman's house?" Lady Hilda asked fiercely and suspiciously.

"To verify what had been confided to me by one of the knight's retainers," Esmer replied, with a touch of shame.

"It ill becomes a gentleman," said Lady Hilda, severely, "to listen to the gossip of his friend's lackey." Then perceiving the injustice of her words, she exclaimed, "Now, may God forgive me! I am distraught, and turn against my friends. Let me hear the whole story, good Esmer, even if in the telling of it thou wringest my heart of its life's blood. What do I say? Nay, if it be true, I will live—live to show him the pride that is in the daughter of D'Estaigne. If it be true, I will cast him out of my life as I would a venomous snake. I do so already, lest the poison therein shall have time to slay me. The story—the wretched story—all, good Esmer, as we ride."

So saying, she dashed the spur savagely into her palfrey's flank and sped away. In very truth, Lady Hilda was for the time as one mad. Esmer followed her in her wild career, and at length overtook her on the crest of a hill that overlooked a rich, sleepy valley, at the bottom of which wound a pleasant stream, that shimmered like silver in the dazzling beams of the sun. Breathless with the swift gallop, her cheeks glowing and eyes bright, she turned to her companion, who understood from her look that she flinched not from her purpose.

"Were it not better to wend our way homeward, cousin?" asked Esmer, in response to her questioning glance.

"No; let me at once drink this bitter draught to the dregs, that I may fling away the goblet," she returned.

"Be it so," said Esmer. "Briefly, then, Sir Henry, when making only a short visit, hath been attended by his faithful follower, Hubert, who, falling sick but the other week, his place was filled by Bardolph, whom his master left to care for his horse whilst he had conference with the mistress of the mansion. Bardolph, being of a more enquiring turn than stolid Hubert, drew the horses to the garden wall, which is of some substance and height, and by standing on his own steed's back, managed to get a sight of the scene within. He avers that he beheld his master holding the lady, who is wondrous fair to look upon,

in his arms, and that he kissed her."

Lady Hilda shuddered, and her eyes grew cold as the steel that shone at her palfrey's mouth.

"And thou, good cousin—what sawest thou?" she asked in frozen tones.

"What boots it to speak more, dear Hilda?" returned Esmer. "I saw them together, and—Bardolph spake the truth.

"Thou art belted knight, Esmer, as is this caitiff husband. I call upon thee to fulfil thy knightly oath, and right a woman's sorest wrongs. If thy sword fail thee, then shall this dagger end his life or mine"

"So saying, she snatched from its sheath at Esmer's belt his dagger of mercy. She raised the bright short blade aloft in the dancing sunlight, and then stuck it in her girdle, concealing it deftly with the folds of her robe.

"Now lead on," she commanded, "that we may quit us of this villainous business."

But Esmer hesitated and spoke: "Proud would I be, cousin, to draw blade in your cause, which is the cause of honor and justice. But think of the strait you put upon me. I am loth to raise my hand in kindred strife. Your noble father, or your dauntless brother, Lord Edmund, will see to it that your wrongs are redressed. More seemly will it be to have the matter tried in fair and open court."

"What, wilt thou turn dastard, too?" cried Lady Hilda, bitterly. "Then am I low indeed, when knight refuses to throw down glove for the honor of Hilda D'Estaigne. It was not so but some short months gone."

She turned from taunts to pleading.

"Oh, Esmer, thou wilt not desert me in this my dire extremity. Lead on, and place me before this false pair, and see if wedded wife will blench before this brazen courtesan."

"So be it then," said Esmer once more. "And may God defend the right."

Swiftly and in silence they rode down the hill and over the lonely moorland, and then they crossed the stream, never pausing to give their thirsty horses the cooling draught they coveted. Up the winding road they galloped, and came to a high wall, wherein was a heavy, iron-studded door, with a huge handle.

Esmer alighted, and assisted his companion to the ground. Then, having tied the jaded animals to a neighboring tree, he turned to Lady Hilda and asked, "Are you still of a mind, cousin, to see this venture through?"

"To the death," was the stern reply that hissed from pale, set lips.

The massive door swung silently on its hinges, and admitted them into a large and cheerful garden. A neat, white path led to a low, but comfortable mansion, and on either side were well-kept lawns, and trees for shade from the summer sun. But Lady Hilda saw not house, nor garden; nor tree, nor leaf, nor flower. Her gaze was riveted upon the man and woman standing beneath a spreading tree: and she beheld, as through a blood-red mist, her husband. The woman's arms were round his neck, her head resting on his breast, and, even, as the poor wife looked, Sir Henry stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips, as if in the act of bidding adieu. At the sight, all the blood in Lady Hilda's body seemed to surge to her brain; and once more the demon of revenge took possession of her soul, and she was mad—vengeance-mad, or she would never have acted as she did. For, seizing Esmer by the hand, she drew him across the lawn toward the unsuspecting pair, who turned at the sound of her dress rustling over the grass.

"Kill him—kill him, Esmer!" she cried in fury. "False husband—perjured knight!" And poor Esmer, who would have walked up to a belching cannon's mouth at her bidding,

drew his sword and advanced on his astonished kinsman.

"Draw, Henry de Latham. Pity it is that no better knight is by to do battle for one so foully wronged as is she thou hast called wife," said Esmer.

"Ha! Sayst thou?" returned Sir Henry, recovering from his surprise and drawing his sword. "If wrong there be, it sits on thy blade, who hast misled a trusting woman, and dearly shalt thou rue it. Have at thee, Esmer," Their blades glided and rasped against each other, whilst the two women a little apart watched the strife. The combat was brief; for, Esmer, though a skillful swordsman and not wanting in courage, was no match for a knight who had come unscathed out of the thickest of the fray in the bloody battle of Chevy Chase; and Hilda's champion fell wounded at her feet.

"Heaven has allowed thee to triumph that thou mayst die by my hand," Lady Hilda cried in her madness. With a lithe spring she was at her husband's side and, before he could read her fell purpose, the dagger of mercy gleamed in her hand and she plunged it into his broad breast. Placing his left hand before his horrified eyes, as if to shut out some hideous vision, Sir Henry reeled and with a groan fell prostrate to the earth.

And Lady Hilda, with the dawn of reason stealing into her distended eyes, the bloody dagger in her white hand, stood like a stone statue, gazing on her gruesome work. A soft, firm hand took the weapon from her nerveless grasp and a voice, sweet but breathing intensest pain, smote upon her ears. "Fond, wretched woman, what hast thou done? I am thy husband's mother." The poor wife, wrestling with the terrible truth that was eating its way into her conscious-



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"Sir Henry reeled."

ness, staggered towards the prostrate form of Sir Henry and fell senseless. A few moments after, and perchance aroused by the shock of her fall, the knight regained consciousness and found her head resting on his breast, her brown tresses all dishevelled and dabbled with his own blood.

PART II.

Chapter I.

When Lady Hilda came to realize existence once more and was just able to distinguish the real from the visionary, the tangible from the intangible, nearly three weeks had elapsed, and she was weak as a little child. Nor was it weakness of body only. Her reason had been well-nigh hopelessly wrecked and she stricken down as by a bolt from the heart of the storm into which love, jealousy and the mad rage for vengeance had plunged her soul. So severe was the shock that nature, who, when favorably disposed, does her work cunningly, deemed it prudent to keep back memory, her greatest enemy, until such time as reason and brain were strong enough to wrestle with its tormenting writhings. For days yet, therefore, the unfortunate Lady of Latham lay on the border-land, barely able to grasp the fact that she lived and breathed, though why or where was beyond her poor intelligence. She had been so long accustomed to chasing horrible shadows in the spirit land of lost souls that it was relief and rest merely to see and know that she saw, to hear though she could not fully comprehend. And ever and anon, amidst the drowsy hum of the bees without and the sweet perfume of roses and eglantine that stole in summer gusts into the chamber where she lay, the stately form of a lady with a face of mature and pensive beauty glided about her couch, ministering to her with the grace and patience of an angel, and forming in some vague, mysterious way the link that bound the present to the past, if past there had ever been. And now it was to chase away a teasing fly or to lift the hot, weary head to a cooler place on the pillow, which necessitated a soft caress by hand or lip; and then to adjust the curtains to the too encroaching brightness; or then again to sit beside the bed, holding or stroking with velvet touch of sympathy the frail, transparent hand that had in its mad, vengeful strength stricken to earth a loving husband and tender son. But this Lady Hilda as yet knew not. Heaven had to deal gently and mercifully with her, else would she never have been able to bear the agony which was sure to come upon her in the first awakening to the reality of what she had attempted. For, murderess she was not; though more by the mercy of God than from want of blinded judgment and strength to accomplish. Sir Henry, though badly wounded and weak from loss of blood was a good piece on the way to convalescence whilst yet his afflicted wife lay utterly unconscious of his existence.

Dame Askatell—for such was the name of her who had been the cause of all this trouble—had, with the assistance of her attendants, converted her roomy mansion into a hospital, and bound up the wounds of the smitten with all the skill of a clear-headed and tender-hearted woman. Then, in as short a time as the distance allowed, she had with her a skilful leech from Prestestowne, a fair burgh some fifteen miles away. Having, between them, set the two men on the road to recovery, they had them as soon as possible conveyed to their own homes, so that she and the leech might direct their combined skill and energy to the more doubtful task of fighting off the scythe-armed horror that seemed to have surely and firmly laid his grasp on a frailer and easier victim.

Dame Askatell hoped for, yet dreaded the time when all would once again

be clear to the sufferer, and for that moment now was she constantly on the watch. It came at last and sooner than she had expected.

She was sitting by the bed, watching for any change that might betoken the return of memory. The sick woman's eyes were fixed on her countenance with such intensity that she almost felt the keenness of their scrutiny, as if it palpably touched every sensitive feature. Suddenly, she saw Lady Hilda's face change. Her eyes distended and grew wild in expression; her lips quivered and opened as if to make way for a shriek, and the faithful nurse felt rather than knew that the dread light of truth was dawning upon the troubled mind. The time had come and she spoke in tender, soothing tones: "Now, rest thee, sweet one. He lives—thy husband lives and loves thee."

Her words carried conviction, and Lady Hilda moaned and closed her eyes. Presently she opened them again and for the first time spoke, though so weakly that Dame Askatell had to bend her ear to catch the words: "Say that again, dear lady;—and again."

The lady repeated the consoling words and added, whilst her fair face faintly flushed,

"I am his mother. He loves thee."

"And I did not dream that?" asked Lady Hilda.

"No, sweet child, I am his mother—his loving mother," Dame Askatell replied tenderly.

The incongruity of the answer did not seem to strike Lady Hilda, and she asked again.

"And Esmer Latham?"

"He, too, lives. Both thy husband and Sir Esmer are winning back to health bravely," replied Dame Askatell.

A look of unutterable joy and thankfulness came into Lady Hilda's face.

"But enough, now, sweet child. Drink this," said the nurse, "and be at rest and sleep," She drank the soothing draught and presently fell into a calm and refreshing slumber. And Dame Askatell bowed her head on the couch, sweet tears bedewing the coverlet, and she too like her patient slept—*the first time, peacefully*, for many days and nights.

Chapter II.

The glorious summer had deepened into a full rich autumn before Lady Hilda was strong enough to take up again on her own shoulders the burden of life. During the interval, Dame Askatell, with unwearying tenderness and devotion watched over and tended her to health and strength. She had but one object in life, namely, to cast herself at her husband's feet, and then sob out her sorrow and shame in his arms. But the days went by and Sir Henry came not; and this was her punishment. He seemed to have cast her off; nor could Dame Askatell even inform her of his whereabouts. All that she was sure of was that he was no longer at Latham Castle. He had disappeared—gone out of her life. All her soul was absorbed by the one desire, the forgiveness of the man she had so sorely stricken through excess of love. The tenderness of her heart overflowed for the time on the woman who had called herself his mother. The fact that old Sir Thomas' wife, Lady de Latham, whom she had never known, slept peacefully in the family vault at Boscoe Abbey, never once obtruded itself; and Dame Askatell, taciturn and reserved concerning herself, managed with consummate tact to keep Sir Henry as the one absorbing topic of interest and conversation.

Finally in her abandonment, misery and longing, Lady Hilda determined to seek Abbot Ambrose, Sir Henry's friend and counsellor, as the one being who might be able to guide her to her husband's side. So one day with this new hope in her breast, she rode over the brown moor to the Abbey. The Abbot received her with all the state

and respect due to the mistress of Latham castle, and to him she made known her mission. He led her into the great hall of the monastry and bade her wait. In a few minutes he returned with a roll of parchment.

"My daughter," said the Abbot, "Following out the instructions of thy most worthy husband, I place this manuscript in thy hands, which, if thou read it, shall make things that were dark clear unto thee. A trial is before thee, which I, meanwhile, will ask God to give thee strength to support and to direct thy heart unto justice and righteousness."

So saying he left her.

With trembling fingers Lady Hilda untied the ribbon that bound the roll, and spreading it out on her lap read:

"This purporteth to be an extract from the last testament and confession of Sir Thomas de Latham, Knight.

"I, Thomas de Latham, Knight of Latham in the shire of Lancaster, do solemnly swear to the truth of what is herein set down.

"Knowing that I must die and yield my soul to its Maker, to purge me the better of human frailty, I do here set forth the one secret of my life for those to read whom it concerneth, but especially for the eye of my son, Sir Henry, in whom I have ever had much comfort and pleasaunce, that, meeting me in the hereafter, he may not have shame in the father who loved him.

"I was born in the year of grace 1340 and the 5th of our sovereign lord, King Edward III.

"Being a stalwart lad and well trained to the use of arms, at the age of seventeen I fought under the banner of Edward, the Black Prince, of glorious memory, and won my spurs on the brilliant field of Poictiers. Four years later, when I was twenty-one years old, to pleasure my brave sire and to bring into the family the adjacent lands of Elmersdale, I wed the heiress, Margaret Elmer, when my heart had been given to a fair gentle-maid of lower degree, who afterwards married Robert Askatell, a worthy yeoman of Elmersdale.

"Margaret Elmer, who was five summers older than myself, made up in affection what she lacked in beauty, and was to the day of her death an exemplar wife, ever seeking her husband's will in all things.

"In the year 1366, wearying of the tameness of life in peaceful England, I betook myself to the court of the "Flower of Christian Chivalry" in France, and again fought under his banner on the bloody but victorious field of Navaretta, where I was grievously wounded. Having roughed it through two of the greatest campaigns of the age, following the example of my gallant Prince, whose health was fast breaking up, I returned with him to my own land, resolved to spend my days quietly and die in my bed. My father's death had made me master of Latham Castle and all the goodly lands pertaining thereto. I had fame, wealth, position and loving wife; but, alas! I was not content; and, as the years went by, my rebellion against the will of Providence did but increase. I had no child to succeed to the splendid heritage that had fallen to me, and much distress and many tears did my useless repinings cost the faithful partner of my life. And so twenty years passed and all hope of issue had been abandoned, and yet I was but in the very fullness of my manhood.

"One day business had carried me to the far limits of Elmersdale, and, whilst walking my horse down a woodland path, my astonished eyes rested upon a beauteous maiden, who was the very image of the fair and gentle being whom I, twenty years before, had I followed the promptings of my heart, should have wed. I questioned the maid, who said her name was Mary Askatell. She was none other than the daughter of my early love. I rode home, bearing in my memory a pair of blue eyes that burnt their way into my very being

and seemed to set some secret ember, that had been smouldering in my heart for years, aflame.

"On a warm morning in the June of the following year, my good wife and I were taking our wonted walk in the park, when, coming near a giant elm, which we had come to call the Eagle's Elm by reason of the attraction it had for a great eagle that had its eyrie in



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"My wife took it into her arms."

towering Penygwent some seven miles off, we noticed something lying near the bole. As we approached, sure enough the great bird took wing and with a hoarse shriek soared away to its distant home. On examining into the bundle at the foot of the tree, to my wife's amazement, we found a bonny infant-child, fast asleep.

"My wife took it into her arms and turning to me said solemnly, "God hath sent it to be our solace and stay in our declining years. He hath heard my prayer, and granted it in His own way." Then, with many joyful tears and much thankfulness for the child's marvellous preserving, she hugged it in her lap and kissed it many times. Then wrapping it in her cloak, whilst still asleep, she bore it to the castle, and entering unheeded through a postern, gained the privacy of her own chamber. A trusted attendant, now long dead, was sworn to secrecy, and for some weeks the good dame was seen no more beyond the precincts of her own apartments.

"When she did appear once more in the great hall, she bore in her arms though she knew it not—God pardon

me for my duplicity!—my own child. Its mother was Mary Askatell. I contrived to have the infant conveyed to the foot of the Eagle's Elm, and Fate willed that all should turn out in accord with my desires.

"The child grew lustily and my wife, seeing how much I was wrapped up in it, lavished upon it all the care and affection of a tender mother; and as boy and man has this son of my body, Sir Henry de Latham, ever repaid me love for love, as well as to my wife whilst in the flesh.

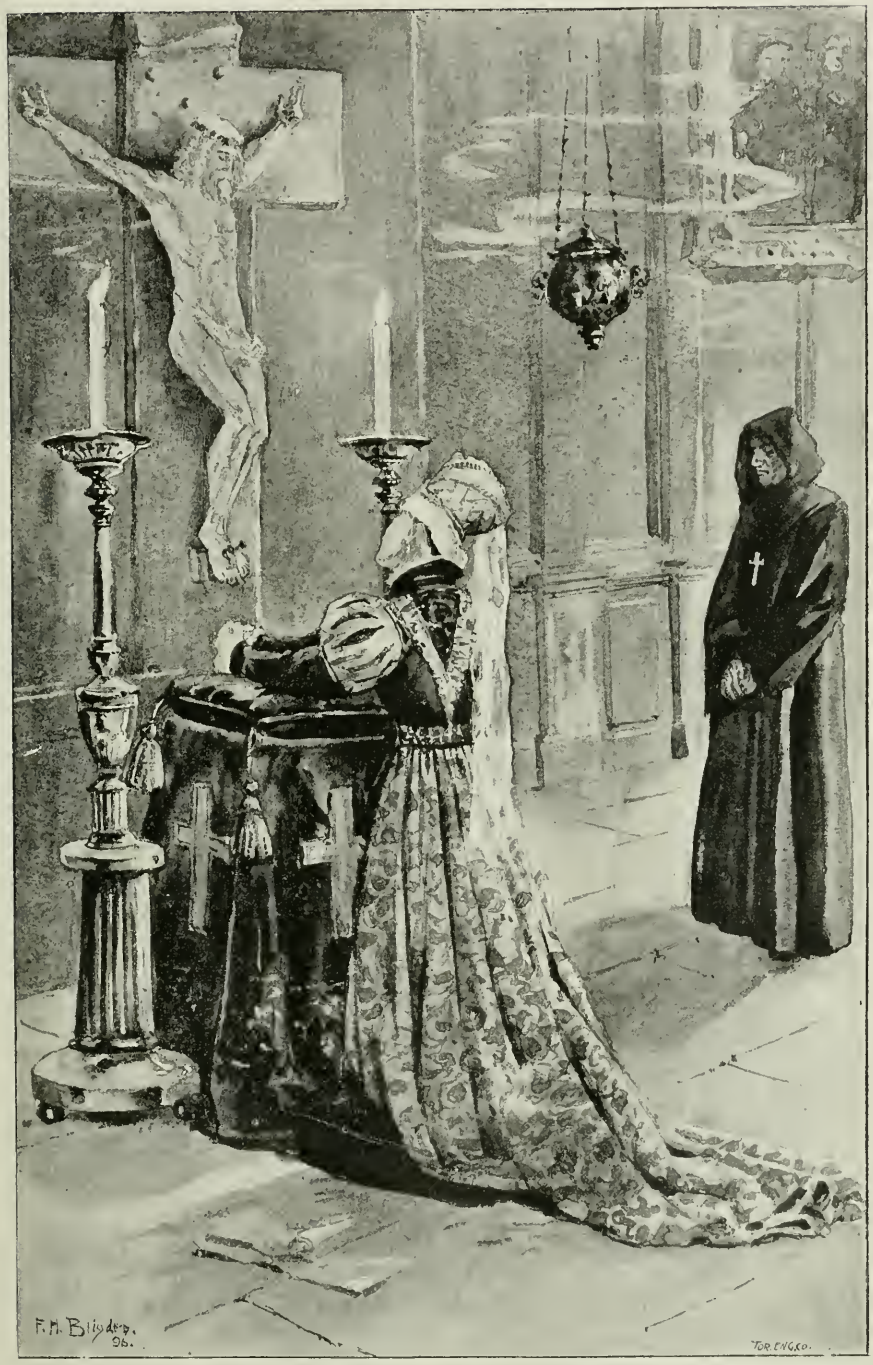
"And Mary Askatell have I cared for and cherished as far as in me lay; and when, some ten years gone, my lawful wife yielded her sweet soul to its Maker, I pleaded that the mother of my child should wed with me and take her place in the Castle of Latham. But in no way could I win her to my purpose, which hath been a sore grief to me in my latest years; for a fairer and sweeter lady breatheth not in all this county palatine.

"This secret, at the time of inditing, is known only to three living persons, and that under oath of secrecy, to wit, Mary Askatell, Ambrose, the Abbot of Boscoe Abbey, and our sovereign lord, King Henry IV.

"It is my further purpose, when I shall lie on my death-bed, to acquaint my son, under solemn oath of silence, of his true origin, that I may meet my Judge with a free conscience and trust to His infinite mercy to assoilzie me of these my short-comings and others due to human frailty."

Here this strange confession of unrestrained and misguided passion ended; and Lady Hilda, mechanically folding the parchment, sat spell-bound and scarcely able to grasp its full import. To say that she was not painfully moved by the startling nature of the revelation would be belying the proud daughter of a princely race. Each new sequence, as it unfolded itself to her mind, was like a deadly blow to her pride, until the fair fabric of her social state lay shattered to pieces at her feet. Her husband was—nay, she could not think the name, but turned shudderingly from its presentment—and she, a nobody; and for the moment, if truth be told, the rebellious blood suffused her fair cheeks with shame. The man she had married was not Sir Henry de Latham, nor she the mistress of Latham Castle. She, who had borne her head so high as to look down with complacency upon the coronet of many a countess, was now a thing to be pointed at by the finger of scorn. In her bitter abasement, forgotten were the brave deeds of her soldier lover, enough in those days of gallant achievements to win for him the ennobling accolade of a great warrior's sword; forgotten were the distinguished bearing and the tender love of her young husband; forgotten was everything that could plead for the man into whose keeping she had given her plighted hand.

Suddenly in the blackness of her selfish misery, like a merciful ray from heaven, it came to her that she was thinking these bitter thoughts of the husband she had loved, and not of another—had loved?—did love. She started to her feet. The parchment fell from her lap and rolled along the polished oaken floor. She spoke aloud in the silent hall, "Now, may God pardon me for a wicked, sinful woman;" and cast herself on a pridieu that stood before a large crucifix hanging on the wall where, burying her face between her extended arms, she wept away her pride and shame. And all her love for Sir Henry asserted itself in her softened heart, only intensified by pity for his misfortunes. Her own mortification and misery were absorbed completely in her wifely desire to comfort and cheer. Nay, a new terror that blanched her hot cheeks seized upon her. She could read in Sir Henry's seeming estrangement the delicacy of feeling that had kept him from her side. He had learnt his dead father's secret and



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"She wept away her pride and shame"

his own origin and would not willingly thrust himself upon her. And now, when his misfortunes had been capped by her own mistrust and reckless hand, he had gone silently, humbly,—taken himself out of her life. But she loved him;—her whole being cried out for him.

A sandaled footfall broke the stillness of the chamber, and Lady Hilda, rising, stood in the presence of Ambrose, the Abbot. For a moment he silently regarded her tear-stained face, on which he saw shining the light of a great love.

"Thou hast chosen wisely, my daughter," he said, simply.

"Tell me where I may find my lord, that I may go to him," she eagerly demanded.

"Nay, softly," replied the Abbot, with a smile.

"The way is long, but love will make thy steps pleasant, and peace will go with thee. Remember that thy husband is still thy lord, and knowingly he hath done thee no wrong. Yea, rather hath he dowered thee with wealth above gold, with the fulness of a true man's love. Hopes may fade and worldly riches melt away; honors are but a pleasing fancy, that enricheth not, but love liveth on when earth groweth dim, to blossom into sweeter flower in the light and warmth of the kingdom of God."

There were tears afresh in Lady Hilda's eyes, as she said, humbly—

"I have nothing to forgive, good father; but much to be forgiven."

"Yet would Sir Henry have revealed unto thee all," continued the Abbot, "but for his oath and the noble desire to shield his mother's fame. And now, my daughter, if thy heart is disposed to cleave unto him who loves thee, Hubert, his faithful retainer, will lead thee to the abode where he hath withdrawn himself to consider the life that is before him."

So Lady Hilda rode once more to the castle of Latham, and entered the halls to which she was henceforth to be a stranger; and a sweet joy and peace came to her. Sacrifice is true love's test; and she would blithely relinquish all—taking nothing but herself unto her lord. Without a sigh she doffed the rich robe she had put on to make herself pleasing in his eyes, and clad herself in a simple russet gown, as became the wife of one who had nothing left but his own good sword and the world in which to wield it. Something told her that he would love her better so. Then summoning Hubert, she bade him lead her to Sir Henry. In passing through the garden her own fair hands had tended, she plucked a solitary rose and fixed it in her hair, and thus adorned, set forth on love's sweet quest.

The way was long and the journey rough to feet unwont to travel, but her heart was light as the birds of the wood, and her song as free and joyous; and at the end of the day they came unto a forest hut, built near the margin of a murmuring stream, and there she beheld Sir Henry, her husband. He was clad in the garb of a forester, and at first in the evening's waning light he knew her not. But she, forgetful of her disguise, and construing his silence and reserve into hardness and righteous remembrance of her rash seeking of his life, fell at his feet, and throwing back her hood, revealed to him her piteous countenance, the parted lips quivering with emotion, and the sweet eyes swimming in tears.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "dost thou, indeed, cast me off?" And Sir Henry, starting at the sound of the beloved voice, raised her to her feet as though she were a princess, but only ventured to kiss her hands. Then he stood before her, his arms folded, and his face pale to the lips.

"Comest thou to me, Hilda, knowing all?" he asked.

"Even so, Harry. I have had converse with Abbot Ambrose, and he hath told me all. I crave only to be

taken to thy heart again, and—to be forgiven my mad and sinful act," Lady Hilda replied, humbly, clasping her hands.

"Then, God be thanked, sweet wife, for these gracious words. Thou hast made me the happiest man in England," said Sir Henry, fervently. He took the weary traveller in his arms and strained her to his breast, and the peaceful stillness of the forest wrapped them round, and the light of love went with them into the humble hut and transformed it into a paradise of sweetest delight; and there they abode, a world unto themselves; and often in the brilliant after years did Lady Hilda look back with a sigh to that happy, golden time when life meant love, and love was all her joy.

But the end came.

The summer had gone, the forest trees had shed their golden garments to earth, and the wind wailing around the lonely hut made the warm hearth a welcome shrine. Sir Henry was sitting before the blazing logs, his wife's head pillowed against his knees so that the leaping flame played fantastically on her nut-brown tresses as they swept like a shimmering bronze cascade down to his very feet.

"Methinks, sweet wife," said Sir Henry, suddenly breaking the restful silence that had fallen upon them, "It is time to bring our exile to a close. The days are rude and the nights grow chill, and the halls of Latham Castle long for the stately footsteps of their bonny mistress. What sayest thou? Shall we not hie us to our rightful home?"

Lady Hilda turned so that she could see her husband's face, and replied:

"Ah, Harry, dearest; jest me no jests. Am I not content here?—my castle is where thou art, and Latham Castle, though it be goodly enough for a queen, is nought to me if thou be not its master.

"I perceive Abbot Ambrose did not tell thee all, Hilda," returned Sir Henry, his countenance lighting up with exceeding delight. "But sit thou here," he continued, raising her until she rested on his knee, "that I may the better see thy dear eyes."

"Sir Thomas, my loving father, did not his work by halves, as thou mayest readily have discerned in his cunning device of the Eagle and the Child.

"The De Lathams have ever been staunch followers and supporters of the renowned House of Lancaster; and when Henry Bolingbroke came from over the seas to claim his own, my father was amongst the first to place fortune and sword at his service. His voice was loudest in offering Bolingbroke the crown, his sword the truest drawn in the same cause at Shrewsbury. And it seemeth that the brave old knight, when Henry was firmly established on the throne, made known to him the secret of my birth and craved a boon which the king right cheerfully granted, to wit: to declare me by royal letters patent lawful heir and possessor of Latham Castle and all the lands pertaining thereto. Such, then, is the sequel to the story of the 'Eagle and the Child.'"

In silent wonder Lady Hilda listened to her husband, and then exclaimed:—

"Now, God be praised that all things turn out so meet and just."

"Yet never, Hilda," Sir Henry concluded, "would I have claimed my own, hadst not thou, in thy loving kindness, come to share it with me."

So, in sweet content they spent their last night in the forest hut, and behold!—on the morrow, Hubert arrived with two richly caparisoned steeds and apparel becoming the lord and lady of Latham Castle. And there they lived for many happy years, and children were born to them. Then when Henry V. claimed the French throne, Sir Henry, a stalwart knight in the fulness of his strength, crossed the channel with him, and won great

honor and renown for his brave achievements on the glorious field of Agincourt. So that not a nobler knight or more beauteous dame than the lord and lady of Latham Castle figured in the brilliant throng that stood around the throne of England's heroking.



SWEETBRIAR.

SHE stopped to pluck a bouquet for her gown
From the sweetbriar that nodded in the sun,
And presently I heard a little "Oh!"
Of pain,—that hand of hers the briar in greed
Had caught, and held so closely that its mark
Showed plainly on the warm and pink-palmed thing.
Then down she sat to rest her for awhile,
And I could hear her crooning to herself:

O sweetbriar, growing all alone
In shady, lonesome places,
By all but sun and dew unknown,
How full you are of graces.

O sweetbriar, with your fragrance rare,
You woo me to come nigh you;
Your breath so fills the heavy air
I cannot well pass by you.

O sweetbriar, do the dew-drops fall
And make your soft leaves glisten?
O sweetbriar, does the west wind call,
And do you wait and listen?

A clumsy bee came tumbling in her lap,
And she forgot her song—laughed at his fright.
I wonder if the day will ever come,
When we will be so old,—so old and dull,
That we will listen to, yet never heed
The sweetest sound of all the sounds that ring
Out through the world's big aisles,—the rippling laugh
From red young lips, the laugh that straightway comes
From some rich storehouse in the heart where lies
The gold of gladness, hope, and all things good?

O sweetbriar maid, your laughter woke a host
Of tender memories sleeping in my breast,
And made a present hour of one long-gone,
One dear, though half-forgotten, yesterday!

JEAN BLEWETT.

A CANADIAN BICYCLE IN EUROPE.

Chapter V.

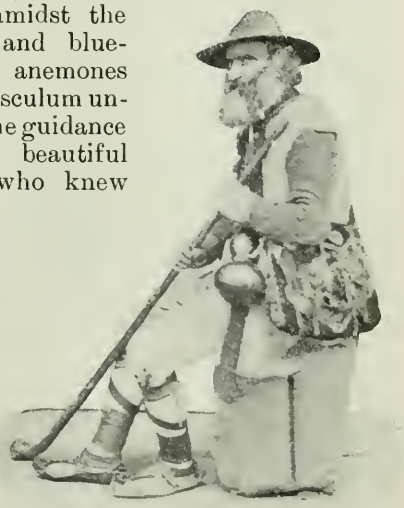
ROME, FLORENCE, VENICE.

I HAVE a thousand things I want to write about, quite forgetting they have been written about and talked threadbare a thousand times before.

I would like to perch a sympathetic spirit behind me, and we two together wheel across the glorious Campagna, sniffing in the breeze blowing athwart its lovely stretches of rolling distance, with the shadowed hills of Albano, Frascati and Tivoli fringing its farther edges in one direction, and spreading away to the sea in masses of undulating green in the other.

This place is filled with loneliness, intensified by few scattered signs of life—a flock of sheep grazing, watched by a solitary shepherd clad in sheepskin and soft, picturesque hat—the nearest approach to a brigand we ever found; a primitive cart drawn by milk-white oxen, the splendid creatures pacing down the Appian Way with slow and stately step, holding low their magnificient horns, and turning great liquid eyes full of mild reproach upon us as we buzzed by. Here and there the tufted tops of a lonely palm-shaped pine rose dark and straight against the sky; the grey and crumbling walls of an old tower stood quaint and naked, a relic of a bygone buried city, which the earth has neglected to take into the shelter of her protecting bosom. There the ancient Roman Aqueduct with its great walls is making a gallant stand against the merciless hand of time; its lichen-covered stones and rows of beautiful arches a home for the fowls of the air and a barracks for the ghostly legions of dead ambitions, while throbbing through the silence, a rush of melody pours from the throat of a tiny songster whose little heart seemed bursting with gladness far up in the filmy blue.

I am not going to worry my readers with a long drawn out description of the places we visited in Rome. The accompanying illustrations and a few words must suffice. But, ah, the bliss of a spin across that wonderful Campagna; to wander amidst the grey and blue-eyed anemones of Tusculum under the guidance of a beautiful boy who knew





RUINS OF THE CLAUDIAN ACQUEDUCT, ROME.

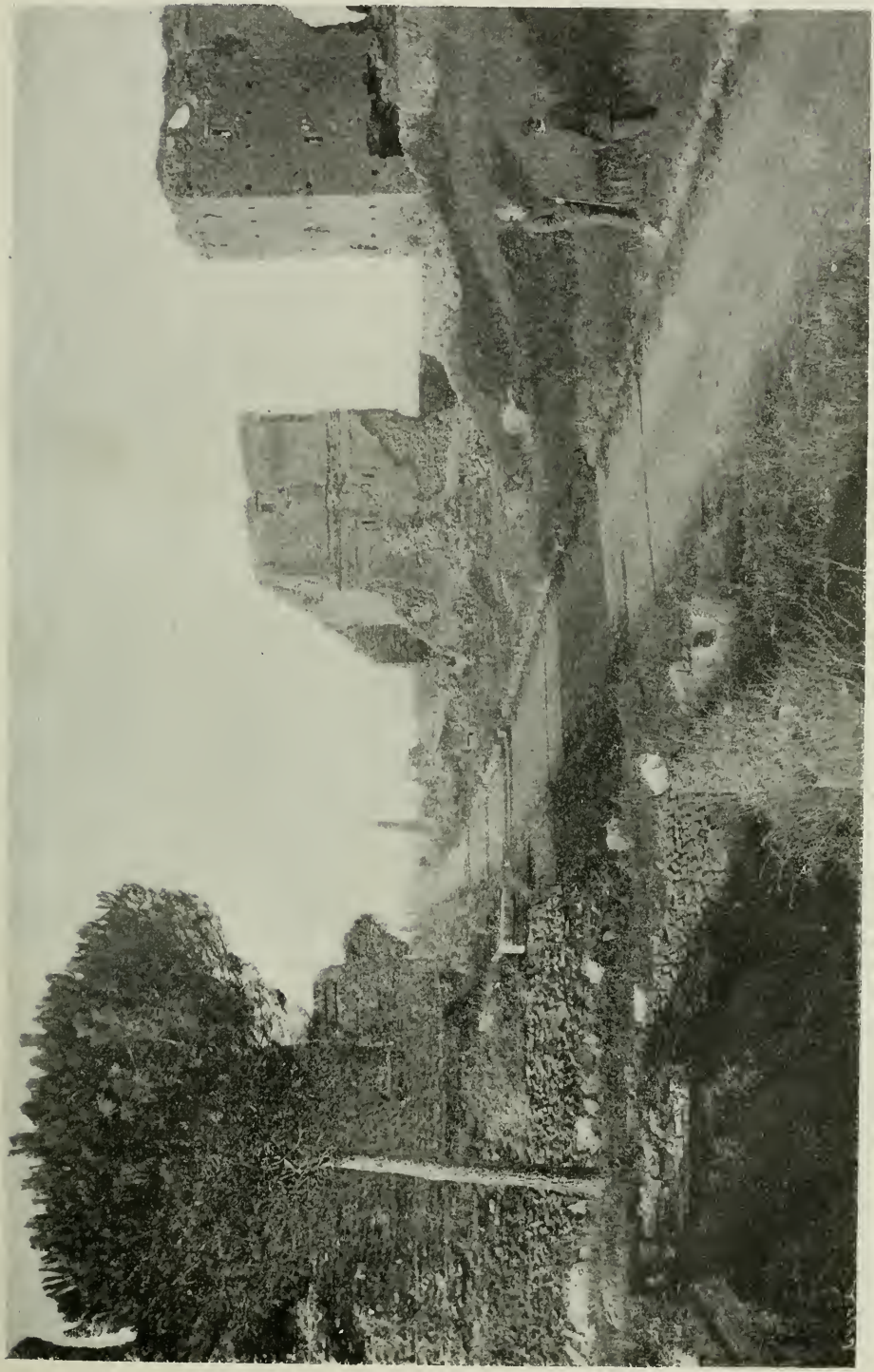
his beauty well, and whom we warned, under pain of sudden death, not to dare to mention Cicero or any other dry o' dust personage during the whole of that long summer day, whereupon he looked knowingly in reply, as much as to say, "You are the first sensible crowd I have met for a long time." A whole day of freedom from routling amongst sacred dust and mouldy bones, which the obnoxious modern tourist will not leave in peace, but rakes up each day afresh with the help of a toothless guide, accompanied by his unmistakeable badge, a Baedeker or a black and red striped Hare.



"Under the guidance of a beautiful boy."

Or shall I tell of the way we defied all known Roman laws, riding through the streets of Rome for seven weeks without bell, or license, or brake, or lamp. The omission of each meant the breaking of a separate and distinct law on the subject, giving a sad proof of the utter demoralized condition of our moral natures since coming in contact with Italians and their ways. A year's tax of fifteen francs was worth while avoiding as long as the policemen followed us with admiring glances instead of doing their duty by looking to see if we had our official numbers. The laws are very strict in Italy.

I would like to trot somebody—somebody I don't like—through miles of pictures of insipid madonnas adored by fat priests, and fierce ladies upsetting mild gentlemen down fathomless wells, or stabbing them with a Lady Macbethian air in the most approved manner; or give my luckless companion the creeps with the various agonies of multitudinous martyrs, who suffered with a placidity most



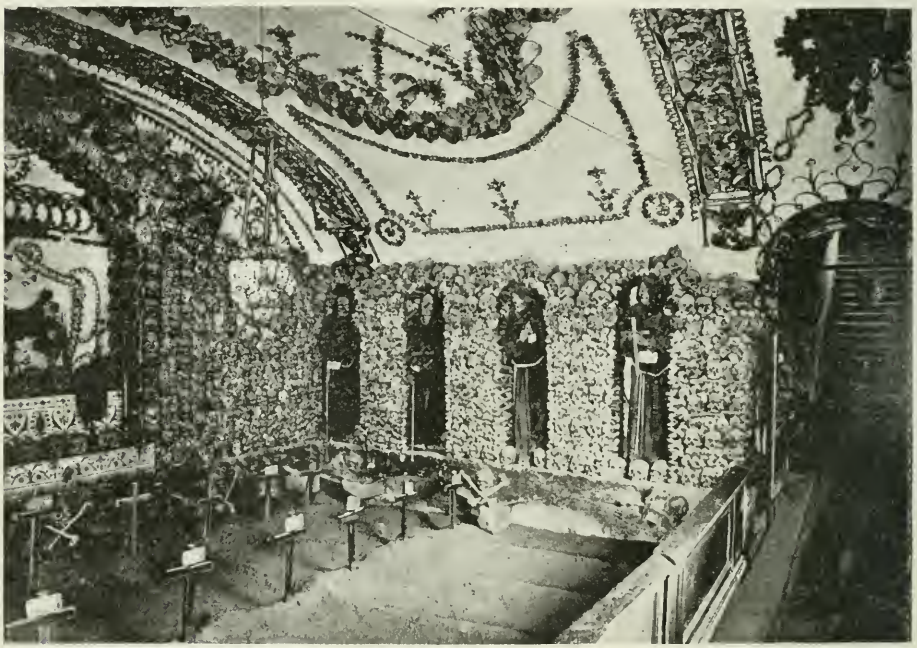
THE APPIAN WAY.

astonishing, or whose tortures are depicted with such broad realism as, first to make one sick, and then to make one laugh nervously. I am sure my pet aversions, after being trotted about thus for a week, would beg for mercy and pray to be sent back to their familiar haunts, to taste once more the sweets of a five o'clock tea, or whirl amid the flimsy joys of a fashionable ball-room.

But I must hurry on to Florence—the place which for many a long day I had asserted I intended to see before I should die. People do realize some of their dreams sometimes, not always, not perhaps just in the way they expect; but, "all things come to him who knows how to wait," is a truth in part.

It is a city full of fascination and of intellectual and artistic refinement; not so ponderously old or painfully modern as Rome; not with the crude contrasts, the ceaseless unrest and smiling rascality of Naples, and without the wonderful irridescent scintillating beauties of its exquisite setting; yet with soft, restful beauty in the tender purples of its surrounding hills, from whence the Arno winds muddily. And Florence is restful, though impressive in its associations, overshadowed by the spirits of three giant souls.

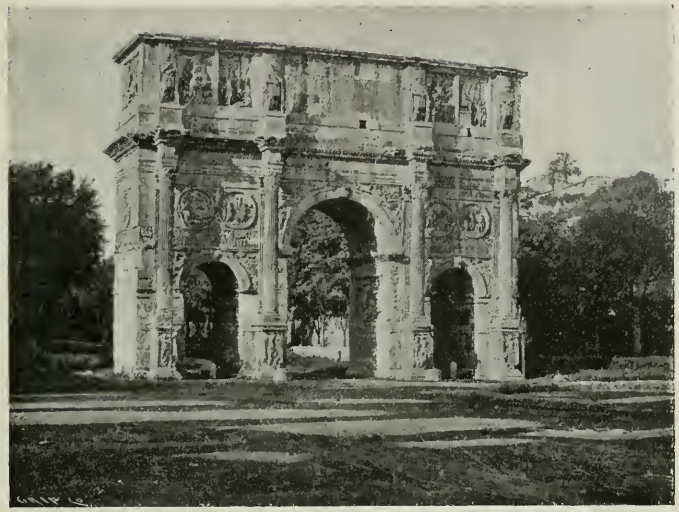
I would like to show someone—someone I do like—the glories of the Pitti; the splendid color of Andrea del Sarto and his lovely, though most divinely human, Madonnas; the mourn-



CAPUCHIN CEMETERY, ROME.

ful grace and lightness of Botticelli; the simple holiness of Fra Angelico seen through his quaintly beautiful pictures; Giotto Cimabue, whom, if you have read Ruskin, you dare not say you do not like; and not least the bambini of Andrea della Robbia, who knew the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

In Rome, the Italians consider it improper to ride in the city, and unsafe to ride in the country, so they take their wheels in a cab to some



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.

miniature; you never know what will turn up next; in half-an-hour, you may be played false by your dearest friend — your bicycle. Although by this time we were thoroughly conversant with the management of a wheel when on it, we were still sadly ignorant, after the way of women, as to its peculiar mechanism; so when my tire collapsed one day we felt very unhappy, and took the flabby thing to an important-looking bicycle shop, wondering, after our Naples experience, something of the same idea prevails, though not to the same extent. Out of idle curiosity, therefore, on several occasions we rode in the beautiful Casciné, to see what Italian women look like as cyclists. With low, stumpily-adjusted saddles, ill-arranged skirts, and flower-bedecked hats, they did not look trim, and after seeing numbers of women of different nations riding, I have come to the conclusion that Canadian girls take the palm every time. One minute of wholesome conceit is worth ten minutes of self-abasement, and this broadened out into a patriotic sentiment, is unassailable.



A FRESCO BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

Bicycling is not unmixed joy, and in this absolutely truthful record I feel it my duty to announce the fact. A bicycle tour is life in public garden, have a little run, and then drive home again. I am glad I am not an Italian. In Flor-



THE CATHEDRAL, VENICE.

ence, what would be the result. The charges were not outrageous, and I got it home the next day. My spirits, in consequence, had just risen to a high point of hilarity, when Peg's wheel went flat, and our spirits promptly went flat, too, with a run. And from that day we never had a moment's peace, but played puss in a corner with our wheels during the rest of our stay. Our irritation was somewhat increased by having always to explain minutely to the shop-people what was wrong with the wheel. First one had to be doctored, then the other, without avail. Then Peg essayed to mend her own (she is always doing desperate things), and tinkered at the provoking thing a whole day, dragging me in whenever she got an excuse. Two days, and she was still tinkering. I then suggested mildly that in view of a ride we had planned to Venice, and from thence to Verona, amongst other necessaries which we intended to strap on at any available point of the bicycle frame, a tent would be a wise addition, under which we could settle ourselves on the roadside, and tinker away comfortably at our leisure in case of very probable mishaps.

We created a decided sensation amongst a select few when they heard we intended to ride to Venice, and we were implored pathetically to give up such a venturesome scheme. For the moment I was a little startled, but thought I would make enquiries before giving up a delightful project, since we had already found by experience that had we listened to the numerous warnings of numerous people, we would never have done anything.

In reply to my enquiries, I was told that the road was in the fine condition usual in Italy, and the people kind and hospitable. An Italian gentleman, a stranger to me, overheard my questions, and my astonishment was

great when the next day I received a lengthy paper, with a complete description of the road, written out in careful English, with the exact distance between each village, and the best hotel at each stopping place, accompanied by a section map of the country we would pass through. As I do not remember even what the gentleman looked like, he must remain in my memory as the unknown man of the kindly deed, though it was only one of the innumerable little kindnesses that have been shown us on all occasions throughout Italy, and my experience of Italians has invariably been that of a most kindly, courteous people, from the lowest peasant. They are more easily won by a smile than many.

What with tire punctures, broken sprocket wheels, and thunderstorms, we did not have much opportunity of exploring the country surrounding Florence. This was irritating beyond words, since there were many lovely rides. Finally, one morning, horribly early, we took the train across the mountains to Bologna, with the intention of riding from there to Venice.

At the hotel our ridiculous little bundles were stared at a good deal, at least I thought they were, but hoped our bicycles were a sufficient guarantee that we were in a position to pay our hotel bill. Two interesting days there were not enough. We strolled through the royal collonades which cover the footways of the streets for miles, making the lucky Bolognese—independent of wind or rain or sun, a ceaseless stream of life walking perpetually in the shaded depths of their splendid arches, lengthening out into lovely vistas of distant perspective. We were loath to leave the unique piazza, surrounded by magnificent palazzos covered with ornamentation, and full of rich color increased by the quaint and wholly delightful blinds drawn over the windows, of a color between orange and terra cotta. Naples, my first love, is altogether quaint and picturesque and dirty. Rome and Florence are fatally tainted with modernism, which I suppose is a proof of increasing prosperity for down-trodden Italy burdened with over-whelming taxation; but Bologna seems to a casual observer, to have combined modern ideas and push with its beautiful age more happily than any other city.

From Bologna we rode fifty kilomètres to Ferrara in four hours, with a rest between at a pretty little village by name Malabergo, where we created



A STREET IN VENICE.

lively interest amongst the people, who could not do enough for us. In fact our ride was a triumphal march through the country. The best sitting-rooms of the smallest cottages were put at our disposal, and we were plied with wine and refreshments, while the family disposed themselves round the wall, keeping us busy answering questions, and afterwards retailing our conversations to an interested company outside. It was all vastly amusing. Our curious Italian carried us through wonderfully well, considering all things, even when we insisted on saying to a bewildered hotel factotum, "I have paid," when we meant to say "I will pay," upon which the unfortunate man went quite wild, though remaining civil. I have never succeeded in finding out exactly how much a kilomètre is, but I believe it is somewhere in the neighborhood of three quarters of a mile, therefore fifty kilomètres is—how many miles? Any one who likes sums may work that out at his leisure.

From the sleepy old town of Ferrara we rode to Montselice, fifty-seven kilomètres in five hours, with three hours rest during the heat of the day. No doubt some will conclude from these figures that we are slow riders, or more correctly speaking lazy riders, —a very right conclusion. Trains are objectionable to me because they whirl one through the world at break-neck speed, and I have not the slightest wish to transform myself into a locomotive on a small scale. We started on this expedition with the best intentions of setting off every morning at seven o'clock and resting during the hottest hours, but for some unaccountable reason we never got off before nine, which was very annoying, as I had a bet on it with a friend in Florence. I have lost, but I don't intend to pay.

We reached Padua in two hours the next morning, in the rain, consequently we looked,—how shall I put it?—unbecomingly, to say the least, I had nearly said—tough, but I never shock people if I can help it. And I had grave doubts as to whether any hotel would take us in. However, I endeavored to atone for my want of neatness by a highly polished manner, and made a sufficiently satisfactory impression.

We puddled miserably about in the rain all that afternoon, seeing the sights. We did our little best to admire Giotto's frescoes in the chapel of the arena (knowing that Ruskin would crush us sooner or later if we did not) while the water squeezed up and down inside our boots, and ran out of our hats down our necks. We furtively kept one eye on the weather, and the other on the pictures, and the whole of our two minds occupied with speculations as to what condition the roads would be in on the morrow. The following morning the world looked serene, and dry, and as lovely as though there had been no such thing as rain by the bucketsfull the day before.

In this northern part of Italy, the country through which we rode was as enchanting in its way as the south. It is a great garden, continuing across the miles of level, cultivated land, rich with every variety of produce, from the romantic vine, laced from tree to tree and making every field and orchard and simple kitchen garden a green and shady bower, to the homely rice and wheat. Then as we wended our way peacefully, and sometimes silently, towards Mestre, a blue distance shaped itself gradually into the gleam of the ocean, and a little later, rounded domes and spires rose delicately out of the sea itself in fairy outlines of softest blue, on a background of palest gold, and we knew that the sea nymph City of Venezia lay before us. Across three miles of shallows in train, right away from the main land, we travelled out into the Adriatic and landed prosaically in the ordinary looking Venice station, where we put our bicycles in deposit.

A few moments of bustle, then came the musical silence of rippling waters. And there we dreamed awhile, a week and a day. By such spaces come and go the odd pleasures of a lifetime, little bits twinkling here and there like stars in a sullen sky. We lounged idly in the long, sweet summer evenings, after the noonday heat and after the day's rushings and sight seeings, listening to the exquisite pathos of Lohengrin's swan song, or the long-drawn, sorrow-burdened notes of an intermezzo we all know so well; or, persuaded by the courtier manner of a charming gondolier, we would leave the music (alas, for my illusions, the only good music we had heard in Italy,) to float lazily out on the dark surface of the still canals, with the soft murmur of the water in pathetic whisperings, which, woman-like, one translates into "if's" and "perhaps's." A thousand lights, repeated in long shafts of ruddy glow at the feet of marble palaces, trace the graceful bend of the Grand Canal widening out into the lagoon towards Lido and Choiggia.

From Venice, or rather Mestre, the nearest mainland point, we rode in desperate heat,—a hundred in the sun, I am sure, since it was 90 in the shade at 10 o'clock in the town. There was not a breath of air except the breeze made by our rapid movement, and I can only account for our being able to do it, by the fact that we held up our umbrellas all the time. Stopping one night on the way, we reached Verona the next afternoon. A delicious place with two of the most beautiful old churches I have seen, and the house of the Cappuletti with the loggia from where sweet love-sick Juliette sighed out a pathetic plaint to her Romeo. From thence we passed by train to Como.



"The graceful bend of the Grand Canal."

A brief stay in that ideal spot, with perfect rides in the cool, escorted by a handsome Venetian who said to me in melancholy tone "my heart has much suffered for American girls, but Canadian girls is much badder."

There, as everywhere, we seemed to rouse the same curiosity regarding our bicycles, what we had done, and where we were going. I met a Frenchman of especially courteous bearing, with whom I had some pleasant chats, and in the course of one we diverged to the subject of bicycles. After a short preamble, in a very hesitating and polite manner he touched my skirt lightly, saying—"Do you-ah-ah-wear this?" I was slightly puzzled a moment, then a hot wave passed over me and for two whole minutes I was most terribly embarrassed, being convinced I had been guilty of doing something highly improper in wearing a skirt. I, however, managed to pull myself together, and reply, emphatically, "Of course."

"But it is not 'comme il faut' to wear a skirt," he returned gently.

Not 'comme il faut' to wear a skirt! —for a moment I felt the ground slipping from under my feet. Before my bewildered vision passed an army of unfrocked females. As he talked in English and I in French I thought it better not to argue the question, though I longed to convert him to my way of thinking.

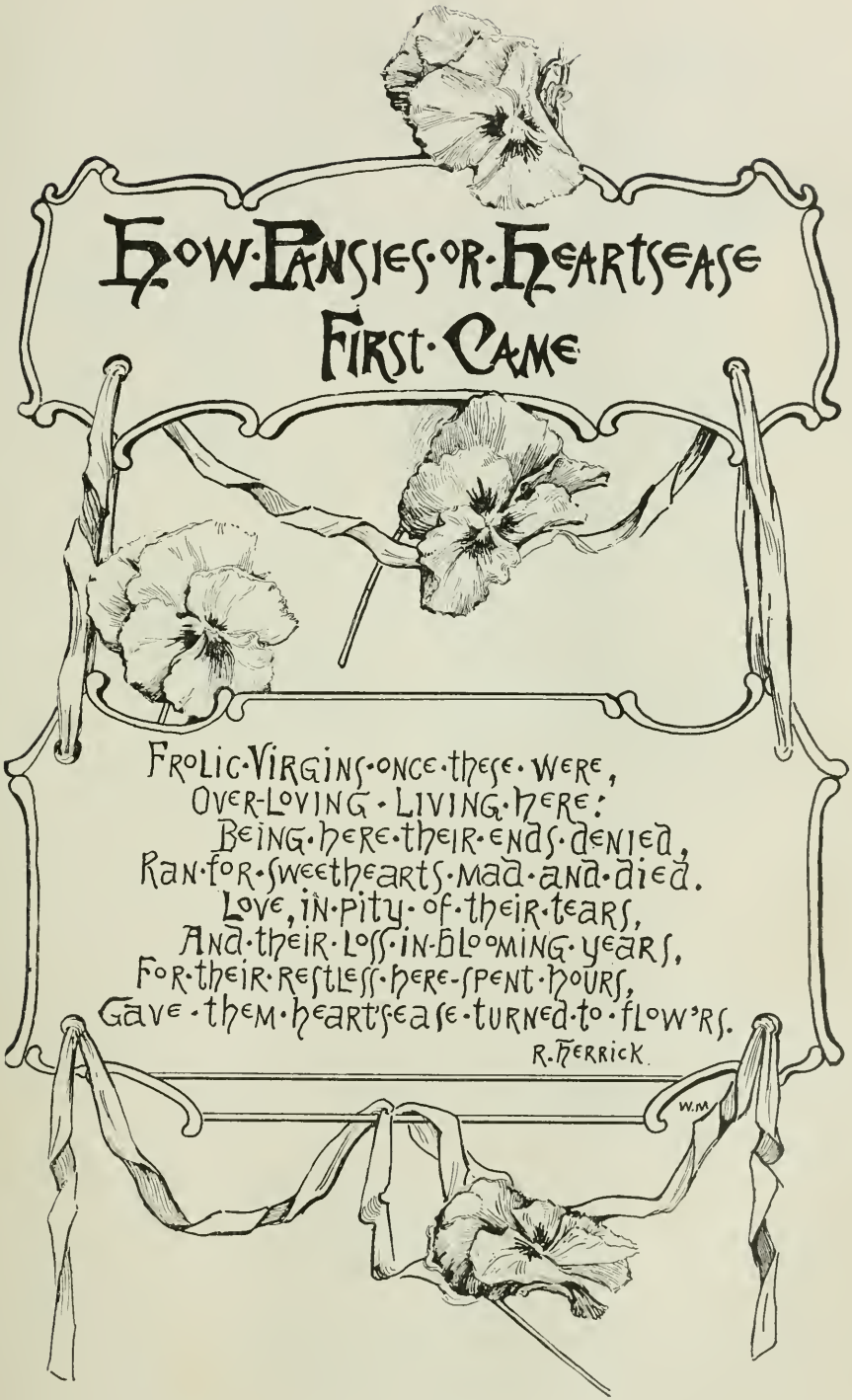
That some women have already turned aside from gracefulness and womanly things, and in various ways are trying to rectify nature's mistake in having made them women, has already been demonstrated. But if men tamely capitulate to the bloomered out-come of a desire to be outré, we are lost, for most women, whether they acknowledge it or not, like to please men, or at least each woman has (or ought to have) some one man whom she would like to please if she could. And so if men countenance bloomers, we poor little antiquated dames must hide our diminished heads under the skirts to which we cling so jealously.

I promptly ask pardon here and now for touching on the uninteresting subject of clothes, merely adding that if women insist upon wearing bloomers because they like it, all well and good—each individual has a right to his or her own opinion. But if they urge the plea of necessity, it is false. I have ridden a good many hundred miles in all sorts of weather and in all sorts of country, and I know what I am talking about.

As I end these nondescript adventures, we are on the eve of a ride through Switzerland and perhaps some Cathedral rides in England. I would like to write of them but time and space will not permit, and I am doubtless saved from many an uncommitted folly of my pen. And so I close with a hope that I have not shocked any little pet proprieties by presenting a picture of two small pieces of femininity rampaging over Europe on a ridiculous *fin de siècle* invention, but rather have dispelled any lingering prejudice, and have shown some who may not have realized it before the possibilities of cycling for women.

And to some—if there are any such in the world—who perhaps are a little sad, a little lonely, just a wee bit tired; if there are any who have had a pitiless knock-down blow straight from the shoulder, I would say: go for some lovely spins if you can—not up and down the pavement of a fashionable street, but out and away (over, mayhap, rough roads) to feast weary eyes on space and feel the caress of the flirting breezes down in the purple depths of the sobbing pine woods, or listen to the water cooing and gurgling as it coquettes with the yellow sand in coy smiles of flashing silver. It may not cure—there are some things which nothing can cure—but it will put you in touch with nature, and though perhaps without conscious knowledge of the language nature is speaking to you, something of the breath of her life will sink deep into into your being, giving you strength and courage to live, and in spite of many a faltering step, and fainting heart, and sickening failure, to still struggle forward towards some ideal which, perhaps almost unknowingly, you have set before yourself.

(*Concluded.*)


How Pansies or Heartsease First Came
Frolic Virgins once these were,
Over-loving Living here:
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for Sweethearts mad and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their Loss in Blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heartsease turned to flow'rs.
R. Herrick
W.M



CLEAREST pool, my wondering joy
When a fancy-haunted boy,
From the troubled world of men
I've come back to thee again.

Loosed by my imperious star
I've come back from very far,
Dusty from the clash of years,
Worn with love and life and tears.

When I came to thee of old,
Treasures rare my hand would hold—
Wondrous blooms, or glass of dye
To transfigure earth and sky.

Now the best that I can bring
Seems a very little thing.
Let me cast it all away
To win back one boyhood's day.

O'er thy globe of clearest space,
Clearest pool, I lean my face.
What's the happy mask I see
Wisely smiling back on me?

Surely those glad eyes were mine
When the earth looked all divine!
—Knowing less, remembering more
How enchanted was their lore!



Surely mine, this weary while
Agone, was that unshadowed smile.
Clearest pool, thou showest me
All my boyhood used to be.

Keep thy waters, clearest pool,
Always tranquil, pure and cool.
I, alas, must turn again
To the troubled world of men!

Author—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Artist—FRED H. BRIGDEN.

THE MERMAID'S POOL.

(An Idyll from the Dust.)

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

PART I.

A BLUE expanse of sky above it: a wide stretch of sea beyond it; in the foreground of the picture was the Mermaid's Pool itself, an oval, hollowed in a long rock upon the beach; bordered on its north and upper side by the purple heather which grew to its very edge, and on the lower by the pebbles that met the sand of the seashore.

It was filled, at high tide, almost to the brim, by the clear, green, sea-water —fit bath for nymph or naiad.

Lovely it was in the summer morning when its placid waters reflected the azure of the slowly-lightening sky: lovely in the noon-tide when it lay still and sparkling in the golden sunshine: lovelier yet at night, when its clear depths mirrored tremblingly, a star or two—all it could hold—of those that shone in the heaven above: loveliest of all, perhaps, at twilight, when it gave back an etherealized reflection of the rose-flushed western sky.

No spot so fair, for miles around: no fairer scene, perhaps, in Western England, than this—known to the country folk, as the "Mermaid's Pool."

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It lies at the southern edge of a small fishing village, which stands on one of the many points of land that jut out into the Cornish sea. This hamlet is peopled by a sturdy race of men and women—remnants of the old Keltic stock that lived and loved, and fished and swam, and fought and hunted there long before the Saxon marauder had planted on British shore his invading foot. They are a hard-working, God-fearing people, toiling on the deep from early morning until sunset, and often through the night. The time they are constrained to spend on shore is employed in the making and repairing of their boats and nets, and in the carrying to the market-town—some twenty-five miles distant—the fish that have been gathered in.

Tregele itself consists of some thirty-five houses, clustered, as we have said, upon a point of land—a sloping upland—sheltered on the north by the range of hills already mentioned, and on the south by a great wall of rock, which stands between the village and the sea, and is placed at right angles to other masses of rock at the eastern side of Tregele. These rocks, continued under the

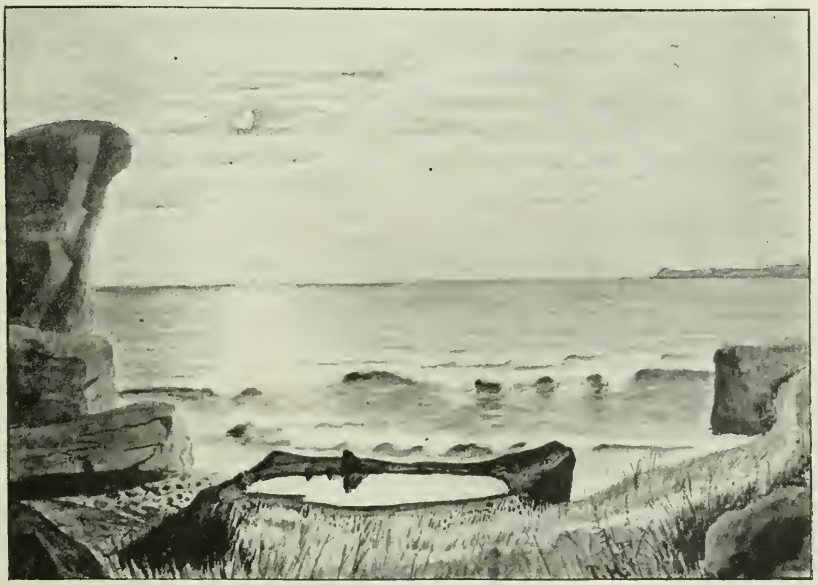
sea, form the eastern side of Tregele Bay.

Close against the sheltering south rock-wall, stood the cottage of Seth Polwhele. It was placed in the centre of a tiny garden, and faced due west. In a "bee line" from it lay the "Mermaid's Pool," on the other side of which began the "school path."

At the time at which this story begins, Seth was a widower, with one daughter, Esther, and one son, Davie. He had been twice married, and Esther was the child of the first union. Her mother, dying when she was but ten years old, left Seth free to marry the pretty, merry niece of a neighbour who had but recently settled in Tregele. Lucy Pentreath was an orphan and penniless. Her aunt thought she did well by her ward in almost forcing her to accept Seth's offer; for he was in a good position, no one sharing with him the ownership of the boat and nets he used.

Reluctantly enough, poor Lucy became the wife of the grave, middle-aged man, of whom she was more than half afraid. The marriage proved a most unhappy one. Even before the birth of her son, Lucy had given her husband cause for jealousy—a passion ever ready to flame into life in the Keltic breast.

After the birth of little David, however, came a temporary peace. But one terrible night, Seth, returning, at sight of a threatening sea, found his wife in the arms of the ne'er-do-weel of the village—a former admirer of hers. Then followed one of those tragedies we are fond of calling brawls when they occur in humble life. Seth tore his wife from her lover's embrace, and flung her from him with a force that sent her, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. Then he threw himself upon his rival. The cries of the latter —no match for his powerful and infuriated antagonist—soon brought the villagers to his aid. They arrived in time to save his worthless life—but not for long. Seeing, as he thought, the man he had betrayed about to break loose from his friends' restraining hands, he uttered a howl of terror and fled. The night was dark. The wind increased in violence every mo-



"In the foreground of the picture, the Mermaid's Pool itself, an oval, hollowed in a long rock upon the beach."

ment. In his blind agony of fear he ran on, unheedingly, to the edge of the steep cliff, against which the waves —for the sea was at high tide—were dashing furiously. Two of the villagers, noticing the direction which he had taken, followed him, but too late. His body was found, a week later, six miles from the scene of the catastrophe.

The women carried Lucy to her bed, and sent for the doctor. But she died before the morning.

From that night, Seth was an altered man. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he never smiled again. He became moody and silent. He went out in his boat alone. Though the sympathies of his neighbours were with him, he shunned their companionship.

Part II.

Esther's devotion to the little Davie made his infant life a bed of roses. He played near her, while she swept and washed and sewed. He slept in her arms at night. As soon as he was old enough, she took her sewing and him to the Mermaid's Pool. The loveliness of this spot had a strange fascination for her. It had been the one gleam of colour, the one note of music, the one touch of poetry, in her life, up to David's birth. Afterwards it became even more to her—for she soon taught him to love it as she loved it herself. Many long hours they spent together by it—she with her work, he revelling in the treasures of pebble and shell, of sea-weed and anemone, by which it was surrounded.

With the quick tact of love, Esther had from the first perceived that for some reason her father never cared to see the little brother who was the idol of her loving heart—and she had learned to keep him out of Seth's way.

While he remained a baby, this was easily done. But, as he grew older, and went with the other children to the village school, he began dimly to observe, and vaguely to resent, his father's harshness.

Poor Esther's life became an anxious one. She was in a state of perpetual dread, lest the result of any contact between them should be an open rupture. Davie began to express his wonder at the fact that he had none of the privileges enjoyed by his schoolfellows. *They* went, on summer evenings for long delightful sails in their fathers' boats. *They* made playthings in the boldest way of those same boats, as other times. *He* dared not go near his father's boat—nor touch his father's hand.

One evening not very long after Davie had been promoted to the dignity of staying all day at the school, Esther sat on the doorstep awaiting his return. She was startled by his throwing himself into her arms, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My pet—my bonny boy," she said, drying his eyes with her apron. "Tell Esther what it is! Do'ee, Co."*

"Jim Penmawr's dad came by the school, and he carried Jim home on's shoulders," sobbed Davie. "Why do father never do that to me, Esther? I'm none so big 's Jim."

Esther sighed as she caressed and soothed him, wondering in her heart how any one—much less the child's own father—could be so unfailingly harsh to him.

Davie had inherited all, and more than his unhappy mother's beauty. He had her fair skin and hair of ruddy gold, her small and delicate features. Only he had the large, dark grey, black-lashed eyes, that seemed the birthright of the Polwhele family. In Esther's plain sweet face they were the one redeeming point. In the flower-like fairness of his, they gained an added beauty.

Sometimes, in the boy's more serious moods, his likeness to his mother was less apparent. It was only at such moments that his father seemed able to tolerate his presence—When mirth or mischief lit up his eyes,

*Co a Cornish term of endearment.

flushed his cheeks, or played in the curves and dimples of his mouth, Seth would either rise abruptly and leave the room ; or, as the boy grew older, more frequently with harsh and causeless anger, order him from his presence.

Time rolled on until Davie was a strong handsome lad of seventeen. His future had long given his sister much anxious thought. Once she took heart of grace, proposing to her father that Davie, now much to old to go to school, should accompany him on his expeditions. She was almost glad, upon reflection, of his fierce refusal. For suppose—her cheek paled and her heart beat at the thought—suppose that Seth's harshness should provoke, as it sometimes did, a saucy reply from Davie—and they two alone, upon the stormy deep! She had not always been able to shelter Davie, even from blows, when his defiance had brought down his father's wrath upon his head.

One night in June, when Esther, her work finished, was knitting on the doorstep, and waiting for her father and brother to come home to their supper, Davie walked up to her, and sat beside her. She looked up at him with a smile, that faded away at the sight of his face. "Davie, boy, what ails 'ee? Thee hasn't seen father?" She said anxiously.

"No, Esther, no," he replied, gloomily. "But I'm fein and tired out of living this way. It's so hard. I'd never cross father, nor answer un back," he went on, turning the thrilling beauty of his eyes to hers, "if he'd but be civil. Why can't he be? Oh, Esther, I watched un go down to the boat yesterday, and he looked the biggest and finest o' all the men. I'd change dads with no lad in Tregele. If he'd speak to me civil, I'd work for un, and never tire."



TREGELE.

Esther sighed. She sympathized with Davie, however, and longed to see his filial affection accepted and returned.

In a few moments Seth came home, and sat down, with Esther, to the evening meal.

Davie lingered in the little wash-house that opened from the kitchen. At last, overcoming with an effort his reluctance to face his father in his present mood of impotent longing for reconciliation, he came in, and took his seat, with a muttered greeting. He wore the blue knitted jersey of the fisherman, and from it, his beautiful head on its bronzed throat, rose like a flower from its calyx.

He was unusually serious to-night, and as he lifted his dark eyes to Esther, who stood by her father's side, Seth was struck by the sadness in them. A vague uneasiness stole into his heart.

Esther waited on her brother with gentle, tactful unobtrusiveness. Davie had been so often sent from the table that she took her meals with them in constant anxiety.

At last Seth spoke:—

"Where be 'ee going, Davie?" he said.

The boy started, stammered, and colored. It was more than two months since his father had addressed a word to him. In fact, since their last quarrel, Davie had frequently lingered outside until his father had finished his meal, and then taken his own in the wash-house, while Esther "redd up" the house, or washed the dishes.

Seth rose and walked up and down the kitchen. Davie stood still, his head bent, his fisher's cap twisted nervously in both hands. Esther glanced from one to the other, apprehensively, and so, for a moment, they all stood, while the sea murmurs filled up the silence of the little room, into which the soft darkness of the summer night began to steal.

Seth walked to the door—stopped—turned—and looked full into his son's face—meeting with questioning gaze the pleading of Davie's eyes. Some tenderer feeling than he had yet known for this handsome stripling, since the day when first a helpless babe he had been put into his arms, came into his heart as he looked. So they stood, eyes meeting eyes, in silence. Then Seth spoke again:—

"Go then. To-morrow I shall have a word to say to thee."

He turned and left the house.

Davie crossed over to where Esther had seated herself, and, bending his head, touched her cheek with his in the dumb caressing way peculiar to him when much moved. She did not speak, only put her fingers through his curly hair once or twice. There was no need of speech between these two—from the time that his baby hands had stretched out to the grave little sister-nurse who had cared for him so tenderly, no shadow of misunderstanding had ever clouded their pure and perfect love.

After a moment, he, too, left her.

Meanwhile, Seth had wandered to the edge of the cliff where his unworthy rival had found his death. A tumult of conflicting emotions raged within his breast. Not crystallized into thought, but clear to his inner consciousness were sentiments of strange remorse and pain. His mind travelled back—far back—to the days when he had first been attracted by Lucy's fair face and merry ways. He remembered how he had likened her in his heart to a kitten he had seen at play—to a canary he had once owned—to a child of three years, whom, as a boy, he had tenderly loved. Then came the courtship, and her pretty reluctance, which had seemed at the time only a part of her nature, but which he had understood too late! Then the brief happiness of their married life, the terrible suspicions that soon began to cloud its brightness, the fierce pain of his jealousy, and the last awful night.

He remembered, too, how proud he had been of the baby son, whom Jane Penmawr had put into his arms, how glad that the looked-for child had turned out to be a boy, the dreams he had dreamed of the days when that son should be his companion in his daily toil. He remembered how this



Drawn by F. H. Brigden. "Davie, boy, what ails 'ee?"

pride had turned to fierce repulsion at the thought that the child was hers.

Presently, he passed from meditation to thought. He must do something for the lad, either give him a share in his own boat, or take money from the bank, and buy him a share in someone else's. Which should it be? The latter course would set the seal to their estrangement, would make public his abandonment of his son—that abandonment of which Tregele had talked until it was tired. It would be to lose the lad for ever. Now, while he slept under his father's roof and ate at his father's board, there remained the chance of reconciliation.

The question was still undecided in Seth's mind, when he turned to seek the place from which the boats were starting. There was an unusual stir. The men, seen by the light of the torches, were talking to one another, and seemed less eager than on other nights to push their boats from the shore. He looked for Davie. The lad was not near to the Penmawr's family, but talking to a recruiting sergeant. The sight suggested a possibility that had never before presented itself to Seth's mind.

Several other youths were clustered round the sergeant, listening to his tales, however, with the philosophic calm of those whose lot in life is already chosen, and secure from fear or chance of change.

One of the fishermen came up to Seth. "Yon chap's got his eye upon thy lad, Seth. He's a likely one for a sojer, he is, and if he don't list, 'twont be the sergeant's fault."

Before Seth could answer, Davie's clear laugh rang out upon the air. The depression which had held him in its clutches all day had been followed

by its natural re-action, and succeeded by a feverish gaiety. But that laugh closed against him the opening door of his father's heart.

At last Penmawr rose from the coil of rope on which he had been seated and called out, cheerily :

"Davie, lad, if thee'rt not going with t' sergeant to-night, thee'd best come along."

The group broke up, the elder fishermen discussed the weather, and then decided to brave the storm. Davie entered Jim's boat. Seth took his own. The sergeant strolled away, and soon the scene was silent, save for the dash of the waves upon the beach.

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The next morning dawned clear and bright. Esther went, soon after breakfast, to visit a bed-ridden old woman in the village, and stayed till nearly supper-time, cleaning up the house and washing clothes—a weekly task with her. Seth, only, was at home when she returned to the evening meal. She wondered at this, as she had seen Jim Penmawr talking to his father as she passed their cottage.

The meal was half over when Davie entered the house and sat down at the table. He was in a cheerful and excited mood, and instead of preserving, as was his wont, an absolute silence in the presence of his father, he began talking gaily to Esther.

Seth looked at him with lowering brows and fast rising anger, but made no remark.

"Have 'ee no a heart for me, Esther?" asked Davie, as Esther brought from the cupboard a plate of hard little cakes.

Esther returned from the cupboard a second time, and placed before him a little cake, similar to the others in quality, but shaped like a heart, and with "D" marked in the centre with currants. She often gave him this little treat of his childhood's days.

Before Davie could take it in his hand, Seth dashed it from the table.

"Thee fool," he said to his son, with flashing eyes, "get thee out o' my doors, and don't eat thy meals again when I am by."

Esther stood aghast—looking at her father with wide eyes and parted lips. The absolute causelessness of this outburst, and the suppressed fury in Davie's eyes as well as in Seth's, filled her heart with direr forebodings than she had ever known before. "Oh, father!" she cried, coming nearer to him. "Don't say that—Davie—what harm have 'ee done?"

"What harm?" said Seth, the veins in his forehead standing out like cords in his rage. "He goes to make me the talk o' the village as his —— mother did afore him. Go, I tell 'ee," he thundered, as Davie stood irresolute, his face as white as Esther's though not from fear. "Go, wi' your father's curse—go—and follow t' sargeant, wi' the scorn o' every honest lad in the village, as can *work*."

He turned abruptly as he spoke, and left the house—not daring, with that rage in his heart, to trust himself a moment longer near his son.

Esther crossed over to her brother's side, and laid her hand on his arm.

"I'm whist to have 'ee go Davie," she said tenderly, "but sleep at Jane Penmawr's for a night or two : father's anger'll be past by then."

"Anger! What cause have 'e for anger?" said Davie, fiercely. "No, Esther. Don't 'ee hold me—I'll go, and the next meal I eat o' his, he'll bring to the Mermaid's Pool, and hold out to me wi' his own hand."

He laughed bitterly as he spoke, and moved to the door.

"I'll come too," said Esther, "we'll sit by the pool and talk. Don't 'ee grieve, Co."

The brother and sister walked down the little pebbled garden path and across the strip of beach that separated them from the "Mermaid's Pool." It lay, an oval of water, gleaming in the dying light, and tinged yet with the sunset glow. The peace and

beauty of the summer twilight stole into both their hearts as they stood there—her head on his shoulder, his arm round her waist—softening the angry smart in his, and allaying the fear in hers.

The waves rang their musical chimes almost at their feet; the cool darkness came down and wrapped them in its soothing folds. The silver stars shone out one by one, and smiled assurances of comfort at them.

All the poetry of their Keltic natures awoke and answered to the charm of the calm loveliness about them.

Part III.

The next day all Tregele knew that the sergeant had gained his point, and carried off Davie. They knew no more. Not one of the villagers dared speak to Seth—now more silent, fiercer, moodier than ever. No one had the heart to speak to Esther, or do aught but pity in silence the stricken anguish on her white face.

But the tide of popular feeling had turned against Seth. Davie had been a general favorite, and he was sorely missed. Esther was well beloved, too and the agony she evidently, but silently, endured, was the object of much angry sympathy in the village.

The days and weeks and months dragged slowly by—until nearly two years had passed since Davie's departure. Esther had received three letters in all, during that time. Each letter, to her quick sympathies, seemed to tell of a keener longing for his home.

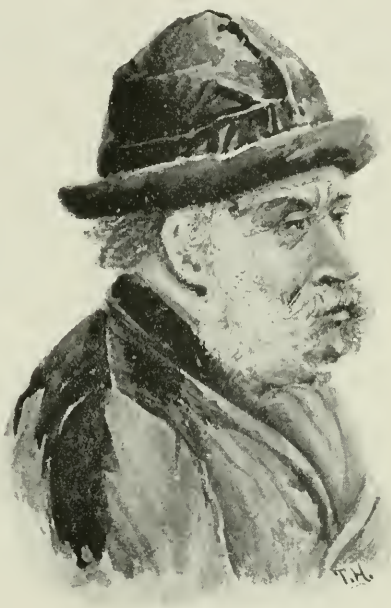
Esther was no scholar—and the letter she at last made up her mind to send him, caused her much anxiety.

She wrote it one evening in April; her father had come in looking very tired and sad. He had aged very perceptibly in the last two years, and the neighbors had more than once hinted to Esther that it would soon be no longer safe for him to go out in his boat alone.

He sat in his arm chair for some time after supper, apparently listening to the sound of the sea, as the waves rose and fell in rythmical melody upon the beach outside. At last he went upstairs to his room—and Esther wrote her letter:—

"Dear Davie,—God bless you—wherever you may be—Davie, it do seem to me that you should be back.

Father, he do age so—he wants a son. So come back—if it be that you



"Father, he do age so."

can get leave—but do what you may, God bless you.

Your loving sister,
Esther.

She knelt down by the kitchen table and prayed silently for some moments. Then, throwing her shawl over her head, she ran up the village street, and put her letter in the mail-bag.

Would Davie come?

For some days after the sending of the invitation to her brother, Esther watched the boy whose duty it was to carry round the letters, with wist-

ful eagerness. But no answer came. Suppose Davie obeyed her word, and found no welcome from his father, after all. At last her anxiety became so great that she could bear it no longer. She must appeal for help to some one. Her thoughts turned to Jane Penmawr—but Jane, she knew, would have no opinion to offer. The Rector, an old man, was away from home, but she determined that on his return, she would ask his advice, perhaps his intercession. She had arrived at this decision, and was longing feverishly to hear that he was again at home, when the child of a neighbor fell sick.

Esther was the recognized nurse of the village. Having but "one man to look after," as the villagers said, she had more time for works of charity than mothers of families. This time, however, the work taxed her severely. The little sufferer died, and all the other children sickened, one after another. As they struggled to health, or rather to a fretful convalescence, the mother fell a victim, and Esther's work was redoubled. The neighbors, seeing that her strength could not possibly hold out, came in every day to render some help, but the night work fell entirely upon her. At last, even she herself knew she could hold out no longer. She had not slept for nine nights.

"You'll drop down dead, Esther, that'll be the end," said Jane Penmawr. "I'll send my man to her niece in service—she could come for a few days; you've battled through the worst."

"I'll be main and glad if she can come," said Esther, "and there is no fear for me, Jane. Do'ee mind how I slept after poor old Molly died? Saturday night till Monday morning, and never woke, nor heard no sound. If I can get a sleep like that, I'll do fine."

The niece did not arrive until early the following morning, another Saturday, as it chanced. As Esther walked home, she met Jim Penmawr, who said:

"T' passon's back again," and went on.

Esther was beginning to know the absolute agony of fatigue, fatigue at that uttermost point when it robs life of something that can never be restored. But at Jim's words she turned her steps, not to the sea and her home, but to the rectory, three miles away to the north.

How endless seemed that journey. It was but eight in the morning, and the May air was soft and cool. But Esther dragged herself along, in weariness that was pain unbearable.

At last she reached the Rectory gate. Beside it stood the Rector.

In a few words she told her story—her father's anger—Davie's flight—her letter.

The Rector was an old man, and deaf. He listened to her with his right hand over his ear, and his head bent courteously towards her; but he did not quite understand her.

When she had finished her recital, she stood with bowed head and clasped hands awaiting his reply, as though it were to come from Heaven.

"Dear, dear—and you wrote for him to return," said the rector. "Did you ask your father's leave before you took this step?"

"No, sir," said Esther. "Father would a said no."

"Then you acted wrongly—quite wrongly—in sending for your brother without consulting your father," said the Rector, promptly. "Your father may justly be angry if your brother returns without having asked his permission. You had better write again to David, and advise him to send a letter to your father, asking his forgiveness. For your brother was in the wrong."

"Thank you, sir; I will," said Esther. "Thank you kindly, sir. Good morning."

She curtseyed as the Rector opened the gate for her; and then, every step

a painful effort, climbed the steep hill that led from the Rectory to the main road.

When, at ten o'clock, she reached her home, she dropped on her knees by the kitchen table, and laid her head upon it. She felt sleep stealing over her, and raised herself. The house looked neglected and forlorn. For days Seth had prepared his own meals, and had left the remains of them scattered about the usually spotless kitchen. As she dragged herself to her feet, she started—for there, on the table, lay a letter from Davie! The desire for sleep left her, and she tore it open.

"DEAR SISTER,—I shewed your letter to my Captain, and he has given me leave to come home for two weeks. So I will say no more, for God willing I will come next Saturday night by the mail cart. Is Dad well? I'm fain to see you both, my sister.

Your loving

DAVIE."

Saturday — to-day — to-night he would be here!

Esther sank upon a chair, her brain in a whirl. A heavy step aroused her. She looked up to see her father at the kitchen door.

His face was haggard, his eyes were blood-shot. There was no welcome in his manner, and her heart sank.

"Your letter?" he said, harshly. "'Twas from *him?*"

"Yes, father," faltered Esther.

"I'll not have his letters coming to this house—so mind you," said Seth, the old fierce irritability in his voice. He left it without leave, and he can keep away, and keep his letters."

He strode out, little knowing what his words meant to Esther—who, on her side, did not dream of the real cause of his anger did not know how bitterly he longed to recall the words that had left him, sonless, in his old age did not know how pride and love were struggling in his breast.

Only one thing was clear to her mind—*Davie and her father must not meet.* She walked to the door and looked out. Her father was already on the waggon which was to convey the fish to the market town—of late he had chosen this office in preference to fishing. He would return a little later than the mail cart. If Davie took the "school path," and walked home that way, he would reach the "Mermaid's Pool" at about eight, *before* her father's return. She could meet him there, and send him to Jane Penmawr's to sleep. It was now eleven—nine long hours before she dared trust herself to rest. For, if once she slept, she could not count on waking under many hours. She wrote:

"DEAR DAVIE,—Walk home by the school path—wait at the Mermaid's Pool for me. Don't come on until you see me. I'm fain to see you.

ESTHER."

This letter she took to the letter-carrier, and paid him to carry it to the railway station near the market town. Station and market were sufficiently apart for her to have no fear that her father and brother would meet in the town.

This precaution greatly relieved her mind. She remembered that she had eaten no food since six, and took a crust of bread and a cup of milk. Then she began to restore to its accustomed spotlessness and order her little house. All day long —in pain—in toil, the weary hours went by.

She cleaned the little kitchen, then went upstairs and scrubbed out the three tiny rooms, her own, her father's and Seth's, little as the latter needed it. She put fresh lavender-scented linen on all the beds, and flowers in all the quaint little vases, and dusted and arranged until the little chambers, in their purity and simplicity, seemed prepared for a festival. She descended the stairs, and cleaned the parlor—so rarely used—each step

became more difficult, as she struggled with the languor that threatened to master her every moment.

Sharp, lancinating pains began to rack her frame, as she rose from her little meal and resumed her work. But these she almost welcomed, for they aided her in combating the almost overpowering drowsiness, whose forces seemed accumulating as the long, hot, heavy hours of the summer afternoon went by.

She had finished all her housework, and now began to bake. She had "set" the bread some hours before.

Five o'clock, and still how high in the heavens seemed the blazing sun: how far-off the longed-for night, with its darkness, its silence, its coolness, its rest. The thought of it gave her a new impulse of energy, and she thrust the last loaf in the gaping mouth of the oven, and began to make the little pies and cakes that Seth would take on the boat. With the last piece of dough she made one of the little heart-shaped cakes that Davie had been accustomed to receive from her hands on baking days, marking the "D." in currants.

Six o'clock! She drew out a basket of clean clothes and began ironing them. There was not much to do.

Seven o'clock! The sun was nearing the west; an hour more, and she might sleep.

She ascended the stairs, clinging painfully to the rope balustrade. She put out her father's Sunday clothes on the chair beside his bed, and crossing over to her own room, began her usual Saturday night toilet. She bathed herself in the clear cold water; arrayed herself in clean garments, white as driven snow; put on her Sunday gown; her hair was brushed and braided with its usual scrupulous neatness. She went into Seth's room and knelt down by his bed and prayed.

As she glanced round the three little rooms, she felt a thrill of housewifely pride and pleasure at their order and neatness. At the top of the stairs her courage failed her. She looked down them and grew dizzy, glanced at the passage below them wistfully and hopelessly, thought of the little path that led seaward with impotent longing, and of the Mermaid's Pool as of an Eden, unattained and unattainable. Oh, to go down, to tread that path, to reach the Pool in safety, to meet and hinder Davie; and then, of all Heaven's gifts, she only asked for sleep. Davie was at the Pool now; he was looking into its waters, and listening to the slow ripple of the waves upon the pebbled beach. How still it was; how far away the sky; how distant the dimly-seen horizon; how vast the stretch of land to east and west—all the earth was widening—what light was that?

A sudden sense of falling awoke her—and in agony of fear lest this sleep should overcome her at the very end of her long struggle, she began to descend the stairs. Slowly, step by step, not walking, but lowering herself by means of the rope, she gained the passage below. With a deep breath of relief, she entered the kitchen, and set the table for Seth's late supper—put away the bread and cakes.

That was the last—the very last thing she had to do—she took the little heart-shaped cake in her hand, and left the cottage.

The sun had set, the twilight shades were deepening round her, she walked in the perfumed dusk to the little garden gate. Would she ever reach the Pool? She walked on for four or five steps rapidly, almost firmly, then sank upon the ground in agony, and, for the first time, in fear. These pains were they the forerunners of death?

She dragged herself up—walked on—a step, a pause, another step, a longer pause. She could see the Pool lying in all its silver beauty before her. The tender, healing darkness fell around her; the waves whispered comfort; the stars looked down in solemn pity.

Her strength was failing her, however, and at a few paces from her goal she dropped upon her knees, and knew that she would walk no more. Putting her hands upon the ground, she crawled with labor unutterable, forward, until, at last, with one supreme effort, in which triumph and agony were strangely blended, she reached the heather-covered stone beside the silver water.

It was over. The long struggle and anguish of the day—its weary toil, its torturing pain. Davie would find her, would wake her. All would be well. In her left hand she held the little cake. She let her head fall upon her right, and was straightway—" made one with death,—filled full of the night."

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The villagers heard of Davie's return in the mail-cart, with much anxiety. Jim Penmawr and a few friends went at once to Seth's cottage to await Davie, and to protect him, if necessary, from his father's anger.

They saw Seth, alone, walking towards the Mermaid's Pool, and, at a distance, they followed him.

A crescent moon hung in the sky; there was light enough for them to see Esther's still form beside the pool and Davie kneeling at her side. They dared not approach. nor speak—but waited, in silent awe, as Seth advanced.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"It was a sacrament of reconciliation."

Father and son spoke no word. Their eyes met. Then both looked on the form—still for evermore—that lay between them. After a moment, Seth, too, knelt, and taking from the cold hand the little cake, he broke it, and held one half towards his son.

It was a sacrament of reconciliation. The watchers understood it so, and silently and reverently turned away, leaving the father and the son together with their dead.



MRS. CRONARTY'S MAID.

A Story of Last Summer.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

I.

"A PERFECT treasure, I assure you," said Mrs. Cronarty, as she settled herself comfortably in a lounging chair on the veranda of the summer hotel, where she was spending the months of July and August. "My maid is an acquisition in every sense of the word; she is devoted to me, quite spoils me in fact. Where did I get her? you asked, Miss Blair"—this to a tall, angular lady who occupied the next chair to hers; "why, in answer to an advertisement in a daily paper. She was one of many applicants. I chose her for her personal appearance."

"No recommendation?" asked Miss Blair; "how very risky. I always insist on a good reference from a well-known person. Looks, my dear Mrs. Cronarty, are so often deceiving."

"But my dear Miss Blair, I have had Jaques for more than a year; she has proved herself a treasure, reliable, clever and useful; poor girl, she has only one requisite lacking; she is no possible use at dressmaking, but that really does not matter. I abhor home-made creations and mad-eover horrors. I do not need to economize that way and I won't."

Miss Blair shrugged her lean shoulders, which reared themselves prominently under a thin cover of "val" lace. "All very well for you, Mrs. Cronarty, a rich widow with everything heart can desire and a bank account miles long. I have to wear made-over dresses, and I keep a maid who has a talent in that direction. My Simmonds is invaluable at altering and refitting. Did you notice that Nile gown I wore last evening?"

"No," replied the widow nonchalantly; "I did not; was that one of the valuable Simmonds' creations?"

"It was; every one admired it, it is a wonder you did not notice it; *you* who have such an eye for dress."

"I was talking in the conservatory all the evening, with Mr. Desmond; I never looked at a single dress."

"Humph," ejaculated Miss Blair, and buried herself in her novel, not to read, however, her mind was busy with inward criticism of the pretty widow beside her, who also took refuge in a copy of the latest novel.

Mrs. Cronarty was a pretty, *petite*, bright-eyed widow, who owned to being twenty-eight. A female faction in the hotel, headed by Miss Blair, put her age down as over thirty, but were unable to prove the truth of their asser-

tions. Of the deceased Mr. Cronarty little was known. He had been a successful merchant who had died late in life, leaving an immense fortune to his pretty young wife, who thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures and luxuries it brought to her. She enjoyed her freedom, for no one had yet persuaded her to re-enter the married state; although her admirers were many, her conquests not a few, she was still, six years after her husband's death, faithful to his memory.

As the reader may surmise, Mrs. Cronarty was quite a belle at Court-hill House, the popular summer resort where this story begins. As a natural consequence she had several jealous rivals of her own sex, among them Miss Blair, a young lady whose first season was almost a legend, and whose popularity among the opposite sex had always been doubtful, but who still carried on her annual summer campaign with desperate assiduity. To Miss Blair, Mrs. Cronarty was a very dangerous and provoking rival. Even Mr. Desmond, the handsome Englishman with a fortune, who was sojourning at Court-hill, seemed to notice no one else when the widow was near at hand. "She has everything," Miss Blair complained to a friend; "and now she has taken possession of the only eligible man who has come my way for an age. Every one falls a victim to that woman's wiles. Even her maid adores her, anticipates her every wish. The waiters run to take her orders the instant she appears. What is it about her? She is *rather* pretty, I own."

"Money, my dear, money," replied the friend, consolingly. "It is 'tips' that win the waiters. I hear she pays her maid extravagantly, and not a stitch of sewing to do. You may depend upon it, my dear, that Mr. Desmond is after her money. All these Englishmen court hard cash."

So Miss Blair tried to console herself as she saw the catch of the season being gradually drawn into the widow's golden net, as she sat and waited for Mrs. Cronarty to have her wants attended to by the obsequious waiters, and noted the unusual devotion of Jaques, the maid, to her bright, attractive mistress.



DRAWN BY HARRY WHITE.

MRS. CRONARTY.

It was very trying, but Miss Blair bore it all stoically, watching for a little rift to appear in her rival's impregnable armor of riches, style and beauty, apparently impenetrable to malice and envy.

"Simmonds," said Miss Blair to her maid, as she sat ripping out, for at least the third time, one of her mistress's evening gowns on a warm July day, "Simmonds, what sort of a person is Mrs. Cronarty's maid?"

"Indeed, Miss, none of us knows much about her, she's that distant and unsociable. She isn't a favorite among our set. Anyway, I don't hold, Miss, with a person in her position wearing short hair, curly too, like a boy; we're all surprised at Mrs. Cronarty allowin' it, Miss."

"Mrs. Cronarty is a very indulgent mistress, Simmonds, so I hear?"

"Indulgent, Miss! Well, I should say so. Jaques has her own room, all to herself. She won't share apartments with any of us. (Simonds herself occupied a room with several other maids in the establishment) She never speaks to any of us scarcely. My, she *is* proud, and did you ever notice her walk, Miss? Why, it's a regular swagger, like a man's. She's an unladylike way with her. None of us like her, Miss."

Miss Blair walked away, deep in thought: she also had taken an aversion to Mrs. Cronarty's maid. She made a mental resolve to watch her; perhaps, she thought maliciously, I may be able to put Mrs. Cronarty to the trouble of looking for another treasure that will keep her away from Mr. Desmond, as after one experience of engaging a person for maid without a character, she would spend more time in looking up the references of Jaques' successor. By this it will be seen that Miss Blair was wise in her generation, and well-informed as to the ways of her sex.

Miss Blair made it her business henceforth to watch Jaques, the maid. She had ample time for so doing, for no new "eligibles" arrived at Court-hill House for several weeks, and things were dull for every one but the widow, whose flirtation with Mr. Desmond was the chief topic of conversation in the hotel.

II.

It was on the twenty-sixth day of July that Miss Blair missed her diamond pendant, and all the dwellers in the Court-hill Hotel, from Count Francois Vivienne, who occupied the best suite of rooms on the first floor, to Madame Rossi, the French teacher, who thought herself fortunate to occupy the most modest apartment near the roof, from the proprietor himself to the smallest bell-boy in the building, were in a ferment in consequence. Nothing else was talked about. On the piazza, Miss Blair told over and over again the story of how she came into possession of the lost and valuable piece of jewellery. Her family history was largely mixed up in the narrative, and she took advantage of the opportunity to expatiate on the wealth and position of her ancestors. "An heir-loom, I assure you," she repeated to each and every listener. "It will break my heart if I do not recover it." By noon—Miss Blair missed the jewel just when she arose for breakfast—a detective from the city arrived, and was closeted with the proprietor and Miss Blair in the former's private office; as a result of their conversation Mrs. Cronarty was summoned (just as she was entertaining a party of choice spirits in the piazza with her ideas about the theft) to join them. Many were the surmises as to the pretty widow's connection with the case; excitement ran high; the luncheon remained untouched, while little groups of ladies, with a gentleman here and there, discussed the features of the case, which promised to become quite exciting. "It's weally too bad," said Mr. Desmond, "to dwaw our pretty little widow into the affair. Why caunt Miss Blair manage her own wobbery, now she has the proprietor and the detective to assist her. Preposterous! It's an imposition on our chawming widow, don't-cher-know."

"I do not really see what Mrs. Cro-

narty can possibly have to do with it," said Mrs. Jeans, the wife of a wealthy wholesale merchant.

"Perhaps," suggested a timid lady, in green glasses and a grey tennis-suit, "poor Miss Blair wishes for some one to support her in such a trying ordeal as an interview with a detective. I am terrified to death of such persons."

"Fancy being afraid of a detective, or any other *man*," scornfully remarked an athletic young damsel in a flannel costume of mannish pattern; Miss Blair isn't such a fool."

So with many surmises, and many queries, the curious crowd slowly dispersed to luncheon; after all, the subject of Miss Blair's lost pendant was hardly exciting enough to make people forego the delicious refection always spread at this hour in the dining-room at Court-hill, whereat cooling beverages and iced delicacies appeared, served in mine host's inimitable way, to tempt the most capricious appetite.

No one was more surprised than Mrs. Cronarty herself when her presence was desired in the proprietor's private office in connection with Miss Blair's loss.

"We are very sorry indeed, Mrs. Cronarty," said the proprietor, Mr. Burbank, politely, after he had handed the widow to a chair, "to trouble you in this unfortunate case regarding the loss Miss Blair has sustained; but from what that lady has told us—by the way, Mrs. Cronarty, excuse me, this is Mr. Gray, the detective from New York; our friend here requested me to send for you to ask a few questions."

"Indeed, Mr. Burbank, I shall be most happy to assist you in any way I can," replied Mrs. Cronarty.

The detective smiled, coughed and edged his chair a trifle nearer to the lady. "We are very sorry to trouble you madam, as Mr. Burbank says, but in my business unpleasant things are apt to occur; this is one of them."

"Dear me, Mr. Burbank," exclaimed Mrs. Cronarty; "surely he does not think I took Miss Blair's pendant."

"My dear madam, please calm yourself," said Mr. Gray, "for the widow had arisen from her chair, and with bright eyes and flushed cheeks was looking at Miss Blair, who sat quite



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

THE DETECTIVE.

still and unmoved on the other side of Mr. Burbank's desk.

Mrs. Cronarty resumed her seat, casting unfriendly glances at Miss Blair, and signified her willingness to answer the detective's questions, who said, "You have a maid named Jaques, I believe, madam.

"Why—yes—but what has that got to do with it?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied Mr. Gray, drily. "How long has she been in your employ?"

"A year—she is a perfect treasure."

"I doubt it, Mrs. Cronarty," broke in Miss Blair.

"Your ideas on the subject have no weight with *me;*" replied Mrs. Cronarty coolly. "You never did like her, Miss Blair."

"Had you any previous knowledge as to her character, Mrs. Cronarty?" asked the detective.

"None whatever."

"Whew! took her without a recommendation?"

Mrs. Cronarty colored to the roots of her hair. "Yes, sir, I did. I liked her appearance and engaged her on the spot."

"And you have never repented doing so?"

"Never. Jaques has never given me cause."

"What if I told you that this Jaques, in whom you put such confidence, is a thief."

"A thief—Jaques? I could not believe it, sir. Surely you are joking."

"She stole my pendant," interrupted Miss Blair, triumphantly. "I told you I never liked that woman."

"Stole your pendant? Picked up a paltry trinket like that when she might have taken all my diamonds over and over again. You are cruel and unjust, Miss Blair; Jaques is honesty itself."

The detective smiled to himself, he had seen confiding ladies before. Maids had more than once crept into the confidence of a mistress, only to prove themselves unworthy of trust, when opportunity offered. Mr. Gray was an old hand at his business. For some time he kept silent, then politely asked permission to interview Jaques. "Not in my presence, please," replied Mrs. Cronarty. "I would not wish Jaques to think that I approved of such proceedings. I consider the accusation false and cruel. You, Miss Blair, may live to repent it If you are through with me, Mr. Burbank, I beg to be excused; I will send Jaques to you, Mr. Gray; I feel sure an interview with her will clear her in your mind from being concerned in this 'outrageous' robbery. "With a scathing glance at Miss Blair, Mrs. Cronarty left the room, only to return in a moment. "Mr. Burbank, I leave the hotel this evening. I will make my arrangements with the clerk if you will kindly send him to me."

Burbank wiped the perspiration from his brow as the door closed for the second time on Mrs. Cronarty.

"I would not have had this happen for worlds," he said, desperately. "She is one of my best patronesses, a perfect lady, the most popular guest in the house."

Again the door opened to admit Jaques, Mrs. Cronarty's maid. Mr. Gray took in her appearance at a glance. "A very mannish woman," was his inward comment. Jaques was tall, above the average height of a woman. She was thickly built, and had no figure to speak of. Short, light, curly hair, blue eyes, rather florid complexion, a wide mouth with as fine a set of teeth as a woman could well possess, a nondescript nose, and rather prominent cheek bones, made up a picture of a woman of, say perhaps twenty-six, of undeniable Scotch extraction. Her expression was amiable and open, but there was an awkward air about her, that even the neat pretty maid's costume provided by Mrs. Cronarty could not hide. This Miss Blair had noticed, and freely commented on to her fellow guests at the Court-hill on previous occasions.

III.

It was in vain that the detective and Mr. Burbank plied the accused Jaques with questions, she obstinately refused to answer one of them. With downcast eyes she sat in the chair Mr. Gray placed for her directly in front

of his own, where he could watch every movement, every expression of her face. Now and then Miss Blair joined in the queries, but Jaques preserved a discreet silence.

"Are you willing to have your trunk searched?" at last the detective asked.

"No," replied Jaques gruffly and shortly. "No; I am not guilty."

"That settles it," said Mr. Burbank. "If you are innocent of what we accuse you, why object to your trunk being searched? This lady, Miss Blair, demands that her lost jewellery be found if it is in the house. Every employee is under suspicion until it is found. My reputation as a hotel-keeper is at stake. I demand that you allow your luggage to be searched."

"Now that *is* business," said Miss Blair. "*That* is the way to talk, Mr. Burbank."

"If it must be, well and good," said Jaques in a subdued voice. "May I ask one favor? Mr. Gray, sir, will you do the searching—you and Mr. Burbank?"

"Certainly, Miss Blair will excuse us."

Only half-satisfied at being thus debarred from being a member of the search party, Miss Blair was forced to remain in the office to await, as she fondly hoped, the return of the detective with her pendant. For fully an hour she waited, fretting and fuming at the delay; then a violent knock came at the door. It was the faithful Simmonds, breathless and panting.

"Oh Miss," she cried, "I have found your pendant."

"Where? How?" said Miss Blair excitedly. "Did Mrs. Cronarty's maid really steal it? I knew she did."

"Bless you no, Miss. I found it in the flounce of your black lace gown. It had never been out of the room."

There are times when we poor, weak mortals wish that the earth would open and swallow us up. Times when a big, deep hole in the ground would be a welcome hiding place. So Miss Blair felt, as Simmonds stood before her, holding in her hand the lost pendant, which Miss Blair knew in her heart of



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Again the door opened to admit Jaques."

hearts was only paste diamonds after all.

Meanwhile Jaques had led the way to her room, Mr. Burbank following unwillingly enough, the detective all attention. Handing the keys to the latter the maid pointed to the two small trunks that held her belongings, and then sat down on the edge of the bedstead to watch proceedings. There was a curious twinkle in her blue eyes that betokened more amusement than fear, as Mr. Gray turned the key in the lock. Nothing, however, rewarded his careful search, so he closed the trunk and proceeded to unlock the second one. Then Jaques spoke. "Must you search that? I assure you, sir," to Mr. Burbank, "it is not there."

"Mr. Gray, you must do your duty," was Mr. Burbank's only reply, so the detective opened the second trunk, which was filled with a man's wearing apparel.

Mr. Burbank looked surprised, the maid cool and collected; the detective whistled softly to himself. No lost jewellery was found in this trunk either, so it was closed and relocked; the detective handed the key back to the owner. Just then a knock came at the door; it was the diminutive bell-boy.

"Please sir," he said, excitedly, "the lady has found the jewellery."

"Where?" asked Mr. Burbank.

"In her dress, caught in the trimmings; her maid just found it there, sir."

It is needless to repeat the exclamation Mr. Burbank made. It was more forcible than polite, and not in the least complimentary to Miss Blair.

"So the business is over," said Gray, slowly. "I thought from the first that you were innocent, Miss Jaques. By the way," he whispered quietly in the maid's ear, as Mr. Burbank turned to leave the room, "do not try this business too far. I have my eye on you. My address is — Broadway, let me hear from you, eh?" Then in a loud tone. "Well, good morning, Miss Jaques, hope to see you again in a better fix. Good-bye," and followed the proprietor out of the room. Half an hour later the door of the maid's room, which was closed and locked when the detective left, was softly opened. It was not the suspected Jaques in her neat uniform who stole out into the corridor, but a light complexioned young man in a neat blue serge suit. He had curly hair and blue eyes, and a set of teeth a beauty might envy. He carried a valise in his hand. Strange to say, he bore a marked resemblance to Mrs. Cronarty's maid. Stepping softly along the corridor, he paused at the door of Mrs. Cronarty's room.

"God bless you," he said in a whisper; "and grant that we may meet again." Passing on he was soon out of the hotel, where so many strangers coming and going made his departure unnoticed. A couple of hours later he reached New York; as he passed through the depot, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said in his ear:

"So, Miss Jaques, we meet again; good joke my dear, eh?"

Miss Jaques started and turned quickly, to see detective Gray at his elbow.

"Donald Leslie, at your service, please sir,' replied he, recovering himself instantly. Miss Jaques remains at Court-hill, at least her effects do."

"And you, you rascal?"

"Why, I am in search of another situation, thanks to Miss Blair of Boston."

"Well, I never," ejaculated the detective. "Come; tell me truly, who are you?"

"Donald Leslie, of Gloucester, a graduate of Harvard. Now don't give me away, there's a good fellow. Hard times stranded me. I got summer work as waiter in a hotel, then I answered Mrs. Cronarty's advertisement for maid. I've earned my living honestly. Do you doubt me?"

"No, I don't; I like your face, and I'll keep your secret, but don't you try it on again." Gray replied.

"You bet I never will. I always made a capital girl in theatrical bouts, I had a costume left from one of them."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Gray, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he said the words. "I've a good mind to inform on you."

"Ah, but you won't. I will never try it again."

"Better not," said Gray. Then they parted, each going opposite ways, and were soon lost to each other in the mazes of the great city. Gray went to his office to await further orders from his superiors. Donald Leslie, alias Jaques, the lady's maid, went to a cheap lodging he knew of, to await a chance for employment.

IV.

It was not Mrs. Cronarty, but Miss Blair, who left the Court-hill on the day following the supposed robbery. The former was too indisposed to leave her room. Jaques had mysteriously disappeared immediately after her trunks had been searched by the detective. In vain Mrs. Cronarty rang the bell for her usually attentive maid to dress her for dinner. No Jaques appeared. In great anxiety of mind, not unmixed with indignation, Mrs. Cronarty made her way to Jaques' room, only to find it empty and deserted. Inquiries of the other domestics in the house elicited the fact that she had not been seen since the detective and Mr. Burbank left her room, more than an hour before.

With hasty steps Mrs. Cronarty went to Mr. Burbank's office, to learn that Miss Blair had found the lost pendant, and was to leave the hotel in the morning, the result of an altercation between the proprietor and herself.

"But, Mr. Burbank, my poor maid is not to be found. You have broken her heart with your cruel suspicions; perhaps she was innocent after all."

"Did not she tell you that she was proved innocent—that Miss Blair found the pendant?"

"Poor soul; she never came near me. Oh, Mr. Burbank, what can I do? It seems so terrible. Perhaps now she is dead. She would feel it so. She is so quiet and diffident, so friendless and alone in the world. Cannot you have the grounds searched, the lake dragged; I feel sure she has committed suicide, or some dreadful thing has happened."

But the search parties sent out by Mr. Burbank failed to find a trace of the missing Jaques. Again and again was the little bed-room she had occupied turned topsy-turvy to find anything that might give a clue to her sudden departure. Her wardrobe was untouched. Then a sudden thought struck Mr. Burbank. Without saying a word to anyone he opened the two trunks; one, as before, he found filled with the requirements of a woman's wardrobe. The other was empty. A new light dawned on the proprietor; he remembered the strange contents of the now empty box. Saying nothing to anyone he returned to the office. In an incredibly short time Gray the detective was on his way to Court-hill in answer to a telephone message. Meanwhile Mrs. Cronarty retired to her room, worried, excited, and vexed at the maid's disappearance. Her place was empty at table-d'hote, people wondered that she did not join them later in the evening, but were informed that she was suffering from a severe headache. In less than a week Mrs. Cronarty also left Court-hill, much to Mr. Burbank's chagrin, as he fondly hoped Miss Blair's departure would have appeased her vexation. He did not know that his friend the detective had hastened her departure with information he gave her regarding the missing Jaques. Neither did he know that Gray had received a commission from

her which was likely to cause a handsome cheque to change hands. Gray kept his own counsel, as detectives are apt to do, as he prepared to search the city for Leslie, the Harvard graduate, alias Jaques, the maid.

A strange change came over Mrs. Cronarty during the many weeks that elapsed while Gray pursued his search. She became quiet and dull, and lost all her bright vivacious manner, even her natural high color left her rounded cheeks. In vain she sought distraction in the White Mountains in travelling with the staid, well recommended middle-aged person who had succeeded Jaques as maid. It was all no use; Mr. Gray's private information had upset her completely; the perfidy of her supposed female attendant, the humiliation of the *dénouement* that had taken place, the agonising fear that somehow the truth might leak out and make her an object of ridicule were one and all reasons for the anxiety and nervous worry, the cause of her altered appearance. Need I add that the widow missed her most valuable maid greatly—the maid who anticipated her every wish. Mixed with all these reasons there was just a little dash of pity, pity for the young man whose position in life was such as to lead him to assume a disguise and take a menial's place to keep himself above want—for Gray had told Mrs. Cronarty what he knew about the recreant maid—pity for the state he might now be reduced to, should his efforts to find employment be futile.

Time wore on. Gray's efforts to find the fugitive were unavailing. So one fine autumn day Mrs. Cronarty made up her mind to visit the continent. She needed a change, so she told herself. She was run down and nervous, so her medical adviser told her. Telling Mr. Gray on no account to give up the search, she bade goodbye to New York, hoping that change of scene would make her forget the disturbing events of the past few months.

V

It was on the third day out that Mrs. Cronarty, going up on deck to recover herself after an unpleasant siege of mal-de-mer, came face to face with a familiar countenance that startled her uncomfortably. A still more familiar voice asked permission to arrange her wraps, which the maid was rather awkward in doing. With a strange palpitation at her heart, Mrs. Cronarty realized that the long missing Jaques was before her.

Yet, could this well-dressed, well-groomed stranger be the impecunious Harvard graduate who had imposed on her, and caused her all the worry and anxiety she had lately gone through? Mrs. Cronarty raised her eyes shyly; yes, beyond a doubt. The same features, the white even teeth, the pleasant kindly blue eyes. Shame and confusion took possession of the widow. Her embarrassment was painful to behold. This man had performed offices for her that only a trusted maid is allowed to perform. She remembered the little tricks of toilet he was quite cognizant of; the trifle of powder, the strands of wavy tresses not just her own. Oh, it was horrible.

Yet in five minutes they were conversing quite freely, he telling her his history, which she listened to with wrapt attention.

"Such a stroke of luck, Mrs. Cronarty. I do not deserve it I know, but my uncle has just died in Scotland and left me quite a fortune. I hope I can be of service to you, now I am in a better position. I feel so guilty when I think of my base imposition. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, I will try to," replied the widow, as she meditated sorrowfully on the poor little secrets of her toilet that this man knew all about. "I will try my very best Mr.—Mr. Leslie—dear me—do you know, I very nearly called you Mr. Jaques."

Then they both laughed merrily. Somehow that laugh broke the ice;

they were inseparable companions all the voyage over.

Just how this sort of thing ends, the readers of this short story well know.



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Came face to face with a familiar countenance."

There is no Mrs. Cronarty now, but there is a very pretty little Mrs. Donald Leslie, whose husband, a fine-looking man with dancing blue eyes, literally worships her. She—or rather they—have taken rooms at the Court-hill for next summer. No one knows where, when, or how Mrs. Leslie met her present husband, except Gray, the detective, and he is well paid for keeping secret some past events in the lives of a happy couple.



KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARING FOR THE SACRAMENT.

ENGLISH folk have various festivals in the religious year, as becometh a generous country, but in our austere and thrifty Glen, there was only one high day, and that was Sacrament Sabbath. It is rumored—but one prefers not to believe scandals—that the Scottish Kirk now-a-days is encouraging a monthly Sacrament, after which nothing remains in the way of historical declension except for people to remain for the Sacrament as it may occur to them, and for men like Drumsheugh to get up at meetings to give their religious experiences, when everyone that has any understanding will know that the reserve has gone out of Scottish character, and the reverence from Scottish faith. Dr. Davidson's successor, a boisterous young man of bourgeois manners, elected by popular vote, has got guilds, where Hillocks' granddaughter reads papers on Emerson and refers to the Free Kirk people as Dissenters, but things were different in the old days before the Revolution. The Doctor had such unquestioning confidence in himself that he considered his very presence a sufficient defence for the Kirk, and was of such perfect breeding that he regarded other Kirks with unbroken charity. He was not the man to weary the parish with fussy little schemes, and he knew better than level down the Sacrament. It was the summit of the year to which the days climbed, from which they fell away, and it was held in the middle of August. Then nature was at her height in the Glen, and had given us of her fulness. The barley was golden, and, rustling in the gentle wind, wearied for the scythe; the oats were changing daily, and had only so much greenness as would keep the feathery heads firm for the handling; the potatoes having received the last touch of the plough, were well banked up and flowering pleasantly; the turnips in fine levels, like Hillocks', or gently sloping fields, like Menzies', were so luxuriant that a mere townsman could not have told the direction of the drills; the hay had been gathered into long stacks like unto the shape of a two-storeyed house, and the fresh aftermath on the field was yielding sweet morsels for the horses of an evening: the pasture

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was rich with the hardy white clover, and one could hear from the road the cattle taking full mouthfuls; young spring animals, like calves and lambs, were now falling into shape and beginning independent life, though with an occasional hankering after the past, when the lambs would fall a-bleating for their mothers and calves would hang about the gate at evening, where they had often fought shamelessly to get a frothy nose once more into the milk-pail.

Our little gardens were full a-blow, a very blaze and maze of color and foliage, wherein the owner wandered of an evening examining flowers and fruit with many and prolonged speculations—much aided by the smoke of tobacco—as to the chance of gaining a second at our horticultural show with his stocks, or honorable mention for a dish of mixed fruit. The good wife might be seen of an afternoon about that time, in a sun-bonnet and gown carefully tucked up, gathering her berry harvest for preserves, with two young assistants, who worked at a modest distance from their mother, very black as to their mouths, and preserving the currants, as they plucked them, by an instantaneous process of their own invention. Next afternoon a tempting fragrance of boiling sugar would make one's mouth water as he passed, and the same assistants, never weary in well-doing, might be seen setting saucers of black jam upon the window-sill to "jeel," and receiving, as a kind of blackmail, another saucerful of "skim," which, I am informed, is really the refuse of the sugar, but, for all that, wonderfully toothsome. Bear with a countryman's petty foolishness, ye mighty people who live in cities, and whose dainties come from huge manufactories. Some man reading these pages will remember that red-letter day of the summer-time long ago, and the faithful hands that plucked the fruit, and the old kitchen, with its open beams, and the peat fire glowing red, and the iron arm



GATHERING HER BERRY HARVEST.

that held the copper-lined pan—much lent round the district—and the smack of the hot, sweet berries, more grateful than any banquet of later days.

The bees worked hard in this time of affluence, and came staggering home with spoil from the hills, but it was holiday season on the farms. Between the last labours on the roots and the beginning of harvest there was no exacting demand from the land, and managing farmers invented tasks to fill up the hours. An effort was made to restore carts and implements to their original colour, which was abruptly interrupted by the first day of cutting, so that one was not surprised to see a harvest cart blue on one side and a rich crusted brown on the other. Drumsheugh would even send his men to road-making, and apologise to the neighbours—"juist reddin' up aboot the doors"—while Saunders the fore-

man and his staff laboured in a shamefaced manner like grown-ups playing at a children's game. Hillocks used to talk vaguely about going to see a married sister in Glasgow, and one year got as far as Kildrummie, where he met Piggie Walker, and returned to have a deal in potatoes with that enterprising man. More than once Drumsheugh—but then his position was acknowledged — set off on the Tuesday for Carnoustie with a large carpet bag containing, among other things, two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs, and announced his intention of spending a fortnight at the "saut water." The kirkyard would bid him good-bye, and give him a united guarantee that Sabbath would be kept at Drumtochty during his absence, but the fathers were never astonished to see the great man drop into Muirtown market next Friday on his way west—having found four days of unrelieved gaiety at that Scottish Monaco enough for flesh and blood.

This season of small affairs was redeemed by the Sacrament, and preparations began far off with the cleaning of the kirk. As early as June our beadle had the face of one with something on his mind, and declined to pledge himself for roups of standing corn, where his presence was much valued, not on business grounds, but as an official sanction of the proceedings. Drumtochty always felt that Dr. Davidson was fully represented by his man, and John could no longer disentangle the two in his own mind—taking a gloomy view of the parish when he was laid up by lumbago and the Doctor had to struggle on single-handed, and regarding the future when both would be gone with despair.

"Aye, aye, Hillocks," he once remarked to that worthy, "this 'ill be a queer-like place when me an' the Doctor's awa'.

"Na, na, a' daurna promise for the roup, but ye can cairry it on whether a'm there or no; prices dinna hang on a beadle, and they're far mair than appearance. A'm juist beginning tae plan the reddin' up for the Saicrament, an' a've nae speerit for pleesure; div ye ken, Hillocks, a' wud actually coont a funeral distrackin'."

"Ye hev an awfu' responsibility, there's nae doot o' that, John, but gin ye juist jined the fouk fore ae field, it wud be an affset tae the day, an' the auctioneer wud be lifted."

With the beginning of July, John fairly broke ground in the great effort, and was engaged thereon for six weeks, beginning with the dusting of the pulpit and concluding with the beating Drumsheugh's cushion. During that time the Doctor only suggested his wants to John, and the fathers themselves trembled of a Sabbath morning lest in a moment of forgetfulness they might carry something of their farms with them and mar the great work. It was impressive to see Whinnie labouring at his feet in a grassy corner, while John watched him from the kirk door with an unrelenting countenance.

The elders also had what might be called their cleaning at this season, examining into the cases of any who had made a "mistak" since last August, and deciding whether they should be allowed to "gang forrit." These deliberations were begun at the collection plate, where Drumsheugh and Domsie stood the last five minutes before the Doctor appeared, and were open to the congregation, who from their places within learned the offenders' prospects.

"The Doctor 'ill dae as he considers richt, an' he's juist ower easy pleased wi' onybody 'at sets a-greetin', but yon's ma jidgment, Dominie."

"I do not wish to dispute with you, Drumsheugh"—Domsie always spoke English on such occasions—"and the power of the keys is a solemn charge. But we must temper a just measure of severity with a spirit of mercy."

"Ye may temper this or temper

that," said Drumsheugh, going to the root of the matter, "but a' tell ye, Dominie, there's ower mony o' thae limmers in the country juist noo, an' a'm for making an example o' Jean Ferguson."

So Jean did not present herself for a token on the approaching fast day, and sat out with the children during the Sacrament with as becoming an expression of penitence as her honest, comely face could accomplish. Nor did Jean or her people bear any grudge against the Doctor or the Session for their severity. She had gone of her own accord to confess her fault, and was willing that her process of cleansing should be thorough before she received absolution. When a companion in misfortune spoke of the greater leniency of Pitscourie, Jean expressed her thankfulness that she was of Drumtochty.

"Nane o' yir loose wis for me—gie me a richt minister as dis his duty;" which showed that whatever might be her deflections in conduct, Jean's ideas of morals were sound.

Preparations in the parish at large began two weeks before the Sacrament, when persons whose attendance had been, to say the least, irregular, slipped in among the fathers without ostentation, and dropping into a conversation on the weather, continued, as it were, from last Sabbath, used it skilfully to offer an apology for past failures in church observance.

"It's keepit up wonderfu' through the week, for a' never like ower bricht mornin's," old Sandie Ferguson would remark casually, whose arrival, swallow-like, heralded the approach of the great occasion. "The roads are graund the noo frae the heich (high glen); we've hed an awfu' winter, neebors, up oor wy—clean blockit up. Them 'at lives ablow are michty favoured, wi' the kirk at their door."

"It's maist extraordinar' hoo the seasons are changin' "—Jamie Soutar could never resist Sandie's effrontery —"A' mind when Mairch saw the end o' the snow, an' noo winter is hangin' aboot in midsummer. A'm expeckin' tae hear, in another five year, that the drifts last through the Sacrament in August. It 'ill be a sair trial for ye, Sandie, a wullin' kirkgoer—but ye 'ill hae the less responsibility."

"Millhole's here, at ony rate, the day, an' we're gled tae see him "—for Drumsheugh's pride was to have a large Sacrament—and so Sandy would take his place at an angle to catch the Doctor's eye, and pay such rapt attention to the sermon that any one not knowing the circumstances might have supposed that he had just awaked from sleep.

Ploughmen who on other Sabbaths slept in the forenoon and visited their sweethearts the rest of the day, presented themselves for tokens on the fast-day, and made the one elaborate toilette of the year on Saturday evening, when they shaved in turns before a scrap of glass hung outside the bothy door, and the foreman, skilled in the clipping of horses, cut their hair, utilising a porridge bowl with much ingenuity to secure a round cut. They left early on the Sabbath morning, forming themselves into a group against the gable of the kirk, and being reviewed with much satisfaction by Drumsheugh, who had a keen eye for absentees from the religious function of the year. At the first sound of the bell the ploughmen went into kirk a solid mass, distributing themselves in the servants' pews attached to the farmers' pews, and maintaining an immovable countenance through every part of the service, any tendency to somnolence being promptly and effectually checked by the foreman, who relaxed when alone on other days, but on Sacrament Sabbath realised his charge and never closed an eye. The women and children proceeded to their places on arrival, and the fathers followed them as the bell gave signs of ceasing. Drumsheugh and Domsie then came in from the plate and the administra-

tion of discipline, and the parish waited as one man for the appearance of John with the Bible, the Doctor following, and envied those whose seat commanded the walk from the manse down which the procession came once a week with dignity, but once a year with an altogether peculiar majesty.

Drumtochty exiles meeting in London or other foreign places and recalling the Glen, never part without lighting on John and passing contempt on all officials beside him. "Ye mind John?" one would say, wagging his head with an amazement that time and distance had in no wise cooled, and his fellow glensman would only reply, "Aye, ye may traivel the warld ower or ye see his marrow." Then they would fall into a thoughtful silence, and each knew that his neighbor was following John as he came down the kirkyard on the great day. "Comin' in at the door lookin' as if he didna ken there wes a body in the kirk, a' aye coontit best," but his friend had another preference. "It wes fine; but, man, tae see him set the bukes doon on the pulpit cushion, and then juist gie a glisk roond the kirk as much as tae say, 'What think ye o' that?' cowed a'thing." It has been given to myself amid other privileges to see (and store in a fond memory) the walk of a University macebearer, a piper at the Highland gathering, a German stationmaster (after the war), and an alderman (of the old school), but it is only justice to admit, although I am not of Drumtochty, but only as a proselyte of the gate, that none of those efforts is at all to be compared with John's achievement. Within the manse the Doctor was waiting in pulpit array, grasping his father's snuff-box in a firm right hand, and it was understood that, none seeing them, and as a preparation for the strain that would immediately be upon them, both the minister and his man relaxed for a minute.

"Is there a respectable attendance, John?" and the Doctor would take a preliminary pinch. "Drumsheugh does not expect many absentees."

"Naebody's missin' that a' cud see, sir, except that ill gettit wratch, Tammie Ronaldson, and a' coont him past redemption. A' gaed in as a' cam doon, and gin he wesna lyin' in his bed sleepin' an' snorin' like a heathen."

"Well, John, did you do your duty as an officer of the church?"

"A' stood ower him, Doctor, an' a' juist said tae masel', 'Shall a' smite wi' the sword?' but a' left him alane for this time." And so they started —John in front with the books, and the Doctor a pace behind, his box now in the left hand, with a handkerchief added, and the other holding up his gown, both dignitaries bare-headed, unself-conscious, absorbed in their office.

The books were carried level with the top button of John's waistcoat — the Psalm-book being held in its place by the two extended thumbs—and neither were allowed to depart from the absolute horizontal by an eighth of an inch, even going up the pulpit stairs. When they had been deposited in their place, and slightly patted, just to settle them, John descended to make way for the Doctor, who had been waiting beneath in a commanding attitude. He then followed the the minister up, and closed the door— not with a bang, but yet so that all might know he had finished his part of the work. If any one had doubted how much skill went to this achievement, he had his eyes opened when John had the lumbago, and the smith arrived at the kirk door three yards ahead of the Doctor, and let the Psalm-book fall on the pulpit floor.

"We're thankfu' tae hae ye back, John," said Hillocks. "Yon wes a temptin' o' Providence."

Once only had I the privilege of seeing John in this his glory, and the sight of him afflicted me with a problem no one has ever solved. It might, indeed, be made a branch of scientific investigation, and would then be call-

ed the Genesis of Beadles. Was a a beadle ever a baby? What like was he before he appeared in his office? Was he lying as a cardinal in petto till the right moment, and then simply showed himself to be appointed as one born unto this end? No one dared to hint that John had ever followed any other avocation, and an effort to connect John with the honorable trade of plumbing was justly regarded as a disgraceful return of Tammie Ronaldson's for much faithful dealing. Drumtochty refused to consider his previous history, if he had any, and looked on John in his office as Melchizedek, a mysterious, isolated work of Providence. He was a mere wisp of a man, with a hard, keen face, iron-grey hair brushed low across his forehead, and clean-shaven cheeks.

"A've naething tae say against a beard," on being once consulted, "an' a'm no prepared tae deny it maun be in the plan o' Providence. In fact, gin a' wes in a private capaucity, a' michtna shave, but in ma public capaucity, a've nae alternative. It wud be a fine story tae gang roond the Presbytery o' Muirtown that the Beadle o' Drumtochty hed a beard."

His authority was supreme under the Doctor, and never was disputed by man or beast save once, and John himself admitted that the circumstances were quite peculiar. It was during the Doctor's famous continental tour, when Drumsheugh fought with strange names in the kirkyard, and Presbytery supplied Drumtochty in turn. The minister of St. Mungo's, Muirtown, was so spiritual that he left his voice at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and lived in the Song of Solomon, with occasional incursions into the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and it was thoughtless not to have told Mr. Curlew that two or three dogs—of unexceptionable manners—attended our kirk with their masters. They would no more have thought of brawling in church than John himself, and they knew the parts of the service as well as the Doctor, but dogs have been so made by our common Creator that they cannot abide falsetto, and Mr. Curlew tried them beyond endurance. When he lifted up his voice in "Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return," a long wail in reply, from below a back seat where a shepherd was slumbering, proclaimed that his appeal had not altogether failed. "Put out that dog," said the preacher in a very natural voice, with a strong suggestion of bad temper, "put that dog out immediately; it's most disgraceful that such . . eh, conduct should go on in a Christian church. Where is the church officer?"



"He was a mere wisp of a man."

"A'm the Beadle o' Drumtochty"—standing in his place—"an' a'll dae yir pleesure;" and the occasion was too awful for any one, even the dog's master, to assist, far less to laugh.

So Laddie was conducted down the passage—a dog who would not condescend to resist—and led to the outer gate of the Kirkyard, and John came in amid a dead silence—for Mr. Curlew had not yet got his pulpit note again—and faced the preacher.

"The dog's oot, sir, but a' tak this congregation tae witness, ye begood (began) it yirsel'," and it was said that Mr. Curlew's pious and edifying chant was greatly restricted in country kirks from that day.

It was not given to the beadle to sit with the elders in that famous court of morals which is called the Kirk Session, and of which strange stories are told by Southern historians, but it was his to show out and in the culprits with much solemnity. As a familiar of the Inquisition, he took oversight of the district, and saw that none escaped the wholesome discipline of the Church.

"Ye're back," he said, arresting Peter Ferguson as he tried to escape down a byroad, and eyeing the prodigal sternly, who had fled from discipline to London, and there lost a leg; "the'ill be a meetin' o' Session next week afore the Saicrament; wull a' tell the Doctor ye're comin'?"

"No, ye 'ill dae naething o' the kind, for a'll no be there. A've nae suner got hame aifter ma accident but ye're tormentin' me on the verra road wi' yir Session. Ye drave me awa' aince, an' noo ye wud harry (hunt) me aff again."

"A weel, a weel"—and John was quite calm—"dinna pit yirsel' in a feery farry (excitement); ye 'ill gang yir ain wy and earn yir ain jidgment. It wes for yir gude a' spoke, and noo a've dune ma pairt, an' whatever comes o't, ye 'ill no hae me or ony ither body tae blame."

"What think ye 'ill happen?"—evidently sobered by John's tone, yet keeping up a show of defiance. "Ye wud think the Session was the Sheriff o' Perthshire tae hear ye blawin' and threatenin'."

"It's no for me tae say what may befa' ye, Peter Ferguson, and a'm no yir jidge, but juist a frail mortal, beadle though I be; but a' may hev ma thochts.

"Ye refused the summons sax month syne, and took yir wys tae London—that wes contumacy added tae yir ither sin. Nae doot ye made certain ye hed escapit, but hed ye? A' leave it tae yirsel', for the answer is in yir body," and John examined Peter's wooden leg with an austere interest.

"Aye, aye, ma man," he resumed—for Peter was now quite silenced by this uncompromising interpretation of the ways of Providence—"ye aff tae London, an' the Lord aifter ye, an' whuppit aff ae leg. Noo ye declare ye 'ill be as countermacious as ever, an' a'm expeckin' the Lord 'ill take the ither leg, an' gin that disna dae, a' that remains is tae stairt on yir airms; and, man Peter, ye 'ill be a bonnie-like sicht afore a's dune."

This was very faithful dealing, and it had its desired effect, for Peter appeared at next meeting, and in due course was absolved, as became an obedient son of the Church.

John did not, however, always carry the sword, but bore himself gently to young people so long as they did not misbehave in church, and he had a very tender heart toward probationers, as being callow members of that great ecclesiastical guild in which he was one of the heads.

When one of those innocents came to take the Doctor's place, John used to go in to visit them in the dining-room on Saturday evening, partly to temper the severity of his wife, Dr. Davidson's housekeeper, who dealt hardly with the lads, and partly to assist them with practical hints regarding pulpit deportment and the delivery of their sermons. One unfortunate was so nervous and clinging that John arranged his remarks for him into heads—with an application to two classes—and then, having suggested many points, stopped under

the yew arch that divided the kirk-yard from the manse garden, and turned on the shaking figure which followed.

"Ae thing mair; aifter ye're dune wi' yir sermon, whether ye're sweatin' or no, for ony sake fa' back in yir seat and dicht (wipe) yir broo," which being done by the exhausted orator, made a great impression on the people, and was so spread abroad that a year afterward it won for him the parish of Pitscourie.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MODERATE.



S a matter of fact, Dr. Davidson, minister of Drumtochty, stood exactly five feet nine in his boots, and was therefore a man of quite moderate height; but this is not what you had dared to state to any loyal and self-respecting person in the parish. For "the Doctor"—what suggestions of respect and love were in that title on a Drumtochty tongue—was so compactly made and bore himself with such dignity, both in walk and conversation, that Drumsheugh, although not accustomed to measurement and a man of scrupulous accuracy, being put into the witness-box, would have sworn that Dr. Davidson was "aboot sax feet aff and on—maybe half an inch mair, stannin' at his full hicht in the pulpit." Which fond delusion seemed to declare abroad, as in a parable, the greatness of the Doctor.

Providence had dealt bountifully with Dr. Davidson, and had bestowed on him the largest benefit of heredity. He was not the first of his house to hold this high place of parish minister—the only absolute monarchy in the land—and he must not receive over-praise for not falling into those personal awkwardnesses and petty tyrannies which are signs of one called suddenly to the throne. His were the pride of blood, the inherent sense of authority, the habit of rule, the gracious arts of manner, the conviction of popular devotion, the grasp of affairs, the interest in the people's life, which are the marks and aids of a royal caste. It was not in the nature of things that the Doctor should condescend to quarrel with a farmer or mix himself up with any vulgar squabble, because his will was law in ninety cases in a hundred, and in the other ten he skillfully anticipated the people's wishes When the minister of Nether Pitfoodles—who had sermons on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," and was much run after in Muirtown—quarrelled with his elders about a collection, and asked the interference of the Presbytery, Dr. Davidson dealt severely with him in open court as one who had degraded the ministry and discredited government. It was noticed also that the old gentleman would afterward examine Nether Pitfoodles curiously for minutes together in the Presbytery, and then shake his head.

"Any man," he used to say to his reverend brother of Kildrummie, as they went home from the Presbytery together, "who gets into a wrangle with his farmers about a collection is is either an upstart or he is a fool, and in neither case ought he to be a minister of the Church of Scotland." And the two old men would lament the decay of the ministry over their wine in Kildrummie Manse—both being of the same school, cultured, clean-living, kind-hearted, honourable, but not extravagantly evangelical clergymen. They agreed in everything except in the matter of their after-dinner wine, Dr. Davidson having a partiality for port, while the minister of Kildrummie insisted that a generous claret was the hereditary drink of a Scottish gentleman This was only, however, a subject of academic debate, and was not allowed to interfere with practice—the abbé of

Drumtochty taking his bottle of claret, in an appreciative spirit, and the curé of Kildrummie disposing of his two or three glasses of port with cheerful resignation.

If Drumtochty exalted its minister above his neighbors, it may be urged in excuse that Scottish folk are much affected by a man's birth, and Dr. Davidson had a good ancestry, He was the last of his line, and represented a family that for two centuries had given her sons to the Kirk. Among those bygone worthies, the Doctor used to select one in especial for honorable mention. He was a minister of Dunleith, whose farmers preferred to play ball against the wall of the kirk to hearing him preach, and gave him insolence on his offering a pious remonstrance. Whereupon the Davidson of that day, being, like all his race, short in stature, but mighty in strength, first beat the champion player one Sabbath morning at his own game to tame an unholy pride, and then thrashed him with his fist to do good to his soul. This happy achievement in practical theology secured an immediate congregation, and produced so salutary an effect on the schismatic ball-player that he became in due course an elder, and was distinguished for his severity in dealing with persons absenting themselves from public worship, or giving themselves overmuch to vain amusements.

At the close of the last century the Doctor's grandfather was minister of the High Kirk, Muirtown, where he built up the people in loyalty to Kirk and State, and himself recruited from the Perthshire Fencibles. He also delivered a sermon entitled "The French Revolution the just judgment of the Almighty on the spirit of insubordination," for which he received a vote of thanks from the Lord Provost and Bailies of Muirtown in council assembled, as well as a jewel from the Earl of Kilspindie, the grandfather of our lord, which the Doctor inherited and wore on the third finger of his left hand. Had Carmichael or any other minister decked himself after this fashion, it had not fared well with him, but even the Free Kirk appreciated a certain pomp in Dr. Davidson, and would have resented his being as other men. He was always pleased to give the history of the ring, and generally told a story of his ancestor, which he had tasted much more frequently than the sermon. A famous judge had asked him to dinner as he made his circuit, and they had disputed about the claret, till at last its excellence compelled respect at the close of the first bottle.

"'Now, Reverend Sir,' said the judge, 'this wine has been slandered and its fair fame taken away without reason. I demand that you absolve it from the scandal.'"

"'My Lord,' said my worthy forbear, 'you are a great criminal lawyer, but you are not well read in Kirk law, for no offender can be absolved without three appearances.'"

"My grandfather," the Doctor used to conclude, "had the best of that jest besides two bottles of claret, for in those days a clergyman took more wine than we would now think seemly, although, mark you, my sagacious grandfather always denounced drunkenness on two grounds, first, because it was an offence against religion, and second, because it was a sign of weakness."

Some old folk could remember the Doctor's father, who never attained to the Doctorate, but was a commanding personage. He published no sermons, but as the first Davidson in Drumtochty, he laid the foundations of good government. The Kilspindie family had only recently come into the parish —having purchased the larger part of the Carnegies' land—and Drumtochty took a thrawn fit, and among other acts of war pulled down time after time certain new fences. The minister was appealed to by his lordship, and having settled the rights of the matter, he bade the factor wait in patience till the Sacrament, and Drumsheugh's

father used to tell unto the day of his death, as a historical event, how the Doctor's father stood at the communion-table and debarred from the Sacrament evil livers of all kinds, and that day in especial all who had broken Lord Kilspindie's fences, which was an end of the war. There was a picture of him in the Doctor's study, showing a very determined gentleman, who brought up both his parish and his family upon the stick.

With such blood in his veins it was not to be expected that our Doctor should be after the fashion of a modern minister. No one had ever seen him (or wished to see him) in any other dress than black cloth and a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a white stock of many folds and a bunch of seals depending from some mysterious pocket. His walk, so assured, so measured, so stately, was a means of grace to the parish, confirming every sound and loyal belief, and was crowned, so to say, by his stick, which had a gold head, and having made history in the days of his father, had reached the position of a hereditary sceptre. No one could estimate the aid and comfort that stick gave to the Doctor's visits, but one quite understood the force of the comparison Hillocks once drew, after the Doctor's death, between the coming to his house of the Doctor and a "cry" from his energetic successor under the new *régime*.

"He's a hard-workin' body, oor new man, aye rin rinnin', fuss fussin' roond the pairish, an' he's a pop'lar hand in the pulpit, but it's a puir business a veesit frae him.

"It's juist in an' oot like a cadger buyin' eggs, nae peace an' nae solemnity. Of course it's no his blame that he's naethin' tae look at, for that's the wy he wes made, an' his father keepit a pig (china) shop, but at ony rate he micht get a wise-like stick.

"Noo, there wes the Doctor 'at's dead an' gone; he didna gang scrammelin' an' huntin' aifter the fouk frae Monday tae Saiturday. Na, na, he didna lower himsel' prayin' an' paiterin' like a missionary body. He announced frae the pulpit whar he wes gaein' and when he wes comin'.

"'It's my purpose,'" and Hillocks did his best to imitate the Doctor, "'to visit the farm of Hillocks on Wednesday of this week, and I desire to meet with all persons living thereon;' it wes worth callin' an intimation, an' gied ye pleesure in yir seat.

"On Tuesday aifternoon John wud juist drap in tae see that a'thing wes ready, and the next aifternoon the Doctor comes himsel', an' the first thing he dis is tae lay the stick on the table an' gin he hed never said a word, tae see it lyin' there wes a veesitation. But he's a weel-meanin' bit craturie, Maister Peebles, an' handy wi' a magic lantern. Sall," and then Hillocks became incapable of speech, and you knew that the thought of Dr. Davidson explaining comic slides had quite overcome him.

This visitation counted as an event in domestic life, and the Doctor's progress through the Glen was noted in the kirk-yard, and any special remark duly reported. Nothing could be more perfect than his manner on such occasions, being leisurely, comprehensive, dignified, gracious. First of all he saluted every member of the family down to the bairns by name, for had he not at least married the heads of the household, and certainly baptized all the rest? Unto each he made some kindly remark also—to the good man a commendation of his careful farming, to the good-wife a deserved compliment on her butter; the eldest daughter was praised for the way in which she was sustaining the ancient reputation of Hillocks' dairy; there was a word to Hillocks' son on his masterly ploughing; and some good word of Dominie Jamieson's about the little lassie was not forgotten. After which the Doctor sat down—there was some difficulty in getting the family to sit in his presence—and hold a thorough review of the family history for the

last year, dwelling upon the prospects of Charlie, for whom the Doctor had got a situation, and Jean, the married daughter, whose husband might one day have a farm with four pair of horses in the carse. The Doctor would then go out to give his opinions on the crops, which was drawn from keen practical knowledge—his brochure on "The Potato Disease: Whence it Came and How it is to be Met" created much stir in its day—and it was well known that the Doctor's view on bones or guano as a preferable manure was decisive. On his return the servants came in—to whom also he said a word—and then from the head of the table he conducted worship—the ploughmen looking very uneasy and the children never taking their eyes off his face, while the gude-wife kept a watchful eye on all. At the prayer she was careful to be within arm's reach of Hillocks, since on one memorable occasion that excellent man had remained in an attitude of rapt devotion after the others had risen from their knees which sight profoundly affected the family, and led the Doctor to remark that it was the only time he had seen Hillocks play the Pharisee in public. The Doctor's favorite passages were the eulogium on the model housewife in Proverbs, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the 12th chapter of Romans, from which he deduced many very searching and practical lessons on diligence, honesty, mercy, and hospitality. Before he left, and while all were under the spell of his presence, the Doctor would approach the delicate subject of Hillocks' "tout-mout" (dispute) with Gormack over a purchase at a roup, in which it was freely asserted that Gormack had corrupted the Kildrummie auctioneer, a gentlemen removed above pecuniary bribes, but not unaffected by liquid refreshment. So powerfully did the Doctor appeal to Hillocks' neighbourliness that he took snuff profusely, and authorised the Doctor to let it be understood at Gormack that the affair was at an end, which treaty was confirmed by the two parties in Kildrummie train, when Hillocks lent Gormack his turnip-sowing machine and borrowed in turn Gormack's water-cart. Mr. Curlew had more than once hinted in the Presbytery of Muirtown that Dr. Davidson was not so evangelical as might be desired, and certainly Mr. Curlew's visitation was of a much more exciting nature: but St. Mungo's congregation was never without a quarrel, while the Doctor created an atmosphere in Drumtochty wherein peace and charity flourished exceedingly.

Whatever might be urged in praise of his visitation, surely the Doctor could never be more stately or fatherly than on Sacrament Sabbath, as he stood in his place to begin service. His first act was to wipe elaborately those gold eye-glasses, without which nothing would have been counted a sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, and then, adjusting them with care, the Doctor made a deliberate survey of the congregation, beginning at his right hand and finishing at his left. Below him sat the elders in their blacks, wearing white stocks that had cost them no little vexation that morning, and the precentor, who was determined no man, neither Saunders' Baxter nor another, should outsing him that day in Coleshill. Down the centre of the kirk ran a long table, covered with pure white linen, bleached in the June showers and wonderfully ironed, whereon a stain must not be found, for along that table would pass the holy bread and wine. Across the aisle on either side, the pews were filled with stalwart men, solemn beyond their wonted gravity, and kindly women in simple finery, and rosy-cheeked bairns. The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-ringy and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By-and-by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying

sweet, which flourishes wherever sound doctorine is preached and disappears before new views, and is therefore now confined to the Highlands of Wales and Scotland, the last home of our fathers' creed. The two back seats were of black oak, richly carved. In the one sat the General and Kate, and across the passage Viscount Hay, Lord Kilspindie's eldest son, a young man of noble build and carriage, handsome and debonair, who never moved during the sermon save twice, and then he looked at the Carnegies' pew.

When the Doctor had satisfied himself that none were missing of the people, he dropped his eye-glass—each act was so closely followed that Drumsheugh below could tell where the Doctor was—and took snuff after the good old fashion, tapping the box twice, selecting a pinch, distributing it evenly, and using first a large red bandana and then a delicate white cambric handkerchief. When the cambric disappeared, each person seized his Bible, for the Doctor would say immediately with a loud, clear voice, preceded by a gentlemanly clearance of the throat, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of Almighty God by singing to His praise the first Psalm.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray—"

Then Peter Rattray, of the high Glen, would come in late, and the Doctor would follow him with his eye till the unfortunate man reached his pew, where his own flesh and blood withdrew themselves from him as if he had been a leper, and Peter himself wished he had never been born.

"Five minutes earlier, Peter, would have prevented this unseemly interruption—ahem."

"In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way."

Before the Sacrament the Doctor gave one of his college sermons on some disputed point in divinity, and used language that was nothing short of awful.

"Grant me those premises," he would say, while the silence in the kirk could be felt, "and I will show to any reasonable and unprejudiced person that those new theories are nothing but a resuscitated and unjustifiable Pelagianism." Such passages produced a lasting impression in the parish, and once goaded Drumsheugh's Saunders into voluntary speech.

"Yon wus worth ca'in' a sermon. Did ye ever hear sic words oot o' the mooth o' a man? Noo that bleatin' cratur Curlew 'at comes frae Muirtown is juist pittin' by the time. Sall, ae sermon o' the Doctor's wud last yon body for a year."

After the sermon the people sang,

"'Twas on that night when doomed to know,"

and the elders, who had gone out a few minutes before, entered the kirk in procession, bearing the elements, and set them before the Doctor, now standing at the table. The people came from their pews and took their seats, singing as they moved, while the children were left to their own devices, tempered by the remembrance that their doings could be seen by the Doctor, and would receive a just recompense of reward from their own kin in the evening. Domsie went down one side and Drumsheugh the other, collecting the tokens, whose clink, clink in the silver dish was the only sound.

"If there be any other person who desires to take the Sacrament at this the first table" (for the Sacrament was given then to detachments), "let him come without delay."

"Let us go, dad," whispered Kate. "He is a dear old padre, and they are good people and our neighbours."

"But they won't kneel, you know, Kit; will you ?"

"We 'ill do as they do; it is not our Sacrament." So the father and daughter went up the kirk and took their places on the Doctor's left hand. A



"Will you let me walk with you for a little?"

minute later Lord Hay rose and went up the aisle, and sat down opposite the Carnegies, looking very nervous, but also most modest and sincere.

The Doctor gave the cup to the General, who passed it to Kate, and from her it went to Weelum Maclure, and another cup he gave to Hay, whom he had known from a child, and he handed it to Marget Howe, and she to Whinnie, her man; and so the two cups passed down from husband to wife, from wife to daughter, from daughter to servant, from lord to tenant, till all had shown forth the Lord's death in common fellowship and love as becometh Christian folk. In the solemn silence the sunshine fell on the faces of the communicants, and the singing of the birds came in through the open door with the scent of flowers and ripe corn. Before the congregation left the Doctor addressed a few words of most practical advice, exhorting them, in especcial, to live in the spirit of the sermon on the Mount, and to be good neighbours. It was on one of those occasions that he settled a dispute between masters and men — whether the cutting of grass for the horses' breakfast should be included in the day's work — and ended the only bitterness known in Drumtochty.

At the kirk gate Hay introduced himself to his father's friend, and the General looked round to find his daughter, but Kate had disappeared. She had seen the face of Marget Howe after the Sacrament as the face of one in a vision, and she had followed Marget to the road.

"Will you let me walk with you for a little? I am General Carnegie's daughter, and I would like to speak to you about the Sacrament; it was lovely."

"Ye dae me much honor, Miss Carnegie," and Marget slightly flushed, "an' much pleasure, for there is naething dearer tae me than keeping the Sacrament; it is my joy every day and mickle comfort in life."

"But I thought you had it only once a year?" questioned Kate.

"With bread and wine in outward sign that is once, and maybe eneuch, for it makes ane high day for us all, but div ye not think, Miss Carnegie, that all our life should be ane Sacrament?"

"Tell me," said Kate, looking into Marget's sweet, spiritual face.

"It is no the picture of His Luve,

who thocht o' everybody but Himsel', an' saved everybody but Himsel', an' didna He say we maun drink His cup and live His life?"

Kate only signed that Marget should go on.

"Noo a'm judgin' that ilka ane o's is savit juist as we are baptised intae the Lord's death, and ilka time ane o's keeps back a hot word, or humbles a proud heart, or serves anither at a cost, we have eaten the Body and drunk the Blood o' the Lord."

"You are a good woman," cried Kate, in her impulsive way, so quick to be pleased or offended. "May I come to see you some day?"

"Dinna think me better than I am; a woman who had many sins tae fecht and needit many trials tae chasten her; but ye will be welcome at Whinny Knowe for yir ain sake and yir people's, an' gin it ever be in ma poor tae serve ye, Miss Carnegie, in ony way, it wull be ma joy."

Twice as she came through the woods Kate stopped; once she bit her lip, once she dashed a tear from her eye.

"Where did you go to, lassie?" and the General met Kate at the gateway. "Lord Hay came to the drive with me, and was quite disappointed not to meet you—a very nice lad indeed, manly and well-mannered."

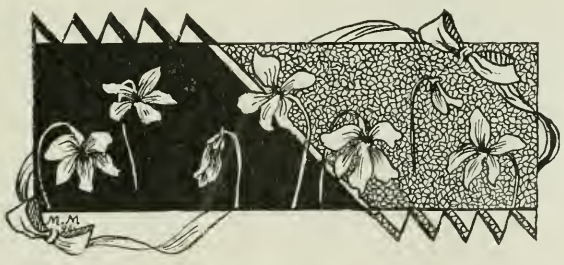
"Never mind Lord Hay, dad; I've been with the most delightful woman I've ever seen."

"Do you mean she was in kirk?"

"Yes, sitting across the table—don't laugh; she is a farmer's wife, and a better lady than we saw in India."

"Oh, dad," and Kate kissed her father, "I wish I had known my mother; it had been better for me, and . . . happier for you."

(To be continued.)



ORCHIDS.

"FROM these misshapen, wizened cast-a-ways,"
I said, "No beauty cometh, you do mock;
So blossometh dead wood or sterile rock!"—
But, lo, within a period of days,
A necromantic happening: fair sprays
Of variegated glory; flow'rs in flock;
A flight of golden insects;—Fancy's stock
Of wonderment in bloom mine eye surveys.

So in the varied wondrous race of man,
Some rude exterior, not formed to please,
Some being quickened under Beauty's ban,
Will raise a questioning, "What need of these?"
Contemn not Nature thus! In history's span,
Behold a Goldsmith, Pope—a Socrates!

W. E. HUNT *(Keppell Strange.)*

A SHAKSPEAREAN COURTSHIP.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
Twelfth Night



INTO every man's life a romance comes; early in life to some, to others late, but to all without fail, and to no man more than once. Many mistake the first heart flutterings of nineteen for their grand passion: but they are quickly undeceived when the real fire lays hold on them. For myself, there could be no such mistake, for my life having been spent among books, I escaped all the minor affairs which tend at once to the debasement and the strengthening of the natural affections. My romance came to me late, but surely; and, if I have decided to make it public, it is with the thought that the account may assist some one placed in a like predicament, a situation as disquieting to the victim as it is trivial to the observer.

After this preamble, I will begin my story by saying that I am the Professor of English Literature at the College of Woodville. As to age, I have scarcely yet reached middle life, but, owing to many years of labor among books, my body has become somewhat bent and prematurely aged, though my health is perfect. Study has weakened my eyes so that I am compelled to wear spectacles, and I have no doubt—nay, I know as a fact—that I am popularly supposed to be a personage of great antiquity. To the students, in virtue of my pedagogic position and without reference to age, I am, of course, "Old Rayleigh," and I suppose that they share the popular belief as to my age because my head has grown bare about the crown, without considering whether the youth runs strong at the heart.

I am naturally averse to society, and this disposition has no doubt been strengthened by the retired life which I have led. This kind of existence, though not without its advantages, has often placed me in considerable embarrassment; for, being so much withdrawn from the world, I invariably find myself awkward and out of place when I do endeavor to mingle in society. As Valentine says, "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits," and this remark applies with equal force to those other than youths. However, the head of our college, Prof. Curtis, once held a reception, or something of the sort, to which I was invited. As I said before, I dislike going out in society, and thus this invitation cost me several anxious hours. My duty in the matter was clear; respect to my colleague demanded that I should go, and, after searching long for some mode of escaping with honor—the otium cum dignitate—and finding none, I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Accordingly, when the evening arrived, I summoned up all my philosophy and went. To my relief, I found that it was an affair of considerable magnitude, and that in the large assembly I could make myself very inconspicuous indeed. This was the more fortunate, as I knew but few of those present, and those few—excepting other college men—only slightly.

I wandered about casually for some time, finding that I could be almost as solitary as if in my own study, and at last found my way to the library, where, on other occasions, I had frequently been. Here I ensconced my-

self in an unsociable little corner, where there was a seat just wide enough for one. The whole corner was screened from view, partly by the heavy curtains, and partly by the projecting angle of a book-shelf. I remained here for some time quite contented, having secured a volume of Sir Thomas Browne from the case. Of those who entered the room, most failed to observe me; those who did, doubtless took me for what I was,—a shy, anti-social man, who was trying to pass an hour or two before making his escape.

I had perhaps been there half an hour when I heard a rustle of skirts, and the sound of some persons seating themselves upon a sofa quite close to my retreat. It was plain that I was about to become an involuntary eavesdropper unless I speedily vacated my position. This, however, I was unwilling to do, both from a disinclination to leave so pleasant and comfortable hiding place, and on account of some natural reluctance to emerge suddenly upon the late arrivals as if I had been concealing myself, and just driven from cover. Thus are we reluctant to confess to others what we readily condone in ourselves.

At last I heard my own name mentioned. I listened indifferently, as it were, at first, when one of the girls said with a giggle:

"O Rose, did you see old Professor Rayleigh? You would have laughed to see him tramping around as if some one was chasing him, and peering through his spectacles to find some place in which to hide."

Her companion made some remark which I did not catch.

"Oh, but it was really comical," said the first speaker, "and you needn't pretend that you wouldn't have laughed at it, He looked like a fish out of water, or a hermit come for the first time into our frivolous circles."

"Nell," replied the other, "you have been talking nothing but slander for the last ten minutes. I shall go away and leave you. I won't listen to you any more, for I believe that you might corrupt even my good nature."

There was a sound of rising and a merry ripple of laughter.

"What I said is all true, and I don't see why you should get shocked about old Rayleigh, as the boys call him. I'm sure he's——oh!"

Of course, after what had passed, I should have remained quiet at all costs. But I was taken by surprise, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, I rose and walked out. The two girls were quite close to me; the one sitting on the sofa was still speaking, and broke off with a frightened cry as she saw me. The other was standing, and I saw only that she was tall and dressed white.

They were much too startled to say anything, and I gave them no time for explanation, but walked past with a profound bow—the kind of bow I learned from Bulwer Lytton's novels—and lost myself among the groups in the hall outside.

Soon afterwards I placed myself in a corner of the parlor, where no one could by any possibility be oblivious of my proximity on approaching the place. I had not remained long in this position when Mr. Clarke, our lecturer in Latin Literature, came past. He seemed surprised to see me.

"Why, Professor Rayleigh, you here?" he exclaimed. "But you shouldn't be standing there all alone. You're not having any fun at all. Come along with me, and I'll introduce you to some nice girls."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I'm quite comfortable as I am. Oh, really, Clarke, I'd rather not."

Remonstrances were useless, for the energetic young fellow had linked his arm in mine and was dragging me off to carry out his promise—his threat, I should say, for I shuddered with horror at the prospect. But it was too late to make an escape, for in a moment he had halted before a young lady sitting by a window, and was

saying, "Miss Merritt, let me present to you one of my colleagues, Professor Rayleigh."

I made my best bow—not the Bulwer-Lytton kind—and tried to say something conventional. She seemed almost as embarrassed as myself, and I thought that she was annoyed at my introduction; but, as I looked at her more closely I saw that she was the very young lady who had stood by the sofa when I made my hurried exit from the library. She had, no doubt, recognised me at once, but owing to my weakness of sight, I had failed to identify her as quickly.

After a few casual remarks, Clarke departed and left us to ourselves. I certainly felt very little at ease, and my efforts at conversation were, I fear, decided failures. It was a most unpleasant position, and I was wishing myself well out of it, when she said, apparently with a great effort, "Oh, Professor Rayleigh, I feel as if I must say it. You didn't hear anything of what Nell and I were saying in the library just now, did you? We were both so dreadfully shocked when we saw you come out. If you did, please remember that it was only girls' nonsense."

"No, no, certainly not," I said, disconnectedly. "I wasn't in the library at all,—er—yes, I mean I was there, but I sat down in the corner, and—and fell asleep, and was quite surprised to see you when I came out." It was a wretched lie, but it seemed to serve its purpose, for she gave me a peculiar, clear glance from her grey eyes, and then changed the subject.

I suppose she perceived that I had little conversational ability, and with the greatest tact she touched lightly on one point after another, and at last appealed to me on my favorite Shakspearean subjects.

"Which play is your favorite, Professor Rayleigh?" she asked me.

So I told her, "As You Like It," and, as she seemed to expect something more, I went on to give my reasons for the preference, and entered into a slight analysis of the character of Rosalind, who, I may say, is my favorite among all of Shakspeare's heroines. Before I went home I learned that the name of my companion was Rosalind also, but at the time I was unaware of this fact. She seemed interested, and asked me other questions on the subject, and though I have no very clear recollection, it seems to me that I gave her a considerable discourse on the principles of Shakspeare's art. I hope I did not weary her; she seemed to enjoy it.

A little later, a young man whom I did not know came and claimed her for a dance, which she had promised him. She left me very graciously, and I am ashamed to say that I almost felt slightly jealous of that young man.

A very little while after, I took my departure, and went home to my solitary rooms. I stirred up the fire, and drew an easy chair in front of it. "After all," I mused, "this solitary life is neither the best, nor, at all times, the most enjoyable. In it one grows bearish and self-concentrated, so that he finds himself completely out of touch with the world when he emerges from his seclusion. This evening has done me good—expanded me. I must go out more. I'll read a little, and then to bed."

An act or two of Shakspeare or Johnson formed my usual night-cap, but I give thanks that a study of the earlier poets has not blinded me, as it too often does, to the beauties of the later ones. Tennyson lay most convenient to my hand. It opened at "Maud," it must have been prophetic, and I read,

> "O heart of stone are you flesh, and caught
> By that you swore to withstand?
> For what else was it within me wrought,
> But, I fear, the new, strong wine of love———?"

With the words, my thoughts ran unerringly back to the girl with whom I had talked that evening, and I knew

that I was indeed "caught by that I swore to withstand." It was the intoxicating draught of love's new wine that had dulled the brightness of my lamp-glow, and made all things seem but dim beyond her presence.

It came upon me with a kind of surprise, nay, almost of horror, but, after all, why not? I was not so old as to be no longer young—not yet forty—and the life which I had led, while it had aged me physically, perhaps, had, I believe, kept me more youthful at heart than many a man of fewer years. My aversion to society arose chiefly from shyness, and was surely curable; while the books among which my work lay—*belles lettres*, poetry, romance—had kept humanity before me in its brightest aspects, and supplied an effective substitute.

I dreamed dreams that evening, and built castles in the air. I retained no very definite recollection of her form or face; she was tall, I knew, and had luminous gray eyes, and her voice was low and sweet,.an excellent thing in woman. I remembered no more of her outward appearance, but much of the charm of her presence, which is, after all, the more important matter. Who knows the color of Juliet's eyes or hair? And, which I had for a little forgotten, her name was Rosalind, and certainly she seemed to me like a renewal of the real Rosalind, the most lovable of all Shakspeare's women.

At any rate, upon one point I was resolved, that I would see her again and have further talk with her, if the thing could in any way be accomplished.

In this state I continued for several days. I shaved and dressed myself with unusual fastidiousness, thinking that I might chance to meet her. In this I was disappointed, yet I think that the increased care did improve my appearance, for young Clarke congratulated me upon the beneficial effects of the party, and said that I looked ten years younger after it.

It was not until the fourth night after my adventure that I conceived the idea of consulting Shakspeare as to my difficulty. Almost every variety of love is treated of in his thirty-seven plays, and it was incredible that I should not find some advice applicable to my situation. A fig for the differences of time and place! Men's hearts have not changed in two hundred years, nor women's either.

So I took down a large one-volume edition of the dramatist, and turned over the leaves. After an hour's work, however, I was forced to admit that, though I had found many hints which might prove of great service did I become better acquainted with the lady in question, yet I had failed to light upon any passage of instruction in the preliminary stages of courtship. Doubtless, in the Elizabethan period, men and women were not so fenced about with etiquette as at the present day—etiquette with which I was, to say little, unfamiliar. Nevertheless, I gathered from Romeo and Juliet, as well as from the advice of Proteus to Thurio, that the most satisfactory method of moving a maiden's heart was to repair to her window by moonlight, and there "tune a deploring dump," thus to attract her attention. This plan, however, was scarce practicable in the streets of Woodville, exposing one to the danger of arrest as a trespasser, burglar, disturber of the peace, and I know not what. But part of the plan fitted excellently with my taste, and I decided to at least stroll past the premises that very evening, and thus reconnoitre, as it were, the enemy's position. And this project proved in the end to have been the most fortunate one I could have hit upon.

First of all, it was necessary to ascertain the locality. A city directory soon gave me this information. There was but one of the name: "L. J. Merritt, 57 Berkley Street." And hither I resolved to go.

A little thinking convinced me that

my proposed expedition had best be made before dark, in order to obtain a clearer idea of the nature of things; and so, as there were still some two hours of twilight remaining, I set off at once. The street was easily found, being neither distant nor obscure. Number Fifty-seven was also located with facility. It was a red brick cottage, set back from the street, with a considerable lawn and large trees in front. The place was picturesque and well kept—if the two things are simultaneously possible—and had a pleasant, contemplative air with its great maples, its flowers, and its shaded verandahs. No one could be seen about, yet I did not care to loiter within range of the windows, and walked leisurely on, with Dobson's charming lines flitting through my brain:—

"Beating heart, we come again
Where my love reposes;
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses."

Only, for the author's Mabel, I substituted a different name. And I smiled to think of the sensations of my exuberant class in English Literature, could they know the fancies and occupations of their old Professor.

I had gone perhaps half a block past No. 57, when I was aware of someone approaching me in front. I gave little heed, and was about to pass, when a voice said: "Good evening, Professor Rayleigh." Ye gods! It was Miss Merritt!

I am afraid that I flushed like sixteen with surprise and embarrassment. I know not precisely what I said, but I turned and walked back with her. She said that she feared that I was about to pass her without speaking. Did she care? She must have known that, in my habitual abstraction, I had failed to recognize her.

When we reached the gate she invited me to come in; and, still in a delicious dream, I went. I was introduced to Mrs. Merritt, a charming white-haired lady, bearing a considerable resemblance to her daughter. She evidently possessed the rare gift of being able to talk intelligently, and under her influence I lost the *mauvaise honte* that troubled me, and managed both to converse and listen with a good deal of pleasure. Rosalind said very little, meanwhile; but, after a little, she played and sang charmingly. I am intensely fond of music, and it was long since I had heard it outside a public hall. So I left with great cordiality, and I was invited to return, and resolved to do so.

In the course of a couple of months I had become a regular and irregular visitor at the house in Berkley street, and found my passion for Miss Rosalind growing stronger and deeper day by day. At times I fancied that she cared for me, and I went away happy; again, I felt that I was to her only the dried-up Professor of English Literature, and that "she was kind only because she was cold."

However, I will pass over this interval of doubt and distress, and come to the kernel of the matter. For some time I had felt that the affair must shortly be settled, one way or another, and had been diligently considering the proper form which a proposal should take. I need not say that I was totally inexperienced in such matters, never having so much as invited a girl to a sleigh-ride. Nevertheless, by a careful comparison of the love passages in "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice," I arrived at a tolerable idea of how the business should be conducted. I studied the matter somewhat closely, as befitted so momentous an affair, and after getting it connectedly into my head, I resolved to put my philosophy to the test on the first occasion.

The occasion was not long in coming. At almost every visit Rosalind was accustomed to play for me, and sometimes I played myself, after a fashion.

Mrs. Merritt was usually present, but it chanced on my very next call that she did not appear. It transpired that she had gone out calling. Rosalind met me, and we went in and talked of novels.

As soon as I detected the absence of her mother, I determined to seize the opportunity—and tried to muster my ideas, which ran wild at the thought of being so speedily put into practice. I fear that I made very disconnected and irrelevant answers to my companion's remarks, for a time, and at last something of my embarrassment seemed to communicate itself to her, and we sat silent for a long while. Then, to smooth the road, I asked her to play.

So she went to the piano, and played a number of Strauss' waltzes, of which I am particularly fond. I was standing beside her to turn the music, and when she stopped playing I knew that my hour had come.

"Rosalind——," I said, unsteadily. She looked up and saw something in my face that made her drop her eyes, and turn pale and then red.

"You must surely guess what I wish to say to you," I continued, though I had not the slightest notion of how it was to be said; all my carefully plotted phrases had taken to themselves wings and could not be recaptured. But I have so buried myself among books for years, that a poetical tag rises to my lips on almost every occasion, and half before I was aware of it, I found myself repeating from "As You Like It:"

"Good Shepherd tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observanee;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
And so am I for—Rosalind"

As I finished these lines, she looked up into my face and laughed—a low, musical ripple of laughter.

This struck unexpectedly on me, and angered me a little. Even if I had made an idiot of myself, and proposed in a manner which suggested the Professor of Literature, yet, I thought, she might at least have rejected me without ridicule.

"Miss Merritt," I said, "if you find anything amusing in what I have said, nevertheless I do not. I have told you that I love you. I cannot take back that declaration or deny it. But, as you seem to find it merely a source of mirth, it were best to say no more about it."

I turned and walked to the other side of the room, and stood moodily looking from the window. As I stood, there was a light step behind me, and I half turned. A little hand stole around my neck, and a voice whispered, close to my ear:

"And so am I for ——." The concluding word was inarticulate.

And that was the ending of my courtship.



THE CRY FOR FREE SILVER.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, LL.B.



CERTAIN it is that the great feature in the commercial life of the past thirty years has been the steady and continued fall of prices. To the capitalist this has not been an evil, because his money will purchase more merchandise than ever; he can buy more wheat, more flour, more clothing, more pleasures with the same amount of gold than he could thirty years ago. To the man with a fixed salary, it has not been an evil, because his position is similar to that of the capitalist; for example his $1,000 per annum would buy in 1870, in Canada, 800 bushels of wheat, while in 1896 it would buy 1,500 bushels. To the wage-earner it has not proved an evil, because wages have risen somewhat owing to the action of trades-unions, and a healthy public opinion as to the rights and needs of labor. But to the producer, the man who goes to the soil for his share of the world's wealth, it has been an undoubted evil. He finds that his wheat is worth 66c. now, as against 126c. in 1870,* his cheese 11c., as against 12c. in 1870, his hay is worth $10.00, as against $23.00 in 1870, his barley 32c., as against 66c. in 1870, and similarly with his other products. On the other hand he finds that his $5,000 mortgage is still $5,000, and six per cent. per annum still amounts to $300 a year. He finds that whereas he could have paid off this $5,000 mortgage in 1870 with 4,000 bushels of wheat, he cannot now pay it off with less than 7,500 bushels of wheat.

*These are Canadian prices.

Thus the man who, in both Canada and the United States, finds the new commercial conditions most oppressive is the producer. He learns from the newspapers that there are two causes of his difficulties. The application of science and invention to production and distribution has perfected new farming machinery, has built new railroads and faster steam-vessels, has brought into the world's market new areas of farming, mining and forest lands—and all these have increased the supply of natural products and lowered their price. The other cause has been the demonetization of silver.

He does not know which of these two causes has worked him most harm, nor can he estimate their relative value. But he sees that he cannot tear up railroads, destroy fast steam vessels, nor remove from activity the wheat fields of Argentina, of India or of the Canadian North-West. Therefore his only hope is in remonetizing silver. And to-day, the United States producer, and those who believe that their interests are bound up in his, are seeking to restore silver to its former place in the currency of the world.

The Canadian producer does not seem to realize his interest in this question. Perhaps some day he may find it necessary to consider his relation to the currency of the country, and perhaps he may not always accept the principles of finance and of political economy now so industriously taught by Canadian bankers and financiers.

HOW SILVER WAS DEMONETIZED.

Silver was permanently demonetized in England in 1816, and now silver is only legal tender there for payments up to 40 shillings. Up to 1873, silver and gold were freely coined at

the mints of France and other countries of the Latin Union, which was formed in 1865, to uphold the uniform system of bi-metallism, and which included France, Italy, Belgium, Greece and Switzerland. In 1873 France made gold the standard, thus throwing over the bi-metallism which she had upheld in various forms since the beginning of the century. She had found bi-metallism expensive; for example, when England had superflous silver, she got rid of it by sending it to France for coinage, and using these coins in France to buy gold at the metalic rate. The immediate cause of the demonetization of silver by the Latin Union in 1873, was the fact that Germany had adopted a gold coinage, and silver was thrown on the French mint in too great quantities.

The United States, Holland, Scandinavia and Austria have for this or other reasons, adopted the single gold standard. But it is the course of legislation in the first mentioned country that we have here to consider in detail.

THE COURSE OF U. S. LEGISLATION.

In 1837, the United States Government tried to make silver coins part of the United States currency. It then enacted that the silver dollar should weigh 412.5 grains, and that of every 1,000 parts, by weight, 900 should be silver and 100 copper. "And that dollars, half dollars and quarter dollars, dimes and half dimes, should be legal tenders of payment according to their nominal value, *for any sums whatever.*" The gold eagle was to weigh 258 grains, or 25.8 grains per dollar. As 412.5 grains is to 25.8 grains as 16 to 1 we see that this was the Act which established the ratio of which so much is now being heard. The ratio established by the Act of 1792, the first Act in the United States on the subject, was 15 to 1. The change made by the Act of 1837 was due to the fact that gold was not being brought to the mint because more silver could be bought with it elsewhere. Consequently, to raise the price of gold and bring it back into the currency of the country, the ratio was changed.

Just here a question may be asked: If the United States in 1838 raised the price of gold by changing the legal ratio of the two metals, would it not be equally just, at the present time, to raise the price of silver, by re-establishing some ratio between the two metals?

But to return. After 1837, gold was usually abundant, as new mines in various countries were being continually opened up. In fact, the price of gold fell so much after the discovery of gold in California in 1847, that silver ceased to come to the mint, just as gold had ceased to come before 1837.

In 1873, the Act of 1837 was revised. The gold dollar was to be the standard of value, and to be still 25.8 grains in weight. The silver dollar was changed to 420 grains, and was called the *trade dollar.* Thus the ratio was changed to 1 to 16.27. But the greater change was that silver coins, instead of being legal tender for any sums whatever, were to be "a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount *not exceeding five dollars* in any one payment." Thus was silver demonetized in the United States of America.

On July 22, 1876, the trade dollar ceased to be legal tender. On February 28, 1878, the old silver dollar (412½ grains) was restored to the coinage and was to be "a legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise stipulated in the contract." But this did not remonetize silver in the United States of America, because the privilege of bringing bullion to the mint and having it coined at a mere nominal charge, was not restored.

To sum up. Silver coins of less than $1 in denomination are legal tender in all sums not exceeding ten dollars

(before June 9, 1879, it was five dollars) in full payment of all dues, public and private. Silver dollars have, since 1492, been full legal tenders except between the years 1873 and 1878. The silver dollar is still a legal tender for all payments, no matter how great.

It will thus be seen that "the silver question" in the United States does not mean the making of silver a legal tender for debts. It is that already.

REGULATIONS FOR COINAGE.

The explanation of the question is found rather in the acts which have been passed to regulate the amount of silver to be coined.

The Act of 1792 said that all gold and silver bullion brought to the mint should be coined "free of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought," unless there is an immediate exchange of bullion for gold, when "a deduction of one-half per cent. from the weight" shall be made. This inaugurated an era of "free silver."

The Act of 1834, changed this so that the charge was made if coins were given for bullion within forty days after the receipt of the bullion. The Act of 1837 authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to keep in the Treasury a sum of money not exceeding one million of dollars to enable depositors of bullion to have their returns with as little delay as possible, and the charge of one-half of one per centum was withdrawn. Thus the era of "free silver" was continued.

In 1853, an Act was passed whereby the Secretary of the mint was authorized to purchase silver for the making of silver coins of a less denomination than one dollar, which coins were to be legal tender in payment of debts not exceeding $5.00. No private deposits for coinage into these coins were to be received at the mint, but they could be purchased "in exchange for gold coins at par in sums not less than one hundred dollars."

In 1873, the "free silver" was decidedly limited by requiring that all silver bullion brought to the mint for exchange shall be coined into trade dollars only, "and no deposit of silver for other coinage shall be received." A charge was to be made for the coining but only "so as to equal but not exceed the actual average cost to each mint and assay-office of the material, labor, wastage, and use of machinery employed" in each case. The power to purchase silver was, as before, limited to the purchase of bullion for coins of less than a one dollar denomination. A sum of not more than $50,000 was to be paid over to the superintendent of the mint for this purpose. But as has been pointed out, the trade dollar ceased to be legal tender on July 22nd, 1876, and hence "free silver" was entirely done away with.

But there was dissatisfaction in the country. Silver was dropping in price and there was reason to believe that this was affecting certain interests. Then came the Act of 1878 which, as has been pointed out, restored the legal tender character of the silver dollar. This Act directed that "the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion, at the market price thereof, not less than two million dollars worth per month and not more than four million dollars worth per month, and cause the same to be coined monthly, as fast as so purchased, into such dollars."

This was changed by the Act of July 14th, 1890, by directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase monthly 4,500,000 oz. of silver or so much thereof as might be offered in each month, and to issue in payment Treasury notes. "But no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver and the bullion standard silver dollars coined therefrom, then held in the Treasury purchased by such notes." These notes to be redeemable on demand *in coin* at the Treasury—not necessarily redeemable

in silver. While this amount was to be purchased it was not necessary to coin all of it. This purchasing clause was itself repealed by the Act of Nov. 1st, 1893.

LEGAL TENDER BUT NOT "FREE."

Thus we see that silver dollars are legal tender, but no provision is made for the free coinage of them as before 1873. No person can take silver bullion to the mint and secure silver dollars in exchange. Silver bullion is purchased only to supply what silver coins are needed for small change.

This, then, is what the cry for "free silver" means: that any holder of silver bullion may take it to the United States mint, and then exchange it weight for weight, and without cost, for silver dollars. Silver bullion is at present very cheap (quoted in gold prices) and the result would be to raise the price of silver and perhaps the price of all other commodities. Fixed debts, such as mortgages, could be paid off with much less trouble than at present. In fact, "free silver" means a great boom for the debtor classes, and a considerable reduction in the wealth of the capitalist classes. It would make many men poorer, and many men richer. It would be disastrous at first to the United States were they to adopt the ratio of 16 to 1, independently of other nations; but might ultimately be beneficial. Perhaps this last statement needs a fuller explanation.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

In considering the question of a gold, a silver or a bi-metallic standard the United States cannot overlook its peculiar relation to European countries. It is the debtor and they are the creditors. The amount of foreign capital invested in the United States is very large, and the interest on these investments must be paid in gold. According to an investigation made by the British Treasury Department, (about 1892, I think) for the purpose of the levying of the income tax, it was discovered that British investors were drawing as interest on their American investments about $120,000,000 yearly. Besides this amount a considerable quantity of interest is paid to French and German capitalists. American tourists are estimated to spend abroad each year about $60,000,000 which must necessarily be paid in gold. About 100,000 temporary immigrants return to Europe each fall, and experts estimate their average savings for the season at $225 each, making a great total of $25,000,000 taken out of the country in this way. Add to this the amount paid for foreign labor in ocean freights, and a very large total of $300,000,000 a year is shown to be paid in gold to foreigners.

Gold is the standard of that part of the world whose capital the United States requires, and unless the United States is certain to pay its indebtedness in gold, capital will flow out of the country instead of rushing in. When it is considered that nearly a billion dollars of foreign capital is invested in the United States, the investors of which must be paid their interest in gold in order to keep the investments satisfactory, it may be readily recognized that the slightest uncertainty as to the maintenance of the gold value would have the immediate effect of inducing investors to realize. In the twelve months ending August 31st, 1893, owing to uncertainty with regard to currency legislation, nearly $200,000,000 of gold was withdrawn by European creditors of the United States, and the financial crisis of 1893 became a matter of history. Gold went to a premium of 3 per cent., and during June, July and August about 1,000,000 wage-earners endured enforced idleness The shrinkage in values during the year was estimated at over three billions. During the first seven months of 1893, 105 bank failures were reported.

Some may object to these statements and say that European capital requires the investments of America to enable it to earn a revenue, that it would not be withdrawn, that if a moderate ratio of say 20 or 25 to 1 was adopted, the creditors of the United States would accept the change and that without altering present relations. This may be true, but the evidence is the other way.

PRODUCTION STATISTICS.

As an aid to a fuller understanding of the great decline in the value of bullion silver and the enormous increase in the production of it, the following table is given :

Year.	Silver in London, per Ounce. Highest.	Lowest.	Total Production, Ounces.
1873	59 15-16d	57 7-8d.	63,367,000
1874	59 1-4	57 1-4	55 300,000
1875	57 5-8	55 1-2	62,262 000
1876	58 1-2	46 3-4	67,753,000
1877	58 1-4	53 1-4	62,648,000
1878	55 1-4	49	73,476,000
1879	53 3-4	48 7-8	74,250,000
1880	52 7-8	51 5-8	74,791,000
1881	52 7-8	50 7-8	78,890,000
1882	52 3-8	50	86,470,000
1883	51 3-16	50	89,177,000
1884	51 3-8	49 1-2	81,596,000
1885	50	46 7-8	91,652,000
1886	47	42	93,276,000
1887	47 1-2	43 1-2	96,124,000
1888	44 9-16	41 15-16	125,400,000
1889	44 3-8	41 5-8	108,827,000
1890	54 5-8	43 5-8	133,212,600
1891	48 3-4	41 1-3	144,426,200
1892	43 3-4	37 7-8	152,061,800

At present the price is still lower, being about 31½ pence per ounce. I am sorry that I have not at hand the data to complete the table to date. But it can be readily seen that silver has declined enormously, and this must be attributed to three causes only: 1, the increase in the amount mined ; 2, the cheapening of mining processes ; 3, the demonetization of silver. The first two have certainly been at work, and the third is a disputed one. In 1834, an ounce of silver was worth $1.04 in gold ; now it is worth about 63 cents.

TO CONCLUDE.

In conclusion it may be pointed out that the United States being a debtor nation, the great majority of its people are in favor of international bi-metallism. This is a just deduction from the recently formulated platforms of the Republicans and the Democrats. Whether a majority of the people of that country are in favor of bi-metallism, independent of international action, will be demonstrated at the elections on November 4th.

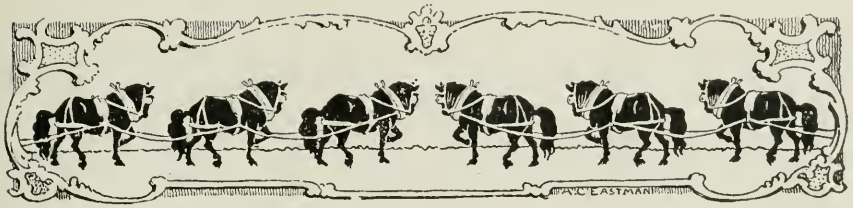
The people of Canada have taken too little interest in this matter ; yet it can be safely asserted that a large majority of the people are friendly towards bi-metallism. This is true especially of the producers and the debtors—that is, those of them who *think* on the subject.

With regard to Europe, it must be acknowledged that the present status of public opinion is against bi-metallism. Europe is the creditor of the world and is intensely conservative. So long as the present aristocracy of wealth and birth holds sway, international bi-metallism has little chance.

THE LOONS.

By tree-fenced rivers and reed-belted lakes
At dead of night they laugh in crazy-wise.
Theirs is like goblin-laughter—the large skies
Are filled with it, and the beast-world awakes.

MARRY MARSTYN.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALL OUR ENEMIES DEAD.

CANADA is at the present time in a most enviable position for she has conquered and exterminated all her enemies. The decisive battle occurred on June 23rd, followed about two weeks later by the treaty of peace.

Up to the present time Canada's worst enemy has been her own people. In 1878, the Conservative party inaugurated a policy of Protection to native manufacturing which was intended to dot the country with Birminghams and Sheffields and Coventrys, which was intended to create a home market for all that the farmer could or would produce, and which was intended to make this land an ideal place for the wage-earner. This 'National Policy' was successful to a certain extent. Owing, however, to the lack of capital, which all new countries lack, the development of the country was not quite so satisfactory as it might have been. Foreign capital was looking for investment, but as one half of the Canadian press and the same proportion of the Canadian people believed it good politics to decry the prosperity of the country, this foreign capital went to the United States, to Australia and to South Africa. Even some of the Canadian capitalists (the banks) were afraid of native investments and sent their money to New York. As a result, our resources are still undeveloped.

At last Canada has tired of this kind of politics and decided to subjugate the enemy within her own borders. On June 23rd, the party which was always boasting of Canada's prosperity was defeated at the polls and the 'Blue-ruinists,' as they were perhaps erroneously called, were victorious. About two weeks afterwards, the Conservative Premier, Sir Charles Tupper, resigned, and His Excellency the Governor General called upon Mr. Laurier, the Liberal Leader, to form a cabinet and assume the responsibillty of governing a country which he and his party had so long declared to be making insufficient progress.

The 'Blue-ruinists' are now no more. They have become the governing party and are now responsible for the prosperity of the country. Already the Liberal press is assuming a tone which indicates a feeling that after all this country is a fit place in which to live and to grow wealthy. In another twelve months we may expect to see and hear poens of praise from the members of this party.

The Conservatives have for so long praised this country's position, her unlimited natural resources, her magnificent climate and her unequalled chances that they cannot consistently become blue-ruinists. They must continue to boast of "Canada, the home of the brave and the free."

In fact, it may truly be said that all our enemies have passed away.

BRITISH CONNECTION.

The new Government of Canada is likely also to strengthen British connection, *i.e.* the feeling that Canada must work out her destiny as a part of the British Empire. In Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, this British feeling may be said to predominate over everything. In Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it is different. There is little deep-seated, loving reverence for Canada's present Constitu-

tion and Canada's present connection with Westminster. The new Cabinet contains the idol of Quebec—Mr. Laurier—and the former Premiers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—Mr. Blair and Mr Fielding. By virtue of their present positions and oaths as Privy Councillors to Her Majesty the Queen, as the real rulers of a part of the Queen's dominions, they must uphold British connection and advocate a British-Canadian policy. Their circumstances will force them to adopt this line. Following their example, the patriotic and loyal feeling of these Provinces will be developed, accentuated and strengthened and a greater unity of feeling, of aim, of ambition will be engendered. The Nova Scotians will not cease to be Nova Scotians, but they will be more and more British-Canadians. The French-Canadians will not cease to be French-Canadians, but they will be less French, less American and more British. Only those who have observed the Quebec and Nova Scotia people closely can appreciate the lamentable necessity there is for this change in these two provinces. If the new Government accomplishes this, they will have earned for themselves the gratitude of even their political enemies.

THE FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE.

One of the first questions to come before the new Dominion Government is the question of a Fast Atlantic service. There seems to be good ground for believing that Mr. Laurier will complete the scheme formulated by his predecessors in office and furnish Canada with an Atlantic steamship service which will keep Canadian money, paid for ocean carriage, for the benefit of Canadian capital and Canadian labor, and which will secure a direct service with London which will be equal to the best, and faster than the fastest.

Let us recall the fact, sometimes lost sight of, that it was through the enterprise of Canadian merchants that the ocean was first crossed by a steam-vessel. It was constructed at Quebec and launched in 1831. "Royal William," it was named, after the then reigning King, William IV. Her dimensions were 146 feet keel, 176 feet over all; beam 27 feet 4 inches; width over paddle-boxes 43 feet 10 inches; depth of hold 17 feet 9 inches; draught 14 feet; had three masts schooner rigged; measured 1370 tons and had accommodation for 60 passengers. She left Quebec for London on August 5th, 1833, and crossed in 25 days. On June 28th, 1894, a memorial plate to this the first ocean steamship to carry passengers was unveiled in the Library corridor of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa by His Excellency Lord Aberdeen.

The first Canadian service across the Atlantic was not established, however, until 1856, when the Canadian Government subsidized four vessels of Mr. (afterwards Sir Hugh) Allan. To-day, there are twelve different lines, besides numerous 'tramps' plying regularly from the St. Lawrence across the Atlantic. But Canada has no line which can be called first-class, and for this reason most Britishers cross the Atlantic in United States or other foreign ships and land at New York. Canada is belittled, besides losing much traffic that should be exceedingly profitable. Leading Canadians leaving for Europe also go by New York and refuse to patronize the present lines.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Laurier will exhibit the British-Canadian feeling of which his closest friends have declared him possessed, and at once complete this scheme.

MRS. STOWE AND REV. WM. KING.

E. A. Selkirk furnishes me with an account of an interview with Mrs. Stowe, the famous author whose death has so recently occurred, by the Rev. Wm. King, of Buxton Mission, Ont, who is the original of Clayton, a character in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred." Mr. King tells the story in these words:

"When I got hold of the new book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I could not lay it down until I had devoured its contents. I was, at that time, making arrangements for the future freedom and subsequent welfare of my own slaves, and I was seized by a desire to visit the authoress whose mind ran in the same channel as my own.

"I visited the authoress at her own home,—was met at the door by one of the Beecher brothers, to whom I intro-

duced myself. He received me with an off-hand kindliness of manner, characteristic of the whole Beecher family.

"'Well,' said he, 'is it me you wish to see, or the Professor, or Harriet?' I replied that I wanted to see the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He showed me into a small parlor, where we found the great writer on her knees before a small stove-kindling a fire.

"At first sight I thought her—well, not at all nice looking. But, after I had told her of my great interest in the abolition of slavery—an interest so great that I was even now making arrangements for setting my own free, and had spoken of her book in warm terms, and we had got fairly launched into conversation, her whole face glowed, her eyes lighted up, and she was no longer plain. She drew a large ottoman beside me, and talked long and eagerly on her favorite theme."

Speaking of the influence of the Beechers at that time, Mr. King related to Mr. Selkirk a pleasant little anecdote. He remained in the city over Sabbath for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, then in the height of his fame. On leaving the church with his friend, one Tappin, a lawyer, he remarked, "Your preacher does not give you sound doctrine; he is not orthodox."

The lawyer attempted no defence of his favorite preacher, but merely waived the objection aside by saying: O, well, we have but three classes here—the whites, the blacks, and the Beecher family."

Mr. King also stated that he left Mrs. Stowe after a very pleasant evening, without the slightest suspicion that he was to figure in her new book, "Dred," which he supposed must have been then under way.

CANADA'S GREATEST EXHIBITION.

Winnipeg has just had its Industrial Exhibition, and London, Montreal, Regina, Toronto and other cities will soon hold theirs. It is neither unjust nor narrow-minded to say that no exhibition in Canada can equal that held every year in Toronto. Montreal should be able to have one equally good, but the facts show that, as yet, it has never equalled Toronto in this particular.

Canadians, and especially the Canadians in Ontario, are very properly interested in and justly proud of the success of this great exhibition, because it brings prominently before them, as well as the outside world, the vast resources and products of our country, and the progress which is being made from year to year in its agricultural and industrial pursuits; consequently it is being looked forward to with increased interest and pleasurable anticipation, and many are already making arrangements to visit it. By thousands it is made the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and it is usually a very enjoyable one. There is every indication that it will this year fully equal, if not excel, its predecessors. To meet the desires of those who usually look for this kind of thing, a large number of special attractions are being provided, of a new and interesting character. The live stock and all other exhibits, except cut flowers and fruit, will be on the grounds from September 3rd, so that the first week of the Fair will be equally as good as the second. Any person desiring further information, may write, H. J. Hill, Manager, Toronto.

IS ENGLAND MARRIED TO FREE TRADE?

At the present time no more important question presents itself to British Canadians than, "Is England married to Free Trade?" For a number of years we have been discussing Imperial Federation, an Imperial Zollverein, Free Trade within the Empire, Customs Unions, etc. Numerous theories have been advanced, supported and attacked. Not one that is satisfactory has yet been formulated. But if the question stated above be answered in the negative, the discussions are in order, and may be continued with a hope that something definite may yet be decided upon which will cause the commercial interests and the commercial regulations of the Colonies and the Mother Land to dovetail, to find their complementary areas. On the contrary, should the question be answered in the affirmative, much valuable time is being wasted.

On this point, J. G. Colmer, C M.G., in an article on "Commercial Federation," in the July *National Review*, says:

"It is inevitable that the matter should

be approached by the Colonies and by the United Kingdom from different points of view. It can, however, now be said with certainty that public opinion recognizes the necessity of closer commercial relations between the different parts of the Empire. This was especially emphasized during the debates at the recent commercial congress, and found expression in the resolution passed unanimously and amid enthusiastic cheers. The resolution is by no means so colorless as many people seem to imagine. It defines two propositions: (*a*) That the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and Dependencies is an object which deserves and demands prompt and careful consideration, and (*b*) that an Imperial conference should be called together, if the Colonies or some of them make the suggestion, for the purpose of formulating a practical plan. No meeting representing 200 Chambers of Commerce of the Empire would have been able to pass such a resolution unanimously a few years ago. Another evidence of the great advances in public opinion is to be found in Mr. Chamberlain's bold proposals. . . . Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Under Secretary for the Colonies in the late administration, also stated, in effect, on the same occasion, that, Free Trader as he is . . . he would not be opposed to the reimposition of certain duties. . . . if it tended to secure freer trade within the Empire. Indeed, the burden of the speeches of Free Traders at the Congress appeared to be that the Colonies are giving too little and asking too much; and, reading between the lines, it is evident that if an arrangement were proposed in the offer of a 'good bargain' for Great Britain, Free Trade doctrines would not be allowed to stand in the way."

This is a note of progress, and one from which much encouragement may be taken.

AN IMMEDIATE ARBITRATION TREATY.

In the July number of the *Forum* appears a paper by President Charles W Elliott, stating the reasons for an immediate arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain. The paper purports to be the substance of a speech Arbitration Conference at Washington last April.

The author refers to the many stirring events in the history of Harvard University in Indian, French and English wars; and points out from these that Harvard has no need to entertain an exaggerated fear of war. The college has passed through many and many a panic, crisis and depression.

In two hundred and sixty years Harvard has had full experience of war, and its effects on religious and educational institutions. Yet the college knows by its own experience that heroic virtue may come out of the desolation, carnage, and agony of war. It has also been shown by history that a country may gain advantages real and permanent from an unjust war, such as was that with Mexico. When the plea is raised for arbitration, it is not denied that there is a certain greatness about war, and that from it may come permanent gain for the moral forces of human society. But to bring about war by a billigerent policy must be compared to the wilful introduction of a pestilence into a large city that many victims may perish with patience and courage, and that some noble souls—nurses, mothers, doctors—may develop and display heroic qualities. Never should war be provoked that these noble qualities might be evolved that give the victory over loss, pain and death.

The greatest care and attention should be given to those hidden conditions of national irritation, which may develop into war. A controversy between two self-confident men is not settled by one of them saying that his fiat must be law. A short time ago the President of the United States issued a message which seemed to contain a grave threat of war; and what surprised many was that three months prior to the message, the Secretary of State had issued papers of a fairly exasperative character.

Then, again, it became manifest that if the Executive should indulge in dangerous doctrines, the Legislative can not be depended upon to take a calm and deliberate view of the situation. This was one of the great surprises to thinking men, during the time of the Venezuela difficulty. The Executive issued an inflammable message, and immediately the Legislature back it up by still more inflammable

delivered by President Elliott before the speeches and action. All this was followed by many evidences of extreme inflammability of the population. Another matter of much importance is that Legislature is generally composed of men of limited experience, as those of larger public experience prefer the Senate.

Another feature in American public life that has grown rapidly during the past eight or ten years, and of which there has been a distinct manifestation during the past six months, is jingoism. This teaching has been imported from the aristocratic and military nations of Europe. Jingoism is absolutely repugnant to all American diplomatic doctrines, and is a detestable word for a detestable thing. Yet some public men endeavor to pass it off for American patriotism. Jingoism cannot be regarded as any else than the language of the ruffian and the bully.

On the other hand, the advocates of arbitration wish to teach the people the true ideas of peace, and that the reliance of a great, strong, free nation should be, not the force of arms, but the force of righteousness. The great mission of the American people is to teach the doctrines of liberty and peace to all the world.

EPISCOPALIANS AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

After six months of warm discussion concerning separate schools, the subject seems to have been dropped by mutual consent. But there is one phase of the discussion on which something might fairly be said, now that no immediate issue is before the public. The Episcopalians of this country have, through some of their highest dignitaries, declared for separate schools and against non-sectarian national schools. It would be interesting to know just where this religious body stands on this question. Too little information has been given on the subject to enable one to arrive at a conclusion as to which side of this question the Episcopalians are ranged. If they are against national schools, then their reasons should be clearly shown. If they are in favor of national, non-sectarian education, then some of their bishops have misrepresented them. This point should be cleared up before the question again enters the arena of burning problems.

On July 6th, at Ottawa, Archdeacon Lauder spoke strongly in favor of a general agitation for further religious instruction in the public schools. He asserted that many parents found the present schools—of Ontario I would suppose—discreditable and unsuitable, especially for girls, and that the latter were being sent to private institutions such as Roman Catholic convents. If this is true, then upholders of national schools should cease to talk or take steps for the improvement of the present system.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS POWERS.

Those who believe that the Governor-General was merely a titular head, an official filling a position for the sake of having it filled and for the salary attached, must have found it hard to reconcile their belief with the events of the past month, After the defeat at the polls of the Conservative Ministry the Governor-General refused to sign orders-in-council making a large number of appointments to the civil service. Why he took this course is not yet explained. The weight of precedents is against such a course, and if this was a special case, the public should know it. The explanation must come out in time, and students of our comparatively recent constitution will await it with much interest. A new precedent has been set, that is certain at present. But how the Governor-General could be officially informed of the defeat of a ministry before the new Parliament met or before the old ministry had tendered their resignations, is something which the public desires to have explained.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

NOT every man can become a good cricketer. A man must possess a supple body, well-trained muscles, a clear and active mind, a brain without a cloud, and a perfect eye. As F. W. Terry says: "Early hours both for retiring to rest as well as for rising in the morning, no whiskey, a moderate amount of beer, not too much of the friendly weed, are some of the hints I would give to any man or boy who wishes to reach the top of the tree in any department of the game."

Cricket was introduced into Canada about 1829, but matches were rare or absent before 1834. In that year Guelph and Toronto competed at Hamilton. The names of the players have not been recorded in full, but the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson was one of the To ronto team He was then thirteen years of age, and a student at Upper Canada College. A similar match was played the next year, the first man to bat for Toronto being the late Chief Justice Draper. Upper Canada College formed its first cricket team in 1836, with His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head as patron This gentleman was present at the first match (July, 1836) between the college and the city. In 1840, the first international match between the United States and Canada was played in Toronto by a New York team. The game was for $250 a side, and was won by New York. The first English eleven visited Canada in 1859, at the instance of the Montreal Cricket Club

Such is the information which may be gleaned from a most interesting book, entitled "Sixty Years of Canadian Cricket," by John E. Hall, Secretary Canadian Cricket Association, and R. O. McCullock, of the Toronto Cricket Club.* It is handsomely bound, contains 572 large pages, and is illustrated by half a hundred full-page illustrations. A record of every known important Canadian match is contained within the covers of a book which will give pleasure to every lover of manly sport, to every person who takes a deep interest in those things which tend to develop a Canadian race worthy of its origin and its location. The authors have performed their labors in a most thorough and satisfactory manner, and have exhibited much judgment in the arrangement. "Reminiscences of Canadian Cricket," by Colonel Wallace; "Reminiscences," by T. C. Patteson; "Canadian Cricket," with some Sound Advice to Canadian Cricketers," by Frederick Gale, are the titles of three of the most interesting chapters.

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There are many volumes published by the Dominion Gove nment at Ottawa which are unknown to the Canadian general public and yet which would teach more real politics than a thousand speeches of our so-called leading politicians, were they to have a general circulation. "The Statistical Year-book of Canada for 1895," which is issued by the Department of Agriculture, under the supervision of Mr. George Johnston, Dominion Statistician, is just to hand. It opens with a chapter dealing with the history and principal

* Published by Williamson & Co., booksellers, Toronto, cloth, illustrated, 572 pp.

events of Canada in brief but readable form. Chapter II deals with the Constitution and Government under such headings as, Synopsis of Union Act of 1867, Qualifications of Voters, Local Self-Government, Municipal Systems, Judiciary, History of the Confederation Idea, Early Advocates of Confederation, Governors-General of Canada, Dominion Parliament, and Synopsis of Treaties. Chapter III deals with Physical Features, Area, Meteorology, etc.; Chapter IV, of Lands and Land Regulations; Chapter V, of Forest Wealth; Chapter VI, the Census; Chapter VII, Countries with which Canada deals; Chapter VIII, Events of the Year. The remaining chapters are devoted to the Abstract of the year, giving all the statistics concerning trade, productions, railways, etc. It is most invaluable as a work of reference, complete as to its details and thoroughly satisfactory in the arrangement of its contents.



FROM "SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN CRICKET."

THOS. GOLDIE.

For many years President of the Canadian Cricket Association.

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The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association for July contains, among some valuable articles, a readable one on "The People's Banks of Europe."

The monetary question is calling forth plenty of literature. "Gold or Silver? With Pen Pictures of The Times" * by M. A. Miller, is bright and racy but not practical enough. "Gold and Silver Coinage Under The Constitution" † contains all the laws enacted on this subject by the United States Congress from the organization of the Federal Government to the present time.

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A most interesting volume of sermons by Edwin H. Burgess, of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, has reached its second edition. It is entitled "At the Place which is called Calvary," and shows the writer to be possessed of a broad and cultivated mind, an artistic taste and a devout enthusiasm.

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"Poems and Pastels," published last month, are attracting attention. The author, W. E. Hunt, has two contributions in this number.

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Those who desire to possess all the worthy books of poems by Canadian authors should not overlook that admirable collection entitled "Rhymes, Afloat and Afield," by Wm. T. James.

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Sometime ago I reviewed in these columns a paper-bound book entitled "Stanhope of Chester." It was a most interesting and eccentric tale, and I am glad now that I read it, for I have been lead to read the author's second book‡. "The Vanished Emperor," by Percy Andreae, is a nice bit of historical-fiction which has as its central event the supposed disappearance for three weeks from the capital of Germany, of the Young Emperor William II. This disappearance led to internal disorder and international threatening. Russia menaced Germany on the east and France on the west. Berlin was in a state of revolt. Bismarck came up from retirement and the people called to him to give them back their Emperor. But no one knew whether he was dead or alive, in Berlin or in Germany. In despair, the German Government called upon Sir John Templeton, the British ambassador at Vienna, to aid them in this their hour of peril. He arrives and begins to unravel the mystery. He finds that just before his disappearance, the Emperor had ordered the arrest of his private secretary and confidential friend, Doctor Hofer. He was convinced that this man held the key to that which was puzzling the minds of Europe, but the Doctor refused to explain. The people of Berlin and the Government believed that Dr. Hofer had a hand in the plot, although Sir John Templeton did not The King's Imperial Palace at Berlin is well described, as are the Emperor's mother and his beautiful sister, who, by the way, was supposed to be in love with Doctor Hofer. The description of that three weeks of suspense, of feverish anxiety, of governmental confusion is boldly and strikingly drawn. The author works with bold strokes and the assurance of a man who knows his power and his subject. The plot is intricate, yet clearly and cleverly worked out. The originality which marks the whole conception is decidedly refreshing. The interest of the reader is closely held to the magnificent climax where the Emperor re-appears just as twenty-five Princes of Germany, cooped up in a small room, have drawn their swords to sell dearly, to a Berlin mob, their noble lives. The Emperor's characteristics are admirably displayed in the few events which follow. The final explanation is that the Emperor has been away on a honeymoon trip—and this is the greatest surprise of a book of surprises. As a picture of German courtly, military and governmental life—and these three are one—the book is decidedly a hit.

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Canadians who love their country have within late years awakened to its value historically. It may be deemed a late awakening, but we may be content that the sleep of years has at last been disturbed. Writers such as Kingsford, Read, Mrs. Edgar, Miss FitzGibbon, Dean Harris, Judge DesBrisay, and others, have been prying among the musty records of national or local history, and giving to the press books worthy of the time and of the past which they reveal. To the names above mentioned are soon to be added those of the Misses Robina and K. M. Lizars, who have a work of exceeding

* Paper, 25 cents. F. Tennyson Neely, New York. The Toronto News Co., Toronto.

† Paper, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

‡ The Vanished Emperor by Percy Andreae. Illustrated, cloth. 365 pp. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

interest in the press, which is shortly to appear, bearing the well-known imprint of William Briggs. The Misses Lizars have chosen a field than which, in many respects, Canada presents none better to the historian. Their work is entitled "In the Days of the Canada Company," and is in brief the history of the settlement of the Huron Tract. Many interesting characters made their way into that section of the Province between the years 1827 and 1850—later than the last-named date the work does not carry us—and their striking personalities lend a picturesque and often dramatic interest to the pages of the volume which describes them and recites their doings and sayings. The story of the work is well sustained. The writers have written *con amore* in a most delightful style, and evidently have made extensive collateral research. "In the Days of the Canada Company," we are convinced, will rank among the most valuable of the historical works that have been offered to the public.

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Roy Devereux has struck out boldly in her book, "The Ascent of Woman."* Listen, "When we come to consider the woman of this time as she stands in regard to love, we touch the essential point of her dissimilarity to the woman of the past. . . . Thus she moves among men, taking whatever seems good to her —from this man, intellectual sympathy, and practical assistance from that. From one an idea, from another a caress, without, however, being prone to real affection in any sense of the word. The woman of culture is always reluctant to give any man a lien on her soul, and fearful of submerging the independence of the spirit in the contact of the flesh. . . . For this cheapening of love two things seem to be responsible, and of these the first is the decline of religious belief. Besides this, the dissemination of democratic ideas has taught her that she is an individual—a human being, instead of a mere function, with rights and liberties of her own—the right to love or not to love. . . . In the house of life there is only an attic now for Cupid, instead of a great, wide room . . . Conspicuous among those things whose popularity is on the wane is the form of alliance called matrimony. . . . An increasing disinclination to marry, or rather, a vague distaste to it, has shown itself among the young of both sexes. . . . The reproach of spinsterhood has to a great extent passed away, and since it is now not only possible but profitable for women to work, many of them are more disposed to take up a profession than a partner for life. . . . The facilities for divorce ought, however, in my opinion, to be considerably extended. . . . To abolish the institution would merely have the effect of reducing society to chaos, but the practice of it might well be amended (in England)."

And so this author rattles on, now sense, now nonsense. Sometimes she is practical, sometimes absurd. Yet her remarks must be taken for what they are worth. Every person who says something new must not be counted a Daniel come to judgment, nor must every startling book be condemned because it is startling. The thoughtful, intelligent, anti-faddist woman may read this book and be benefitted. Some weak women might read it and be injured.

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From Moosomin comes the voice of a new singer, a new writer in the realm of Canadian literature. Bertram Tennyson has published his first—I should judge—little volume. Though not a born Canadian he seems to love his present home, regrets that the practical powers of the Canadian mind are often developed at the expensive of the imaginative, hopes that Canadian literature will yet be worthy of the nation's character and possibilities, and is content to be one of the outriders of the Canadian literary king, yet to come. His collection, entitled "The Land of Napioa,"* contains some general essays, some sketches characteristic of the part of Canada in which Mr. Tennyson lives, and a few poems. The style is bright and sketchy, and shows that the author might have done well in literature, had he not taken up the practice of law.

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Those who are fond of short tales will find "Where the Atlantic Meets the

* Cloth, 188 pp. Roberts Bros., Boston.

* Paper covers, 162 pp. The Spectator Printing & Publishing Co., Moosomin, N.W.T.

Land," *Boston : Roberts Bros., by Caldwell Lipsett, very interesting. They are mostly stories of English life on the Atlantic coast. Some are humorous, some sentimental, and some tragic; but they are all brightly written. The first story, "The Unforgiven Sin," is an eloquent picture of a pathetic situation in the lives of two young people, where the girl, because of a momentary passion, finds herself unable to take advantage of the offer of a life partner suitable to her position and circumstances.

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"Souvenirs of the Past" † is a collection of short essays on various Canadian historical subjects, by William L. Bâby, of Windsor, Ont. This illustrated volume opens with an old family legend of his family, telling of the relation of Pontiac, the renowned Ottawa chief and warrior, to one of the Bâby family. The headings of some of the other chapters indicate the nature of the book : The old Family Compact, its origin, and what I know about it ; Service on the Detroit frontier during the Rebellion of '37 and '38 ; Journey to Little York in 1833 ; Serving jury summons in 1839, etc. Some of the sketches are very amusing, and all bright, instructive and interesting.

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"Hidden in the memories of the Red Men in Canada, there lie weird legends and strange stories of bygone years. Pictures and poems wrought by the fancy of the native historian and medicine men bring home to us the primitive civilization which still lingers at our doors. The customs of our savage folk, and the wealth of their languages and literature, are interesting to us, as belonging to a people who were the pioneers of our land." With these words, John Maclean, Ph.D., opens up his most valuable work on the native tribes of Canada. This work is entitled "Canadian Savage Folk," and contains over 600 large-sized pages, with about 100 illustrations, the frontispiece being a splendid picture of the author.

Mr. Maclean's writings on the Indians are too well-known to require any general comment. In this, his *magnum opus*, he has made an attempt to reach the inner meaning of the life of our fast-disappearing savage folk. He deals first with the general characteristics of the Sarcees, Stoneys, Mound-Builders, Nez Perces, Blackfeet, Crees, Eskimo, Sioux, etc. ; and then turns to general topics, such as motherhood, head-gear, dreams, religion and language. An interesting chapter is devoted to the native heroes, Crowfoot, Poundmaker, Hiawatha, Shawundais and Mikasto. The latter is the head chief of the Blood Indians, and as a native statesman, has stood next in rank in the Blackfoot Confederacy to the famous Crowfoot. He was, in the old buffalo days, one of the bravest warriors that lived upon the plains, and is the hero of many battles. Now as a man of peace he loves his people and is ever studious for their temporal and moral welfare. "His striking personality enables him to command implicit obedience to the customs and laws of the tribe."

But the book is full of romance from beginning to end, and every student of American history will find in it much to interest— much that is told with a charm which few historians possess.

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"The Iron Pirate," by Max Pemberton, has been published in cheap paper edition by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

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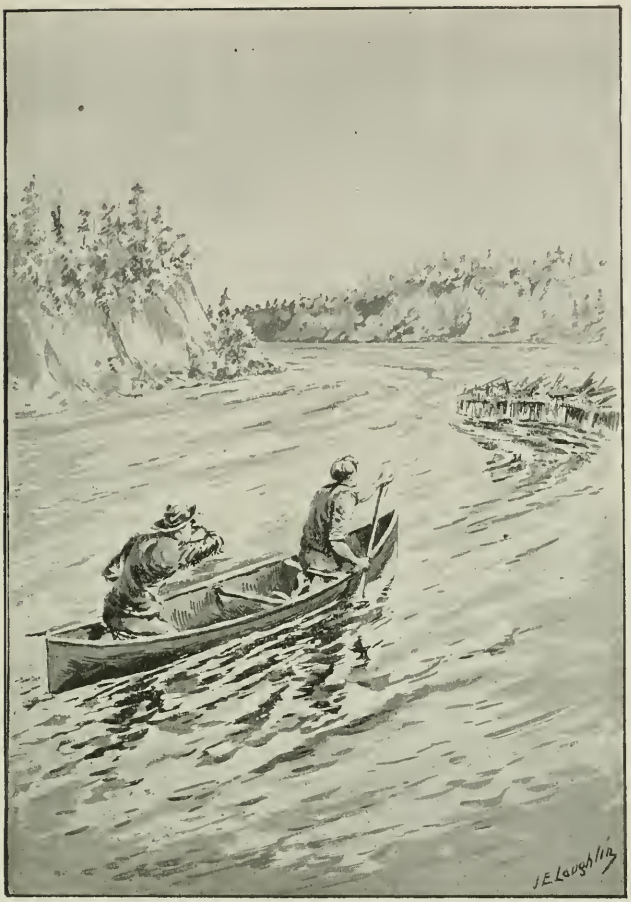
"His Honor, and a Lady," by Mrs. Everard Cotes, (Sara Jeanette Duncan,) has had a splendid sale in Canada. A paper edition* has been put on the market and the book has thus been placed within the reach of a larger part of the public. Like the other recent volumes from the pen of this gifted Canadian, the story is an Anglo-Indian one, as might be expected from her residence in that part of the British dominions. The story in itself is good, but the descriptions of Indian scenery are magnificent, while the character sketches are done in the unique style which the author first displayed in "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London.' The illustrations are numerous and artistic.

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To those interested in the history of the North-West, and to those who have read "Forest, Lake and Prairie," by John Mc-

*Boston, Roberts Bros.
† Published by the author, cloth, illustrated, 266 pp.

* Toronto, G. M. Rose & Sons ; paper, 60 cents.



FROM "SADDLE, SLED AND SNOWSHOE.

A RACE AFTER AN ESCAPED RAFT.

Dougall, his new volume, entitled, "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe; Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties,"* will be a source of pleasure. It opens with a description of Edmonton, as it was in the last days of 1862, when the collecting and shipping of furs was the one definite purpose for which the post "lived and stood and had its being. A large annual output of the skins and furs of many animals was its highest ambition. Towards this goal men and dogs and horses and oxen, pulled and strained and starved. For this purpose isolation and hardship almost inconceivable were undergone Thirteen different people, speaking eight distinct lanuguages, made this post their periodic centre." This is followed by a story of a winter trip of 120 miles performed in less than two days. And so the author rambles on, the reader following him with pleasure—now an incident of camp-life, again a description of an Indian custom or habit, then an account of a trip to some outlying point, of an Indian visit, of a tribal encounter, of a buffalo hunt, or of some other incident of life in a new country. Truth is stranger than fiction when the writer of the truth has seen strange days, strange lands and strange people, and can tell his experiences in a way that makes the reader feel that in a certain measure he is living them himself in the reading of them. Mr. McDougall is a charming *réconteur*, and endows his tales with a life and movement which is often lacking in books of this nature. The famous missionary has certainly contributed a most valuable book to the growing collection of "Canadiana." Laughlin contributes a number of very good drawings.

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"An Army Wife" is the title of a bright story by Capt. Charles King, author of "Fort Frayne" and "Trumpeter Fred." Capt. King excels in stories of Military Life, and this story, though dealing mostly with the social side, is no exception. It is the old story of love and jealousy, and the trouble caused thereby. One of the principal characters is a charming young widow, Mrs. Fanny McLane, who, shortly after the death of her husband, goes on a visit to some old friends, Capt. and Mrs.

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Cloth, 282 pp; profusely illustrated.

Grafton, at Fort Sidgwick, an army post in the West.

She knows that she will meet there her old lover, Lt. Ralph Merriam, to whom she was formerly engaged, but whom she had thrown over for the rich Mr. McLane.

Ralph Merriam, too, is married now to "pretty Floy Germain," a daughter of one of the officers at a post further up the mountains, where Merriam, shortly after he had heard of the approaching marriage of his former fiancée, has gone in charge of a survey party. While there he has been seized with fever, and nursed back to health and strength by the girl who is now his wife—the army wife of the story. Merriam has gotten over his old attachment and is devoted to his young wife, who is the pet of the regiment. They had been married only a short time when Mrs. McLane arrived on the scene. For a time all went well, Merriam behaving nobly. Some suspicions, for which there was really no foundation, crept gradually into the young wife's mind, wrecking their happiness for a time. At last she realized her mistake, and peace and happiness were restored.

The tale is full of incident and is as picturesque as one would expect from Capt. Charles King.

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"The Madonna of a Day,"* by Miss Dougall, is a remarkably original work, says the London *Times*. A novel it can scarcely be called, it is partly a fairy tale, partly an allegory; it is heavily charged with a moral far from recondite, yet it remains attractive, poetical, and, as we said, original. The allegory is recommended to vulgar, good-humored, noisy, profane, and "unsexed" modern young women. Miss Dougall's Heroine—though Miss Dougall seems to doubt or deny it—really is most distressingly vulgar. She says she has been at Girton, but Girton, we venture to think, would soon have got rid of her. She is an unbeliever on credit, as it were, like many sceptics of both sexes. By an accident not plausible, but not important, this rowdy minx appears on Christmas night, in Our Lady's colors, among a crew of miners who inhabit a lonely camp in some American mountain range. Accepted as an actual vision of the Madonna by the Irish toilers, she is later obliged to rely for protection on playing at piety and purity. How she acts her part, how she is rescued, how she "disilludes" the preserver whom her pretence of devotion has gained, makes up the substance of the tale. The moral, of course, is that women can do nothing worse for their sex than to mock at faith and deride sentiment. The conduct and method of the parable are brilliant in places, but the tedious eternal lisp of the hero is a mistake.

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Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," lives in Oxford, and is a deacon of Christ Cathedral. He stammers, and that is why he never became a clergyman. His real name is Dodgson, and his chambers in Tom Quad are said to be the finest in Oxford.

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A copy of the "Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe," by G. E. Fenety, of St. John, N.B., has come to hand, but too late for an extended notice in this issue. It will be mentioned more fully next month.

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At the present time the book trade seems to be languishing on account of hard times, the magazines and the bicycles. The best selling Canadian book of the month is Clifford Smith's "A Lover in Homespun."

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Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is thus described by a writer, who has recently met him: "His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sedentary labors, the midnight lamp, and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale, and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory remarks must be that he is as mentally robust as he is physically delicate."

* Appleton's Town and Country Library.



FRONTISPIECE, "CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

TRINITY UNIVERSITY TORONTO.

From a Photo.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 5.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

BY A. H. YOUNG, M.A.

TO be President of a University at twenty-one years of age; to found two Universities such as Trinity and Toronto; to cause indirectly the foundation of other two—Queen's and Victoria; to help, as Chief Superintendent, in establishing the common school system of a province; to make famous, by reason of his methods and the after-success of his pupils, two grammar schools—Cornwall and York; to give, as President of King's College Council, his fostering care for some twenty years to Upper Canada College; and, as his life was drawing very near its close, to see springing into life what has since become Trinity College School, Port Hope, intended to be a feeder to Trinity University, "the child of his old age," or, as he was wont to call it, "the child of the Church's adversity"; all this is surely enough to entitle a man's memory to a right to live in the country of his adoption.

All the more should he be remembered if, at the same time, he be a clergyman set over a village mission, who, looking out on the wilderness, sees children to be baptized, sick to be visited, dead to be buried, mourning ones to be comforted, and doubting ones to be confirmed in their faith, and "seeks recreation occasionally" from his ordinary work by what he called "missionary excursions," whose range extended from Brockville to the Ottawa; who, when promotion to York came in 1812, (did it seem like promotion then?) "left Cornwall with deep regret, yielding only to the conviction that it opened to me a larger field of usefulness," and quitted him like a man in his new sphere through a long succession of years, receiving in due time the reward of his labours in being made, first, Archdeacon of York, and in 1839 Bishop of Toronto; who, nevertheless, regarding his new dignities as but a stimulus to greater exertion and higher endeavour, made exploring trips in canoe or skiff to Owen Sound, Bruce Mines, and the Sault, confirming children and grown men and women, cheering the drooping hearts of his missionaries, and consecrating churches; who built and rebuilt his cathedral church four times in succession, established a college at Cobourg for the training of the ministry, founded the Church Society for Missions, held his triennial visitations, organized his diocese, successfully made the experiment of a Diocesan Synod with lay representatives, and with careful foresight provided for the division of his diocese into three, when, in process of time, increase of population required it.

Again, not only do we see in him the educator and the spiritual shepherd, but the man of affairs also. On



SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, BART.,
First Chancellor of Trinity University.

his way to York in 1812, he manfully prepares to defend himself, his family, his goods, and his fellow passengers when the captain of the ship weakly talks of surrender to a supposed American privateer that was bearing down upon him. In 1813 he appears as envoy of the defenceless people of York, and with high words threatens the lake-coast towns of the United States with a like fate should General Dearborn burn the town. In 1818 he enters political life as a Legislative and an Executive Councillor, and, though he leaves the Upper House in 1840, he is still a power, fighting by pamphlet, petition, and address in behalf of his favourite idea, state connection and endowment for his Church, till his cause is finally defeated in 1854. For thirteen years more he lives; the smoke of battle clears away, old opponents have time to forget and forgive the hard blows he gave in return for those they dealt, the people generally remember the founder and moving spirit of the Loyal and Patriotic Society that did much toward relieving distress in the war of 1812, the public-spirited man who, in the year of the cholera and that of the immigrant fever, visited and nursed the dying and buried the dead; and on All Saints' Day, 1867, the Right Reverend John Strachan goes down to the grave in the ninetieth year of his age, and, amid universal sorrow and regret, is buried in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, one of the "Iron Bishop's" most enduring monuments.

One of the saddest days in the whole of the Bishop's life, which, as he himself pathetically said in his Charge of 1860, "had been interspread by a larger number of vicissitudes than usually happen to individuals," was undoubtedly New Year's Day, 1850. For then he knew finally that one of his most cherished hopes could never be realized. As early as 1827 he had obtained a royal charter for a university to be endowed from the provincial domain, which, though in connection with the Established Church, as that term is understood in England, was yet to be open to members of any and every communion without the exaction of any test. In 1843 King's College was inaugurated with great *éclat*, after modifications had been made in the charter to meet the views of opponents; but, as University Education and the Clergy Reserve question went hand in hand, secularization of the one meant secularization of the other also. The sentiment of the country in favour of both had grown, and the University Act of 1849 reorganized King's College on those lines. Hence the Bishop's disappointment. Nothing daunted, in February, 1850, he is out with a pastoral on the subject, and on the 10th of April—two days before his seventy-second birthday—backed by resolutions of friends and sympathizers, he is setting out for England to solicit a new

charter and to ask for help in building up another university after his own heart, and on the 9th of May he is laying his cause before the English public and English statesmen. "Relying on the blessing of God," he writes, "and using their own best exertions, they (the members of the Church of England) hope soon to succeed in establishing a university strictly and unreservedly in connection with their Church; a university not confining itself to instruction in human science, but a university of which the religious character shall be known and acknowledged, in which the doctrines of the Church of England shall be taught in their integrity, and in which her pure and 'reasonable service' shall elevate and sanctify the labours of the teacher and the scholar."

"We hope to succeed in establishing for ourselves, without pecuniary aid from any public source, a university clearly and avowedly in connection with our Church. . . . The efforts which I made in the province, just before my departure, have been nobly seconded. Within a few weeks the contributions in money and land amounted to more than twenty-five thousand pounds. Yet this effort, astonishing as it is, . . . is scarcely sufficient to erect the necessary buildings. . . . Hence, having done our utmost, my people, as well as myself, feel ourselves justified in relying with filial confidence upon the enlightened patriotism, the religious zeal, the generous sympathy of our brethren at home, for enabling us to establish, in this populous and important Colony, upon a sound foundation and on a liberal scale, a seat of learning with which political agitation shall have no pretence to meddle, and which will assuredly prove an invaluable blessing to the country and to many thousands in it who were inhabitants of the United Kingdom; and not a blessing to those only who belong to the Church of England, but to all who may desire to avail themselves



THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP STRACHAN.



THE HONOURABLE G. W. ALLAN, D.C.L.,
Chancellor of Trinity University.

of the means of education which such an institution will offer." The response this time was generous, as it was afterwards, not only in England, but also in Canada and the United States, when Bishop Bethune, Bishop Fuller, the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray, Dr. Body, and the Reverends Saltern Givens, W. S. Darling, and R. H. Starr made similar appeals. Then, as later also, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge bestowed most liberal grants of money, lands, and books. The first Duke of Wellington gave land, the proceeds from which to this day maintain matriculation scholarships bearing his name, and, among other Canadians, the late Dr. Burnside made handsome donations.

But, to come back to the Bishop. Returning to Toronto early in November without his charter, but with a goodly sum at his credit, he was further cheered by being asked to attend on the 7th of the month the opening ceremonies of a medical school which had been arranged for during his absence and without his knowledge. Thus, not counting the Divinity School at Cobourg, which since 1842 had been doing admirable work under the Venerable Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Bethune, the Trinity Medical College was the first part of the new University to get under way. Under Dr. Geikie, the present Dean, and his associates, Drs. Grasett, Temple, Teskey, and others, it fully maintains the good name won for it by its first Dean, Dr. Hodder, and his staff, among whom I find the names of Drs. Bovell, Badgley, Hallowell, Bethune, and Melville. To the last-named belongs the honour of being the first historian of the University.

It was not in accordance with the policy of the Government of the day to charter any more universities, as a despatch from Lord Elgin shows, for it was hoped that Queen's and Victoria might be induced to affiliate with the University of Toronto. An Act of Incorporation *as a College* was passed by the Legislature, however, in 1851 and building operations were pushed on. On March 13th of the same year, the plans of Mr. Kivas Tully having been accepted, the contract was let, and the first sod was turned by the Bishop on St. Patrick's Day in the presence of the council, architect, and contractors. "The High Sheriff of the county," Dr. Melville writes, "volunteering to be his Lordship's barrow-

man, wheeled the barrow to the place of deposit." The corner stone was laid by the Bishop on the last day of April, the College authorities, undergraduates, and friends and contributors to the College having first attended divine service, intoned by the Reverend E. L. Elwood of Goderich, and listened to a sermon preached by the Archdeacon of York. From St. George's Church they marched in procession to the college grounds, preceded by beadle and mace.



THE REVEREND GEORGE WHITAKER, D.C.L.,
First Provost of Trinity College.

Before laying the foundation stone, the Bishop made a short speech in which he said of the College :—" It will constitute a great Christian household, the domestic home of all who resort to it for instruction, framing them in the Christian graces, and in all sound learning, and sanctifying their knowledge, abilities and attainments to the service of God and the welfare of their fellow men." Chief Justice Robinson read the Latin inscription on the brass plate, and Dr. Hodder the translation. After the laying of the stone, Sir Allan McNab made a congratulatory speech, Master John Bethune presented a Latin address to the Bishop on behalf of St. Paul's Church Grammar School, to which a suitable reply was made, Archdeacon Bethune offered the Bidding Prayer, the Reverend H. J. Grasett (not yet Dean) said other prayers, and the Bishop brought the day's proceedings to a close with the blessing.

By the 15th of January, 1852, the building was far enough advanced for lectures to begin, so on that day the College was formally inaugurated. After morning service, in which Provost Whitaker and Professors Parry and Irving all took part, adjournment was made to the large entrance hall, which for many a year after served as Convocation Hall, and here the students were with due ceremony matriculated. In his speech the Bishop rehearses the story of the enterprise, and tells how Niagara, Cobourg, and Hamilton had all wished to have the College, but how it came about that Toronto had been finally decided upon. Adverting to the purpose of the foundation, he says, " It would therefore seem that nothing is more likely to benefit students than to afford them an opportunity of living together in society—of which the regular attendance upon the religious ordinances, the observance of correct and gentlemanly habits, and obedience to a wholesome restraint, would form prominent features. Thence we

infer that without residence within the College, the full benefit of collegiate life and education cannot be obtained. The facts of attending daily service in the Chapel, morning and evening—listening to the religious lectures — dining together in the Hall, conversations on their progress in their studies, cheerfully conforming to the rules of order and regularity prescribed, will seldom fail to produce good habits."



THE REVEREND C. W. E. BODY, D.C.L.,
Ex-Provost of Trinity College.

Speeches were also delivered by Chief Justice Robinson, Archdeacon Bethune, and the Provost, and the year's work began in earnest. Very shortly after its close, July 15th, all difficulties about the degree-conferring power were set at rest by the grant of a Royal Charter giving the College *full University powers*, for neither of the other denominational universities was willing to take advantage of the Act of 1849, or of 1853, though one has federated under the Act of 1887. Trinity's position has always been, that she can have nothing to do with any scheme that does not guarantee that definite religious instruction shall go hand in hand with literature and science, and that there shall be entire absence of political control coupled with full autonomy for the colleges and adequate representation on the joint Senate of the University. Personally, I may say that, as a Toronto man and a Trinity man, loyal to both institutions, I think the best interests of higher education in this province will best be served by all the universities, as at present constituted, trying to work out their ideals each in its own way in fair and chivalrous rivalry. Every one has its good points, and every one knows best where its own weak spots are. Unity of aim is a good thing, but uniformity of method is deadening, and I am afraid we have too much of that already in educational affairs.

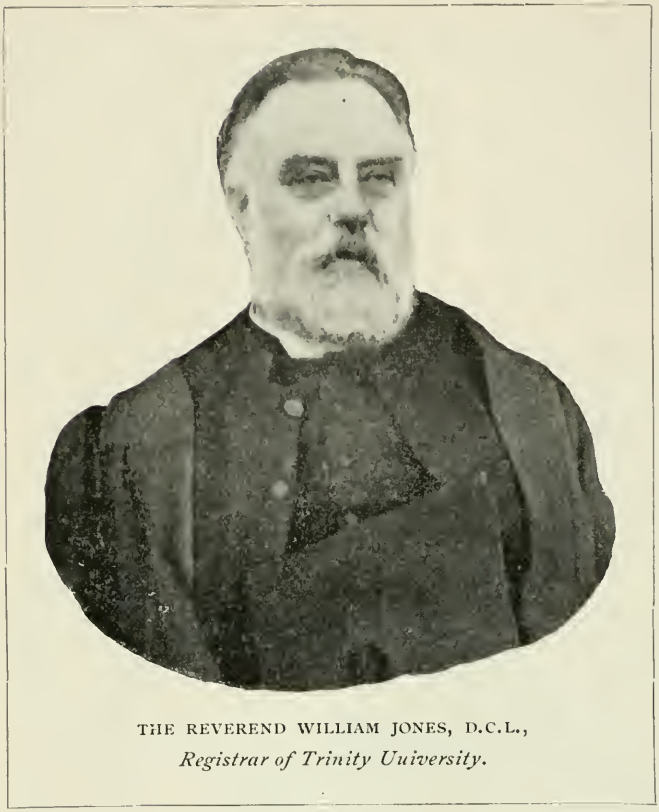
But, as Federation is not within the range of practical politics, I shall refer to another of the good Bishop's red-letter days—the 3rd of June, 1853, which witnessed the installation of his friend and helper in many a good work, Sir John Beverley Robinson, as first Chancellor of Trinity University. As the Chief Justice had been one of the Bishop's pupils in the Cornwall days, it was peculiarly gratifying to the latter, as he himself said, to welcome him to the office to which the council had elected

him. With honourable pride, the Chancellor told how the first of his father's family who came from England to America was one of the original governors of William and Mary College, founded in the colony of Virginia, and that his name is to be found among the trustees nominated in the Royal Charter which issued under the Great Seal of England on the 8th of February, 1692. "I rejoice," he added, "that in the contest which nearly a century afterwards ended in the separation of that colony from the Crown, his descendant took such a part as has enabled me to give my assistance, unimportant as it may be, in establishing at this late day in another British Province a similar institution, founded under happier auspices, and with a reasonable prospect under the vivifying influence of Episcopal superintendence of far greater and more enduring results." The speech closed with a reference to a project for celebrating the Bishop's jubilee by raising a scholarship fund. This project was carried through and matriculants now reap the reward. It is noteworthy that the installation of the present Chancellor (a son-in-law of the first, by the way) was coincident with the opening of Convocation Hall, which, through the liberality of the late Mr. T. C. Street of Chippawa, the family of the late James Henderson, Esq., and others, stands as a memorial to the Bishop. Of our Chancellors, the first served ten years before his death; the second, the Honourable John Hillyard Cameron, through every stage of its history, a staunch friend of the university, fourteen years; and the Honourable G. W. Allan is now in his twentieth year. As mayor of the city, member of Parliament, president and patron of the Canadian Institute, to which he gave the site of its building, as a business man, as Speaker of the Senate, and as one ever interested in good works of every kind, Mr. Allan, as Chancellor, sheds lustre upon Trinity University, with which he has been connected in one capacity or another from the time of its foundation, and to which he has given time, money and counsel without stint.



THE REVEREND E. A. WELCH, D.C.L.,
Provost of Trinity College and Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Good as her Chancellors have been, her Provosts have been just as good, and, as they are more intimately connected with the every-day work, that is something for us to congratulate ourselves upon. They have all, as it happens, been members of the University of Cambridge. The first Provost ruled his college well for twenty-eight years, then returned to England to rest in a country parsonage, but the



THE REVEREND WILLIAM JONES, D.C.L.,
Registrar of Trinity University.

earthly rest did not last long, for on Convocation Day, 1882, the Chancellor referred feelingly to his death. His aims were high, and he set the tone of the university for years to come. In his inaugural address he says, "God is to be served in the state as well as in the church—the layman needs religious education no less than the cleric. A society has its youth, and the character then stamped upon it—it will long retain. By unconstrained acts of deference and obedience towards superiors—of courtesy and kindness to equals and inferiors—must we give expression to those principles which should actuate us as Christian gentlemen." The best apology for any teacher, and the best advertisement for any college are the men they train. Dr. Bourinot, Major-General Robinson, Bishop Baldwin, and the Reverend Dr. Bethune are all living testimonies, among many more who are equally well known, of what the first Provost and those who were successively associated with him were able to do in the way of making men.

Trinity points with pride also to Mr. Archibald Lampman and Mr. Gilbert Parker, mention of whom brings us to Dr. Body's *régime*. Coming, as Dr. Body did, at the age of thirty or thereabouts, energy was, of course, to be expected. The endowment was largely supplemented, Convocation revived and made a most healthy organization, a new chapel was built, and the old chapel was converted into a library, which is now too small for the books we own. New professorships were founded, notably those in Philosophy and History, and an additional one in Divinity. Fellowships were established in various departments, and the departments of Science and Modern Languages were reorganized. From time to time the buildings had to be enlarged, the west wing being extended northward in 1889–90, thus giving increased living-room and class-room accommodation, together with a students' library and reading-room, and baths, lockers, etc. The corner stone, this time, was laid by the present Bishop of Toronto in connection with the ceremonies held by way of celebrating the jubilee of the Diocese, November 22nd, 1889. In June, 1894, His Excellency the Governor-General laid the foundation stone of a three-storey ad-



THE REVEREND OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.,
Dean of Trinity College, and Prof. of History.

dition to the east wing, which, together with the gymnasium, makes the limits of the two wings coextensive.

At Trinity, as elsewhere, the question of the education of women had to be faced, and, as an experiment in coeducation did not work well, it was decided to establish St. Hilda's College. While the attendance was small, it was found possible, to a certain extent, to duplicate the lectures without overtaxing the staff of Trinity; but, on Dr. Body's resigning in 1894 to accept a professorship in the General Theological Seminary at New York, it was decided that the time had come to make some change. As there was not money enough for St. Hilda's to undertake to engage a full teaching staff of its own, it was decided to revert to the coeducation plan—not as the best thing, but as the only one practicable. Fortunately St. Hilda's has had at its head from the very first a most capable and womanly woman, who has made the college in truth a home for those committed to her care and who, by the training she gives, has proved beyond a doubt that women need not lose any of the charms of womanhood by seeking to obtain the higher education. Under the new order of things St. Hilda's becomes only a residence and the Lady Principal a sort of Dean. By the end of another year it is hoped that the college will have a home of its own and that rented quarters, more or less unsuitable, will be a thing of the past.



THE REVEREND WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.,
Senior Professor of the Staff of Trinity College.

Though they have often been made the means of securing aid for St. Hilda's College, the Saturday afternoon lectures were established years ago for the purpose of giving pleasure to the friends of the university. Other institutions have followed Trinity's lead, so that in Autumn and Lent there is now no dearth of employment for those of a literary turn of mind. No man, perhaps, deserves more credit in connection with this form of collegiate activity than the Reverend Dr. Clark, who for fourteen years has been the attraction to students to enter upon the study of the subject that a Scotchman ought almost by right to profess—Metaphysic. By the retirement of Dr. Jones from the active duties of his professorship, Dr. Clark becomes the senior member of the staff, and it is only fitting that the dignity should rest upon him for, on account of his lectures and sermons, his name, more than that of any other member of the faculty, has come to be associated with Trinity in the minds of the public.

About ten years ago when Federation was being canvassed, Trinity entered into an arrangement with Queen's and Victoria in virtue of which the three universities accepted a common matriculation curriculum and held a common examination. Out of this grew the present scheme which is managed by a joint board, in connection with which Trinity and the other denominational universities yet hope to have the old understanding carried out, that, if they gave up their plan and accepted the larger one, they should have a share in working it. At the two conferences that have been held for the purpose of arranging a programme of studies for matriculation under this joint scheme, Trinity has had representatives. At the first, Professor Clark had the honour of moving the resolution which, for the first time in the history of university education in this province, fixed a definite common standard of marks. At the second, although no votes were taken, the Trinity representatives strongly advocated the raising of the standard and insisted upon a change being made in the old system of options, which were ridiculous as well as mischievous.

Any man might well be proud to leave such a record behind him as that which I have shewn Dr. Body to have left, and his successes will, I am sure, be an incentive to his successors to equal, if not surpass, them. The present Provost came to us almost a year ago, with high scholastic honours, a sound theological training, received, partly at least, under the renowned Bishop Lightfoot, and some experience of parochial work, the value of which is inestimable in a man, part of whose duties is to be training pastors. In his first sermon in chapel, he said: "Progress, and progress towards a definite aim and with a fixed purpose —these are the thoughts on which I wish for a few moments to dwell this morning. . . . The College should ever be moving forward, and moving to a definite aim. . . . The only hope for an institution, as for an individual, in these days of progress, is to keep moving, to advance in life with the advancing life all round. . . . However good the work done here in years gone by has been, better work still should be done in the years to come. . . . It is in the power of every member of the College to do something, however small his part may be, to secure, not only that we do not fall behind the standard of the past, but that, heirs of all that has gone before, we plant our footsteps a little higher on the steps of intellectual attainment." Then he speaks of religious education as being "one that does not ignore, but, on the contrary, tries to cultivate the spiritual part of the complex nature in which we are created." Of *tone*, that "indefinable thing, almost mysterious," he says: "And, naturally, no one knows what a college really is so well as its under-

graduates. *You* know what the tone is; *you* know exactly where it is all that it should be, and where it might be raised, and may I say? it is only you, ultimately, who can raise it to yet higher levels." Nor has the appeal been in vain. Undergraduates, if treated like men, act like men, and they have risen to the occasion. If space permitted I should like to write something about the side of our collegiate life with which they are more intimately connected. Suffice it to say, that they showed by the address presented to the Provost at his installation as Vice-Chancellor of the University, that they fully appreciate his ability and readiness to see things from the student, and from the Canadian, standpoint. Strong in mutual confidence and respect, undergraduates and faculty are doing their utmost to make the glory of Trinity brighter and greater than ever.

At the head of his staff, the Provost has in Mr. Rigby, the Professor of History, a Dean whose management of the Residence has been in every way a credit to himself and the College, and whose mastery of details is simply invaluable in the conduct of university business generally. Of Dr. Jones, the Registrar and Bursar, the best I can say is, that without him Trinity in the last thirty years would not be Trinity. Business-like, courtly, genial and kind, he has served his *Alma Mater* faithfully and well, and, while others have come and gone, he has remained at his post, lending continuity to her history. When he found it necessary four years ago at Christmas to resign the Deanship, the undergraduates petitioned that he might be retained, and, when he requested a year ago that he should be relieved of the professorship of Mathematics, there was but one feeling of satisfaction that his connection with the place was not to cease altogether. Looking out over the future, Trinity's prospects are bright, whether we consider the narrower view of the college with its twin residences for men and women, or the wider one of the Anglican University of Ontario, "broad as the Church of England herself," embracing the faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, Medicine, Music, Pharmacy, and Dentistry, and supported by Trinity Medical College, the Ontario Medical College for Women, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

WILD-FLOWERS.

ELYSIAN days! when graceful blossoms blow
Along the wayside everywhere I go,
And swing their petal-censers in the breeze,
Laden with incense to perfume the leas.
Ye deft embroiderers in comely hues
Of Nature's vernal mantle, tell me whose
Inimitably wondrous art you ply
To conjure from the inner world the shy,
Pale Lily of the Valley; Eglantine,
That flaunts its beauties where most often seen;
Wild Arethusa, mocking (quaint buffoon!)
The Blue Flag's aristocracy of June;
And Summer's myriad floriage so grand,
Evoked from Hades by thy occult wand.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Democratic party of the United States has declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one of gold. The party that for three consecutive Presidential elections has chosen a strong conservative man like Grover Cleveland as its leader and standard-bearer, has now thrown aside all pretence to conservatism and raised the standard of anarchy. In 1892, the Democratic party was drawing to its ranks the best elements of all parties, because its leader and platform promised to uphold the honor of the nation, and maintain its credit at home and abroad. This year the element which had supported Cleveland, and which has stood by his policy since he resumed his high office, was completely overcome by men who scorn the beaten tracks of ordinary statesmanship, and who seem determined to overthrow the existing state of things without regard for cost or consequences.

Free coinage of silver is the chief plank of the new platform, and the fight purports to be between silver and gold. But this is the most superficial view of the real issue. In most of the great political contests of the world, the watchwords only dimly outline the essence of the thing aimed at. The objective point of the silver party in the United States lies a great deal beyond the mere coinage of the white metal, and the overthrow of the predominating power of gold in the industry and commerce of the world. The silver agitation is the most convenient way of getting there. It is the most definite and easily understood method of appealing to the popular imagination, and, at the same time, cloaking the real objects which might be alarming to timid minds whose support they desire to obtain.

Let us try to get at the heart of this agitation. Hitherto the two great political parties in the United States have contained strongly conservative elements, and their ideals and methods of government were not essentially dissimilar. Once the Democratic party represented States' Rights as opposed to Federal authority. But the war very largely obliterated this as a practical issue. The Republicans were in power during the war, and came out of it with the glory of maintaining the Union. It had the work of reconstruction on its hands, and this gave it control of the nation's destiny for some years. It made it the National party, and permitted it to gain the kudos always attached to constructive statesmanship. In time this work was done and the ship of state sailed on. Then came the inevitable concomitant of a long period of power and of office-holding corruption. But besides, and more important, the system of Protection kept steadily developing. It is a policy which grows upon a nation insensibly. It has its root in human selfishness, and one favour in the direction of special legislation leads to another. Iron gets an additional plum. Sugar must have another. Woollen gets a fresh sop. Rope and cordage must have an equivalent. And this kind of legislation, quite designed to build up a few great industries and utterly regardless of the interests of the masses, was deliberately pursued under the Republican *régime* for twenty years. It got its original justification from the avowed necessity of paying off the war debt, but it got a continuing sanc-

tion from the pressure and power of great interests which were the beneficiaries, and it was sugar coated, as all special legislation is, by the glowing declaration that industrial life is quickened by Protection, and the wicked foreigner duly worried.

The result of all this was inevitable. The Republican party became tainted. Its prestige was shattered by a number of discreditable revelations in connection with public business, and there was an audible protest growing against special legislation. Millionaires were multiplying, and the millions of these were multiplying. Railway monopolies were springing into existence. Farmers were bled to pay large dividends on watered stock. The telegraph was vested in great corporations whose only aim was dividends and wealth.

The Democratic party, as its fortunes began to revive, placed itself on the platform of clean government and gradually against special privileges and tariff legislation. In 1884 Mr. Cleveland was chosen as the Presidential candidate, and the public felt assured that this meant clean government. A reform of the tariff was in the air. Protests against monopolies were freely made by the Democratic leaders and these found an echo in the hearts of the masses. These rallied to the Democratic standard and Mr. Cleveland was elected, the first time since 1856 that a Democrat had gained the Presidential chair.

Little could be done to mitigate the evils of the protective system during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first administration. The House was Democratic but the Senate was still emphatically Republican and could block the way. The years rolled by with scarcely anything achieved except that a number of officials changed. As the term was approaching expiration Mr. Cleveland did one brave and manly act. He assailed the high tariff policy in clear and pungent terms. He created a new, definite and far-reaching issue. By this he aroused the power of the privileged classes. Large sums of money were subscribed by the beneficiaries of special legislation, and he was defeated in 1888. This was the first great tug between the masses and the millionaires, and on the first round the latter won.

In 1892, the rank and file of the Democracy demanded Cleveland as a candidate, and got him in spite of the bosses, whose chief aim was power and office. This time the people won and Cleveland was overwhelmingly elected in spite of the most desperate efforts of Privilege. With him came in a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate, and the way was clear for effective reform legislation. For a few years prior to this struggle there had been forming in the West a Populist or People's party, and its influence was extending into the South. The men who headed this movement were not satisfied with the platform of either of the regular political parties. These struggling men reflected the bitter and deep-seated resistance to the selfish system whereby men were being made millionaires at their expense. They found the land grabbed by the landlords; the railways and telegraphs controlled by the monopolists; and the industrial life of the country in the hands of a few great individuals or corporations who were reaping all the enormous profits of special legislation while the toilers who kept the machinery running were living on a paltry pittance. The farmers of the West were kept reduced to almost the misery of despair. Low prices for farm products, high freights and high prices for goods consumed—this was the galling condition of the Western settler. These people said, we must have not only a reduced tariff, but railway exactions must be got rid of at all hazards, *and the power of gold curtailed.* Here we are getting pretty close to the core of the silver question.

The Populist party developed quite a strength in the Presidential election of 1892. They polled over one million votes and carried two or three Western states; their power would have been much further developed if it had not been that the South, where the Populist sentiment had taken deep root, was so Democratic that the idea of electing its President was still an overshadowing aim.

Mr. Cleveland's second administration has been a comedy of errors and misfortunes from the start. The Democratic party was in complete power in both the Legislative Houses and had the Executive. The masses were eagerly looking for reform. Good men in the United States who plainly recognized that special privileges were morally wrong, and that millionaire-making was a dangerous and disastrous thing for a nation, looked to see the evils of the tariff reformed, to see monopolies swept away, and equal opportunities afforded to all. The body of the industrial classes were looking to see big concerns shorn of their over weening power, and fair play given to honest labor. All recognized that too much power was in the hands of a few great corporations, and that the capitalistic class which centred in New York was exercising too much control over the destinies of the nation. Now that the Democrats had full control a new era was to commence.

What happened was that while the best men in the party under the inspiration of Mr. Cleveland tried to get an honest tariff through Congress, they were met and foiled at every step by men who represented the monopolistic class. It was soon found that in the Senate of the United States the Democrats were mixed up to the teeth with Wall Street. Others were interested in sugar, still others in coal and iron. These men were like the Scotch fisherman who wanted free trade in everything except herrings. One man in the Senate was willing that all vestiges of protection should be removed except upon collars and cuffs manufactured in his town! The result was that the tariff act which finally became law disappointed everybody. The Republicans and their tariff proteges were against it, of course; every honest tariff reformer was disappointed and grieved by the utter and humiliating failure of his party to do anything. But the greatest point was that the masses saw plainly that there was nothing in the way of genuine reform to be expected from the Democratic party. Not a blow had been struck at the combines; Gorman and Brice were up to their eyes in league with the Sugar Kings and Coal and Iron magnates. Not a step was to be taken to curtail the power of corporate wealth and to give hope to the toiling farmers and wage earners of the country.

It happened at this time that the Treasury was subject to a deficit, and this led to a drain of gold from the Treasury vaults. Mr. Cleveland believed in maintaining the national credit to the highest point at home and abroad. He therefore issued treasury bonds and sold them for gold in order that he should always have a large reserve of gold available. This step was opposed to all the ideas of the Populists and those who believe in silver. It suited the policy of the great lending classes in New York and was hence obnoxious to those who wanted something done to break down the money power of Wall Street.

The result of all these causes combined was to leave the way open for a vast and powerful Populist party, and such a party would have come into existence if a majority of the Democratic party had not anticipated it and gathered all the elements of discontent to their fold. If a majority of the recent Democratic Convention had declared for a gold standard and nominated a gold candidate for President, then there would have been a formidable fusion of the silver and

Populist parties; but the movement becomes much more formidable when it takes form under the leadership of one of the great political parties of the nation. The cry for Silver, as was said at the beginning, means much more than a mere question of coinage. It means an upheaval of the toiling masses, and a desperate struggle to break the power of wealth, monopoly and privilege. Call it Socialistic, if you will,—it is, at bottom, that; call it anarchy, in a certain sense it is even that. The men at the head of this movement are quite content that things should be turned topsy-turvy in order that certain dangerous powers which have grown up under the wing of Privilege, should be restrained. The very objections which are urged to free coinage are what commend it to the ardent support of its champions. "It will completely disarrange finance," cry the gold men. "True," responds the Silverite, "that is exactly what we want. New York has had control of the gold of the nation, and this is the basis of currency. By this means she has absolute power over the whole finance of the country. She can make gold appreciate to suit her interest, and wheat and corn correspondingly depreciate. She revels in interest-bearing bonds and she wills that the Western farmer shall get only fifty cents in gold for his bushel of wheat, and even then so limits the medium of exchange that he has to pay tribute to the banks for the ordinary transactions of life."

The essence of the Silver movement is a rebellion against the power of accumulated wealth, which, acquired by special and unfair means, has for years exercised an undue control and overweening influence. It has controlled Presidents and Congresses. It dictates the utterances of the Press. The pulpit cringes before it. Representing not more than four or five per cent of the population of the United States, it has more real influence in shaping the policy of the nation than eighty per cent. of the toiling masses. Under a system of popular government this cannot go on forever. The people will yet rule and this silver movement looks as if they had taken the bit in their mouth, and were resolved to have a great deal to say as to how the nation should be governed. It does not disturb the average silver man to tell him that the free coinage of silver dollars at the ratio to gold of 16 to 1 will injure the national credit and lead to a panic in Wall Street. That is just what he wants. He believes—and this, of course, is very immoral—that a large portion of the money owed to the creditor class has been unjustly acquired, and he is not worried at the thought that the debt should be paid in silver, even though it is really but fifty cents on the dollar. The movement for silver is not essentially different from a movement to strike down special privileges, high duties, and land monopolies; but it is more superficially specious and more easily and quickly appeals to the imagination and sympathy of the mass of the people.

It looks now as if the forces arranged against the new movement were too strong to give it any reasonable chance of success. Wall Street is thoroughly aroused and will spend its millions freely to crush out such a dangerous theory. But the fight is an open and undisguised one. The silver men will point out that they are fighting against these very forces and appeal to the victims of the gold power to protect themselves from their ancient and implacable enemies. Mr. Bryan will have the support of those who are feeling the pinch of poverty—who are conscious of inequality of opportunity in the industrial conditions of the nation, and who would like to see existing conditions uprooted though revolution and a little anarchy were involved in the transition.

In a certain sense, and in much modified form, this condition of war-

fare between masses and privileged classes exists in Canada. For years past it has been the policy of the Ottawa Government to build up great and powerful interests by virtue of special legislation ingeniously cloaked under the specious guise of encouraging home industries. The example has been in a certain degree contagious, and indications are not wanting of a tendency on the part of political leaders to make themselves solid, not by having sole regard to the interests of the people, but by means of creating great and powerful interests which are supposed to have an overshadowing weight in the political scale. Let it be fully and maturely understood that from a policy of this kind a reaction is sure to come. Under a system of popular government, the five per cent. or the ten per cent. cannot rule forever, nor, indeed, rule at all, unless their rule be equitable and fair. The very influences which drove the masses of loyal Frenchmen in the great Revolution to cut off their king's head, to exile the rich nobles, and to take the government into their own stern hands, will, at no distant day, achieve the downfall of special privileges in the United States, curtail the power of wealth, and inaugurate a stern era of popular government. If the provocation is sufficient, Canada will have the same experience.

A new government has just been installed in power here. It succeeds one which was persistently charged with being the patron of great interests, and whose policy was avowedly moulded on the lines of protecting great industries. What will the new administration do? Will there be inexorable justice dealt out to all classes? Will there be an heroic adhesion to the broad and unchangeable principles of absolute equality, or will there be a timid leaning toward compromise,—a disguised dicker on the basis of cutting off the pig's tail by little bits, so that the animal may suffer less pain? These are the questions which observing men are now watching with interest. This much may be affirmed with certainty—the pendulum will continue to swing to and fro. Every undue concession made to a class will be atoned for when the pendulum swings back. The true method of government is inexorable justice and fair-play to all, and special privileges to none. The statesman who dares to govern in the interests of the people, and the whole people, may not be able to hold power long; but he will make history and lay the foundation for a renown not based upon the fleeting and pitiful claim of having been able so to pull the wires as to be forever holding office and drawing salaries.

SMALL, INDEED.

Earth's acres are all too few
For the millions she has bred;
But, small is the share of the dead,
Only a hill-side or two.

MARRY MARSTYN.



OUR PARTY ON LAKE ATHABASCA.

THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

*A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.**

BY J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S.

I.—FROM EDMONTON TO FORT CHIPPEWYAN.

IT was on the 10th of May, 1893, that I boarded a train for Toronto, with the object of meeting my brother, J. B. Tyrrell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, and making final arrangements with him for our trip to the north.

We had been authorized by the Director of that Department to conduct an exploration into that great mysterious region of "terra incognita," consisting of about two hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying to the west of the northern portion of Hudson Bay, and commonly designated as the "Barren Lands." Of almost this entire territory less had been known than of the most remote districts of "Darkest Africa," and excepting on the outer borders, its vast snow-driven plains had never been pressed by the foot of man save that of the dusky savage.

What rivers, lakes, or mountains, what stores of nature's wealth might exist in this great unknown, our country knew not. These were the questions submitted to us for solution.

Our party, consisting of eight men, was already made up; and our supplies, including two strong, varnished

* This article will be completed in three issues. For many of the photographs used the writer is indebted to the Director of the Geological Survey.

cedar Peterboro canoes, were shipped by rail to Edmonton. Here in this northern railway-terminal town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the north branch of the Saskatchewan River, our party—with the exception of two western men—assembled on the evening of the 22nd of May.

Thus far the personnel of our party was as follows:—J. B. Tyrrell, geologist; myself, topographer and Eskimo interpreter; three Iroquois from Caughnawaga, Quebec, and one half-breed from Prince Albert. The Iroquois were three brothers named Pierre, Louis and Michel French. Pierre, the eldest, was a veteran with the paddle. A year or so before he had gained quite an extended reputation by running the Lachine Rapids on Christmas day out of sheer bravado. His brother Louis had also won some distinction as a boatman through having accompanied Lord Wolseley on his Egyptian campaign; whilst Michel, the youngest brother and smallest of the three, was known to be a good, steady fellow. One western man, John Flett, from Prince Albert, had been highly recommended as a man of great experience in northern travel, and as being steady and reliable. All of the men spoke English fairly well except Michel, who could speak only Iroquois and French. Such was our party at the commencement of the journey.

Necessarily several days were spent at Edmonton, where we found our supplies awaiting us. Though provisions had been ordered in advance at the Hudson Bay Company's store at this place, a little delay was caused on account of their not being ready upon our arrival; but by the morning of the 27th our outfit was loaded upon waggons and sent off upon the northward trail leading to Athabasca Landing, a small Hudson Bay Company's post situated one hundred miles distant on the banks of the great Athabasca River. Two days later, on Monday morning, my brother and I started out in a light vehicle after the outfit. The weather was showery, and in many places the trail was very soft. Occasionally deep mud-holes were met with, bearing evidence of the recent struggles of the teams of our advance party, but as we ourselves were travelling "light" we had little difficulty in making good progress.

Late in the day the weather cleared, and permitted us to enjoy the view of the lovely country through which we were passing. As to the soil, it was chiefly a rich black loam, and was well covered, even at this early season, between the clumps of poplar scrub, by rich prairie grass. A few settlers were already in the field and had built or were building log cabins for themselves on one side or other of the trail.

A little farther on our way the country became more hilly, the soil more sandy, and covered by the most beautiful park-like forests of jack pine. Many of the trees were as much as fifteen inches in diameter, but the average size was about eight inches. After passing through some miles of these lovely woods we again merged into more open country, wooded alternately in places with poplar, spruce and jack pine.

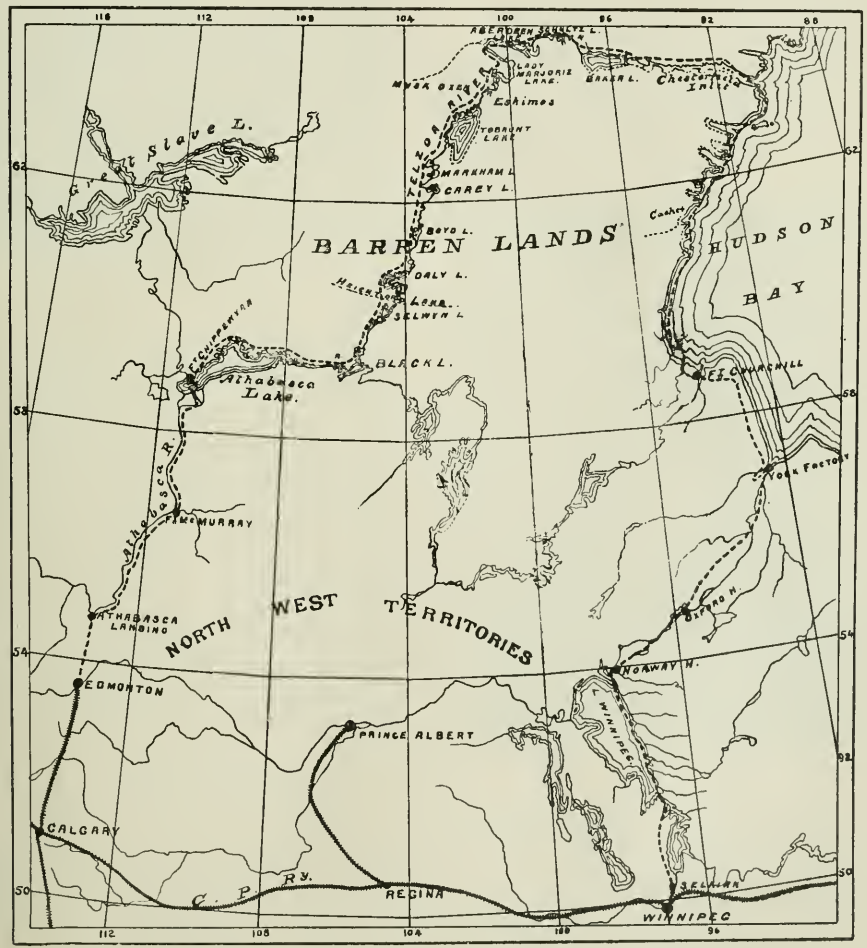
About nine o'clock in the evening, when half way to the Landing, we reached the height of land between the two great valleys of the Saskatchewan and Athabaska rivers. Here, upon a grassy spot beside a pond of water, we decided to make the first camp of our journey. As the night was clear no tents were pitched; but after partaking of some refreshments, each one rolled up in his blanket and lay down to sleep beneath the starry sky.

Though we rested well, our slumbers were somewhat broken by the fiendish yells of prairie wolves from the surrounding scrub, and the no less diabolical screams of some loons which were sporting upon the pond close by. An effort was made to have the latter

nuisance removed, but any one who has ever tried to shoot loons at night will understand the immensity of such an undertaking.

At six o'clock the following morning we were again upon our way to the Landing. During the day we made several halts to rest and feed the horses, and passed several freighters carrying supplies for some of the northern Hudson Bay Company's trading posts. Without further incident we arrived about nine o'clock on the evening of the 30th of May at Athabasca Landing, only a few hours after our loads of supplies, which we were glad to find had all been safely landed. On account of the roughness of the road we had been a little anxious regarding the safety of our canoes, but as they had been well crated they stood the journey without being seriously damaged.

The town of Athabasca Landing, consisting in all of six log buildings, situated in the deep and beautiful valley of one of the greatest rivers of America, is an important station of the Hudson Bay Company, being the point from which all the supplies for the many trading posts along the Athabasca and McKenzie rivers are shipped, and the point at which all the furs from these places are received.



ROUTE OF THE TYRRELL EXPEDITION OF 1893 THROUGH NORTHERN CANADA.

In order to provide for the shipping business, the Company has erected a large wharf and warehouse, beside which, upon our arrival, one of the first objects which attracted our attention was the uncouth looking stern-wheel river steamer *Athabasca*.

It is a fact I think not very widely known, that from this place up stream for about one hundred miles, and down stream for fifteen hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean, this great northern waterway, excepting at two rapids, is regularly navigated by large river steamers owned by the Hudson Bay Company, and employed by them in importing provisions and trading supplies, and in exporting their valuable harvests of furs.

Because of the two impassable rapids the river is divided into three sections, and three steamers are necessary. Goods are transported from one boat to the other by means of scows over the greater part of the rapids, but for a short distance at "The Grand Rapid" by means of a tramway built for the purpose.

As we had previously ascertained, the steamer *Athabasca* was due to leave the landing on her down trip on or about 1st June, so taking advantage of the opportunity we shipped the bulk of our stuff by the steamer to Fort Chippewyan, situated three hundred and fifty miles down the river on Lake Athabasca, and on the evening of the 31st May, provisioned only for the trip to Chippewyan, we launched our elegant "Peterboros" in the great stream and commenced our canoe voyage.

Our trip down the Athabasca and thence easterly through the great lake of the same name was not without interest; but as this section of seven hundred miles of our route has been traversed and described by earlier explorers, I propose to abbreviate this narration by passing over it.

Before proceeding, however, one or two points will require explanation. At the outset of our journey we had only two canoes and four Indians, but by arrangement a third canoe and two other men joined us at Fort McMurray as we passed down the river. Also, at Fort Chippewyan a guide was obtained, and it was hoped that he would be of great service to us; but before the unknown country was reached the guide had deserted.

II.—FROM STONE RIVER TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

About a month had passed, and on Sunday, the 2nd of July, we were in camp at the foot of a wild and beautiful cataract near the mouth of the Stone River, which discharges its foaming waters into the eastern extremity of Lake Athabaska.

The weather was very warm, and the black flies and mosquitoes swarmed in the woods and about camp so that we could find no escape from their ceaseless hum and dreaded bite. In this neighbourhood they did not exhibit the customary respect for a smudge; for dense smokes were made about camp, but the flies appeared to revel in them.

During the day my brother and I indulged in a walk up the river to view the falls, and we were well repaid for our trouble; for they presented many varied and magnificent views. Near camp, at the foot of the rapids some of the men were otherwise occupied. They had set out a gill net on Saturday night, and when taken up in the morning it was found to contain a number of beautiful fish, some of the finest specimens I have ever seen. Two salmon trout caught measured three feet one inch and three feet two inches in length respectively, and the white fish, of which there was quite a number, ranged in weight from six to ten pounds.

Following our day of rest there came one of most laborious exhausting work. Our camp was not only at the foot of a beautiful fall, but in consequence was at the lower end of a

rough and rocky portage, which was found to be three miles in length, and being near the beginning of our journey our canoes were all fully loaded, which meant that we had in the



J. BURR TYRRELL.

neighborhood of four thousand pounds of cargo to be transported.

One of our men, Jim, was unfortunately laid up for the time with an ugly gash in his knee, so that we had only five packers; but being fresh and in high spirits they went at their work with a rush, notwithstanding a two hundred feet rocky hill which had to be climbed, and a deep muskeg which had to be waded through. Long before night, however, the spirits of the men experienced a sad depression, as the unaccustomed task told heavily upon them.

Before evening the feet of every man in the party were fearfully blistered, and all complained of pains and soreness. Each man had carried six loads across the portage, which represented a walk of thirty-three miles, eighteen of which were travelled with one hundred pound packs, over rocky hills and through swamps knee deep with mire. This was a disheartening beginning, but it was good training for what was to follow.

That night camp was made at the upper end of the portage on the shore of a small lake or expansion of the river.

The next morning the weather was unfortunately hot and the flies out in swarms as on the day before. Our men were all very foot-sore and stiff, but without a grumble resumed their work. Two more trips across the portage were necessary before everything was landed at camp, and by the time this was accomplished it was nearly noon; but without a pause—so eager were we to advance—our canoes were loaded, pushed out into the lake and headed for the opposite shore, where ere long we discovered the mouth of our river. But it was not for us to enter.



J. W. TYRRELL.

When yet far out on the lake we could see its foaming waters, and as we drew nearer could plainly hear the unmistakable roar of a cataract. Some distance to the right of the river



FORT McMURRAY.

a sand beach was observed, and going ashore upon it we found ourselves at the foot of our second long portage.

On account of the condition of our party camp was now ordered to be pitched, so as to give the men some chance to recruit; but my brother and I walked across the portage, which we found to be three and one-half miles in length. It was, however, a much less difficult portage than the former one, being more level and less rocky. Its upper end terminated upon the shore of Black Lake, where we had hoped to find some Indians who might be obtained to assist us across. But in this we were disappointed, as we found only old forsaken tepee poles and blackened fire places. Being weary, we tried to rest for a little while upon the shore of Black Lake, but the flies and mosquitoes swarmed about us with such frightful fury that we were soon compelled to beat a retreat and seek relief beneath our mosquito awnings at camp.

Regarding this portage, there is an Indian tradition which says that it was here the Great Spirit first made black flies, and certainly our experience would tend to bear out that belief.

The next day camp was moved to he bank of a little creek about three-quarters of a mile farther on our way, and our canoes were carried entirely across the portage, but another day and a-half were occupied in landing everything upon the shore of the lake.

On the afternoon of the 7th we started out in a north-easterly direction, following the shore of Black Lake for a distance of about sixteen miles, until we reached the landing-place of an Indian hunting trail—of which we had been informed — leading to the northward. This place, up to the present time, had been our objective point, and the road to it was known to us; but beyond, nothing was known of our road or the country through which it would lead us, excepting for a few days journey, of which we had some Indian information.

It was for these few days travel that we had hoped to have the assistance of a native Chippewyan guide; but long before reaching this place he had deserted us. He had found it too much exertion to keep up with our rate of travel. Though nominally our guide, he was usually scarcely visible in the rear, although always managing to turn up about the time meals were ready. I may say that the information which we had regarding the hunting-trail was to the effect that by following it up through numerous swamps, streams and lakes, and over a height of land into a large lake, we would find a "great river flowing to the north into a treeless country." As to where the river flowed to, we did not know. That was part of the work of discovery we had undertaken.

On the morning of July the 8th, therefore, without guide or map, we commenced our journey into the "Great Unknown Wilderness."

Our road started with a two mile portage through thickets, swamps, and over rocky hills; but by this time our men had become more accustomed to this work, and went about it in a more methodical manner.

My own first duty was at all times to make a survey of our route, and secondly, to collect the flora of the country, whilst my brother's time was chiefly devoted to geological research, and the general direction of the party; but when occasion demanded we also took our turn with the "pack straps," as we did upon this long and difficult portage.

In order to make an easier trail than the existing circuitous one, which led over sharp, angular stones and precipitous rocks, we were obliged to cut our way through a thicket for a distance of half a mile; and having done this, the work of again portaging through the forest was begun. Fortunately Jim, who had been crippled by a cut in his knee, was now able to be on duty again, and he proved to be a capital hand, the best of our party at portage work. He would willingly load himself with a pack of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and start off with it on the professional trot to the other end of the portage, in this case two miles distant; but it was amusingly different in the cases of some of the men.

The Iroquois always endeavored to secure for their packs such articles as tents, blankets, or dunnage, and after making immense bundles of little weight, they would stagger off with them, like old "Atlas" himself. However, all worked willingly and well, and it was ten o'clock at night before the last loads were laid down at our new camp on the shore of a tiny lake at the north end of the portage. Thus day after day we journeyed on, following the Indian hunting route across numerous lakes, over many wooded portages and up a large river, until we reached what we have named Selwyn Lake.

One evening, after a dreary day's travel in a chilling rain, a little incident occurred which may be of inter-



Francois Mauriece. Pierre French. John Flett. James Corrigal. Michel French. Louis French.

OUR CANOEMEN.

est. As I was seated by the camp fire enjoying a "pot" of tea and endeavoring to dry my clothes, my brother appeared from over the hill close by—where he had been pounding rocks—and reported having heard a cariboo calf in the swamp near at hand. Being always ready for sport I picked up my rifle, and getting him to point out the direction from which he had heard the noise, started out, though it was already nearly dark, for some venison. The dense spruce swamp was very wet, and literally alive with mosquitoes, which at my every step rose up from the wet grass in swarms and beat against my face.

A "run-way" was soon found, and then, thinking I was likely on the right track, I hurried noiselessly along through the gloom of the forest, hoping soon to hear something of the calf. After travelling some distance without any signs of success, I was about to return on account of the increasing darkness, but just then heard, a little distance ahead, the cracking of a stick. I had no doubt that it was caused by the foot of the fawn, and so quickly but silently glided on. Again and again the noise was heard, and each time nearer than the last, so my advance was continued more stealthily, until in a thicket of scrub, only a few yards ahead, the disturbing of some branches was noticed. Still no deer could be seen, but on creeping up closer I suddenly came within full view of a huge black bear seated upon his haunches and occupied in rubbing the mosquitoes off his nose. I confess I was somewhat surprised at the proportions of my supposed calf, but levelling my rifle, I fired at the side of bruin's head, whereat he exhibited some surprise by leaping into the air, making several delirious revolutions and bolting away into the gloom of the swamp. Though probably wounded, it had become too dark to follow him. The darkness had already caused my aim to be faulty, and so without further amusement I groped my way back about a mile to camp, and related my adventure with a "cariboo calf."

Selwyn Lake was found to be a large body of water fifty miles in length, and at its northern extremity the height of land—of which our Indian informer had told us—was reached. Up to this line—situated in north latitude 60° 20′—the flow of the waters had been southerly, towards the Athabasca basin, but beyond it the country sloped gently towards the north and north-east, and, consequently, henceforward our course would be with the stream. Our elevation above sea level—ascertained from our barometric readings—was here about thirteen hundred feet; and upon this summit, which was timbered with spruce and tamarac, I climbed to the top of a tall tree and there nailed the Union Jack. As I descended I trimmed off its branches, and it made an excellent pole.

III.—FROM THE HEIGHT OF LAND TO REINDEER CAMP.

Over the height of land a portage of a mile and a quarter had to be made, when our canoes were again landed upon the waters of what we have called Daly Lake, in honor of the Minister of the Interior of Canada.

The elevation of Daly Lake was found to be about fifty feet lower than that of the large lake which we had just crossed, and its length about sixty miles. Its shore line was deeply indented by bays, and much obscured by islands; but after a good deal of careful searching, the outlet—our informant's "Great River flowing to the north"—was discovered.

It was indeed a great, broad and rapid river, broken up into numerous channels, not deep, as a rule, but as it were the waters of the lake spilling out over the edge in the lowest places. This was the river we had set out to explore, so with nothing more than conjectures as to where it would lead

us, we pushed our canoes into the stream and sped away to the northward.

Landings were made when necessary in order to carry on the survey and examination of the country, but otherwise our canoes were kept in stream and our men at the paddles.

Many rapids were met with, but our veteran steersman, Pierre, with his skill and unflinching nerve, was usually able to choose his course and steer it, sometimes through channels between rocks little wider than his canoe.

Upon one occasion, which I well recollect, Pierre led the way for the centre of a wild rocky rapid. We soon saw that he was making for a heavy shoot between two great rocks, where the channel appeared barely wide enough to allow him to pass. I determined to follow; but our third canoe, steered by cautious Jim, sought a channel nearer shore, where there was not so much water. Pierre, by keeping straight in the centre of the current, was shot through the notch in safety, but my steersman, being less skillful, allowed our canoe to be caught by an eddy, and in an instant it was whirled about like a cork in the boiling stream, but happily it entered the notch stern first, instead of sideways, and we were carried through in safety—no thanks to the canoeman.

The third canoe fared worst of the three, for in the shallower water, it was dashed upon a great flat rock and smashed on the bottom, but its occupants by jumping out, or falling out (I am not sure which) upon the rock, managed to hold their damaged craft until assistance could be given them The load of the disabled canoe was soon safely landed by one of the others, and the damage repaired.

We were now fairly beyond the limit of the woods, which for sometime past had been gradually becoming thinner and more scattered and of more stunted growth. On this account it is impossible to lay down any



IN CAMP AT CHIPPEWYAN.

definite line as the limit of the forest. Outlying patches of spruce and tamarack might still be found here and there in the most favored locations; but as a whole the country was now a vast rolling, treeless wilderness.

A stunted grass grew along the valley of the river, and in the low lying places; but much of the country was covered by dense beds of moss—not soft and spongy, but, with the exception of the upper few inches, frozen solid in perpetual glaciers, of what depth we could not ascertain. In some places where they had broken down into the river or lakes, they were observed to be as much as thirty feet in depth; but how much deeper they may have been it is impossible to say.

On the evening of the 28th of July we were in camp at the north end of an expansion of the river named Barlow Lake. Our supply of meat was already running low, for, being quite unable to carry provisions with us from the start for the whole trip, we had taken only a limited quantity of this form of food, trusting that with our rifles we should be able to replenish our supply from time to time by the way. Up to this time, however, we had seen nothing in the shape of game since leaving Lake Athabasca, excepting the one black bear. Plenty of old deer tracks had been seen, but not a single deer, and in consequence of this we were beginning to feel some anxiety. If game should not be found within a week or ten days it would be necessary for us to return, or proceed with the probability of starvation before us.

We had only begun to think seriously upon this question, when upon the evening above mentioned, just as we had gone ashore, a moving object was noticed upon a little island out in the lake. By means of the field glasses it was made out to be a deer, and I need hardly say that no time was lost in manning a canoe and pulling for the island. As we approached, the deer watched us closely, and soon, satisfied of danger, bounded into the air, galloped to the farther side of the island, plunged into the water and struck out for the nearest shore. The rate at which the frightened animal tore its way through the water was really marvellous, and for a time it appeared as if, with our light canoe and four paddles, we would not be able to overtake it. Every muscle, both of deer and men, was strained, so that the chase became a veritable race for life. Unfortunately for the poor animal though, the course was too long, and before it could reach the shore we had overhauled and shot it. That night we enjoyed our first meal of venison.

The next day, after descending the river a distance of five or six miles, and getting into another body of water which has been named Cary Lake, and through which we were steering a central course, one of the party observed something moving upon the distant shore to our right. It was soon made out to be, not one, but a band of deer, so our canoes were headed for the land to leeward of the band, that they might not scent us as we approached. As we drew nearer, we found that there was not only one band but that there were many great bands literally covering the country over wide areas. The valleys and hill-sides for miles appeared to be moving masses of reindeer. It would be impossible to estimate their numbers. They could only be described in acres or square miles. We had heard of the great herds of buffalo which used to rove our western plains: but hearing of such things and suddenly being confronted by such moving acres of living flesh, are two very different experiences. After a short consultation, a place for landing near a small grove of tamarack (one of the last we saw) was chosen.

Rifles were examined and an ample supply of cartridges provided. Shot guns and revolvers were furnished to four of the men, and thus prepared,



H. P. CO'S. STEAMER "GRAHAME."

we landed and drew up our canoes. So far the deer had apparently not observed us; but to prevent a general stampede, it was arranged that I should go around to the rear of a large detachment of the herd near by, whilst my brother should approach them from the shore. Accordingly I was given fifteen minutes to run around a mile or so behind some rising ground. Meanwhile the rest of the party scattered themselves about in different places, and at the appointed time, my brother having approached within easy range, opened the fray by bringing down a noble buck. At this first shot the whole band —a solid mass of at least a thousand deer—was thrown into confusion, and they rushed and swayed to and fro, not knowing which way to flee. Following my brother, I opened a volley on them from the rear, and the men charged from the sides, whilst the two of them who were unarmed were obliged to take refuge upon a great boulder to avoid being trampled. The band was quickly scattered, but not before a woeful slaughter had been made, and an abundant supply of fine fresh meat secured, for which we were sincerely thankful.

A fortunate circumstance in connection with the event was that there was wood at hand in the grove with which to make a fire and dry the meat; so having, slain as many or rather more deer than we required, the men were set to work to prepare dried venison for the remainder of our journey. We felt very much encouraged at our good fortune, since we thought we had now nothing to fear from lack of provision.

Several days were occupied in drying the eighteen or twenty carcasses which were preserved, and as this work was progressing my brother and I had ample time to roam over the hills and view and photograph the bands of deer which were still everywhere about us.



ELIZABETH FALLS, STONE RIVER.

After the slaughter of the first day we carried no rifles with us; but armed only with a camera, walked to and fro through the herds, causing little more alarm than one would by walking through a herd of cattle in a field. The whole experience was a most delightful and memorable one.

Before leaving "Reindeer Camp" a great commemoration cairn of rocks was built upon the summit of the highest hill; a record of our journey to date was put into a bottle and placed in it, and the "flag that has braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze" left floating above it.

(To be continued.)



MIDSUMMER IN MANITOBA.

HIGH up in air the fleecy clouds are sailing,
So soft, so purely white, with silvery gleams,
The heavenly blue looks deeper through their veiling,
And the great sun with lessoned fervor beams.

The air is vibrant with sweet sounds of summer,
All insect life rejoices for an hour,
Far up in shady trees leaves dance and shimmer,
Where jubilant birds have built their airy bower.

Soft sigh the breezes bearing breath of clover,
The prairie grasses seem to laugh with glee,
Rippling with waves of silky whiteness over,
Till all the fields look like a fairy sea.

But, hark! what means this low, portentous murmur?
The sighing wind unto a gale has grown,
The fleecy clouds, now dark and angry, lower,
A flash,—a crash,—all nature seems to groan.

But wild and wilder still the awful chorus,
The flaming heavens are darting tongues of fire,
The thunder bursts like booming canon o'er us,
The elemental war is waging higher.

With awe-struck heart and paling cheek we utter
The solemn words unheeded oft before:
"From lightning and from sudden death deliver,
Good Lord, Thy people who Thy aid implore."

The storm is past, the skies have stayed their weeping,
The stars are out, and dimly in the east
Breaks the fair dawn, signaling night's releasing,
Till sunset hour brings back the time of rest.

M. LeSueur MacGillis.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOLD SIR BRUN.

CRIED the bold Sir Brun: "With the wave and the wind
And my true steel to stead me,
Whatever land my fate shall find
Must yield a wife to wed me!"

Then shoved his shallop from the sands,
And westward, blithely, turned the prow—
"My brethren three may keep their lands
Till I have loosed my vow."

For thrice three days did bold Sir Brun
Sail ever toward the set of sun;

And now the fairy-fingered spray
Leapt laughing with the white noonday;

And now a waste of waters wan
The moon and he, alone, looked on,

Till black above the ocean brim
Some little isle peeped up at him.

Cried the bold Sir Brun: "Ho the wave and the wind
And my true steel to stead me!
And what land here this chance doth find
Must yield a wife to wed me."

Full fleetly did his shallop swim
Upon the willing waves to shore,
Where lo! a maid awaited him—
One maiden and no more!

He beached his boat upon the sand
And stooped to kiss her proferred hand;

Then turning from the desert sea
Went up with her all lovingly.

They wandered through the fields of flowers
And noted not the fleeting hours;

The mute enchantment of her gaze
Hid from his sight the death of days;

And the weeks, and the months, and the seasons passed
Till winter waned their love at last.

Mused the bold Sir Brun: "'Twas the wave and the wind
And chance alone that led me;
What fault of mine if fate did find
This pretty fool to wed me?"

Then stole by night to the silent sands,
And eastward turned a stealthy prow;
"My brethren three must yield their lands
For I have loosed my vow."

But the maid was mistress of that sea,
For the land was the land of old Faerie.

And ere Sir Brun had reached the deep
She shook the whirlwind from its sleep.

A black hand blotted out the moon;
The winds fell sightless and aswoon;

Close crushed beneath the bulk of night,
The ocean panted, dumb with fright,

Till shrieking through the frenzied spray,
The tempest sprang upon its prey.

And he heard her voice: "Nor the wave nor the wind
Nor thy vain steel shall stead thee,
Nor in the land thy fate shall find
Waits any wife to wed thee."

For a thousand fingers seized his boat
And wrenched and tore it in their wrath,
And the roaring waves leapt for his throat
Like lions foaming froth.

But now the whirlwind sullenly
Departed from the shuddering sea;

And now a waste of waters wan
The frightened moon again looked on;

And now the wakened waves at play
Leapt laughing with the dawn of day—

But sunk from sight of moon or sun
'Twas lifeless lay the bold Sir Brun.

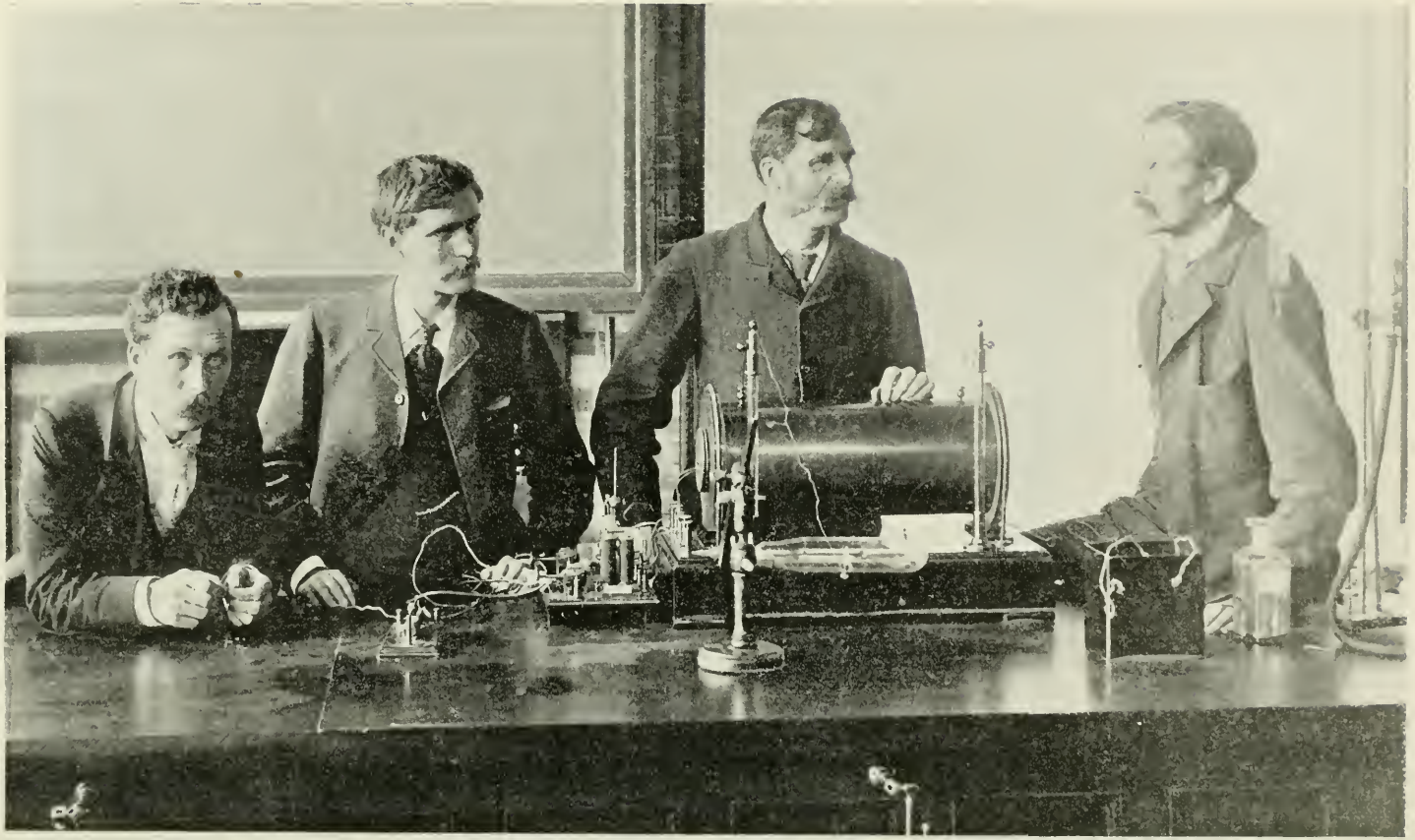
C. PRYME

VIA CANOE.

THE mists roll up
From the bars of the river,
The waters swing
Where the willows lean over,
As we drift out
With the tide forever,
Past sandy reaches
And wheeling plover.

The mists are gone
From the grey of the beaches,
The waters rest
The alder-trees under,
As we drift down
Past the river reaches—
Through the rapids of Dream
To the Roadstead of Wonder.

THEODORE ROBERTS.



FROM A PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR THIS ARTICLE.

H. M. Tory, B.A. F. H. Pitcher, B.A. Sc. Professor Cox, M.A. (Cantab.) Professor H. L. Callendar, M.A. (Cantab.)

THE PROFESSORS OF THE MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING.

THE PHYSICS BUILDING AT McGILL UNIVERSITY.

BY F. TILLEMONT-THOMASON.

I.—ITS HISTORY.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, as far back as 1855, laid special emphasis upon the necessity of a "Department of Practical Science" in connection with McGill University, Montreal. The matter was taken up as speedily as possible, and from 1856 to about 1893 the new department suffered various vicissitudes, chiefly remaining, however, as a branch of the Faculty of Arts. In 1878 the Faculty of Applied Science was created—and although the Physics Building is still a department in the Faculty of Arts, yet its classes are attended pretty equally between "Arts" and "Applied Science" men; and the ruling minds of the Physics Building—Professor Cox and Professor Callendar—are on the staff of both faculties.

About the year 1888 the head men of McGill began to feel the pressing necessity of a special building for the Faculty of Applied Science and for Physics. Mr. William C. Macdonald, one of the Governors of the University, sympathised so truly with the desires of Sir William Dawson (the then Principal) and Professor Henry T. Bovey in this respect that he immediately, in his quiet unobstrusive way, commenced plotting out a scheme of his own—a scheme that would cost him in the long run, as he well knew, something like a million dollars—and as soon as his busy life permitted he started off on a series of visits to various universities in the States to see what was being done elsewhere, and what McGill really required; he made close studies at Harvard, Cornell and Baltimore, and when he had acquired a grasp of the necessities of the case he introduced Professor John Cox upon the scene as the man best able to go into the subject exhaustively and in detail. This was in 1890.

Mr. Macdonald gave Professor Cox carte-blanche, simply asking him to create an ideal Physics Building that should be among the best in the front rank. After many months spent in hard work and travel Professor Cox formulated a Model Course of Study to be pursued by the students, and sketched out roughly the requirements of a building to be specially constructed and designed to meet this great educational programme.

To Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, the architect of the University, fell the task of studying these requirements and practicalising them; and it is unanimously admitted that from a scientific, constructive and architectural view-point, this difficult work could not have been more perfectly or more satisfactorily carried out. The Physics Building stands to-day as the epitome of the united labors—each in his own sphere—of Professor Cox and Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Macdonald gave Mr. Taylor also carte-blanche, in fact almost more; he practically said, "spend as much as you can, the more the merrier;" and he emphasised this more than ever when Professor Cox came to consider the question of the purchase of instruments.

On the 24th day of February, 1893, amidst all the brilliancy and distinction of state functions, were opened at one *coup* by his Excellency the then Governor-General—Lord Stanley of Preston—the "Macdonald Engineering Building," as well as the "Macdonald Physics Building."

Thus was built, thus equipped and thus set out as steadfast a ship as ever

sailed upon the largely undiscovered oceans of scientific-research; as ever spread her youthful pinions to the gentle breezes born of the breath of the gods: a ship that, like so many before, like so many probably still to come, may never reach port, never be able to say her journey is done; but which, ere she sink into the oblivion natural to all things terrestrial, shall have sighted many a harbour afar off —picked up many and many a ship-wrecked discovery, and helped throw overboard, perhaps, many a fallacious theory or obsolete idea: a ship that, ere her history dissolves into the mists of an ever evanescent future, will have weathered many a storm, and ridden triumphantly again and again over the tempestuous billows of numberless heated controversies and intricate speculations: a ship that shall go as near the North Pole of Hidden Knowledge as any other of her contemporaries, nearer than most; and that shall, even in her extremest old age, serve as a light-ship and beacon of encouragement to the *youngerlings* that may succeed her after the lapse of centuries.

The destiny of the Physics department of McGill University will be as the destiny of Canada; and its future, like Canada's, can only be faintly foreshadowed even from the brilliant position it has already won for itself.

2.—DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

The edifice, of which two views are shewn in FIGS. 1 and 3, is of solid stone, evidently intended to last from generation unto generation. The artistic effect outside is in the Romanesque style of Architecture, a style which Mr. Taylor has made so justly popular and in which he takes a special delight; hence the happy result is a building solid yet elegant, beautifully proportioned, quaint in its features and yet thoroughly up to date in all its particulars.

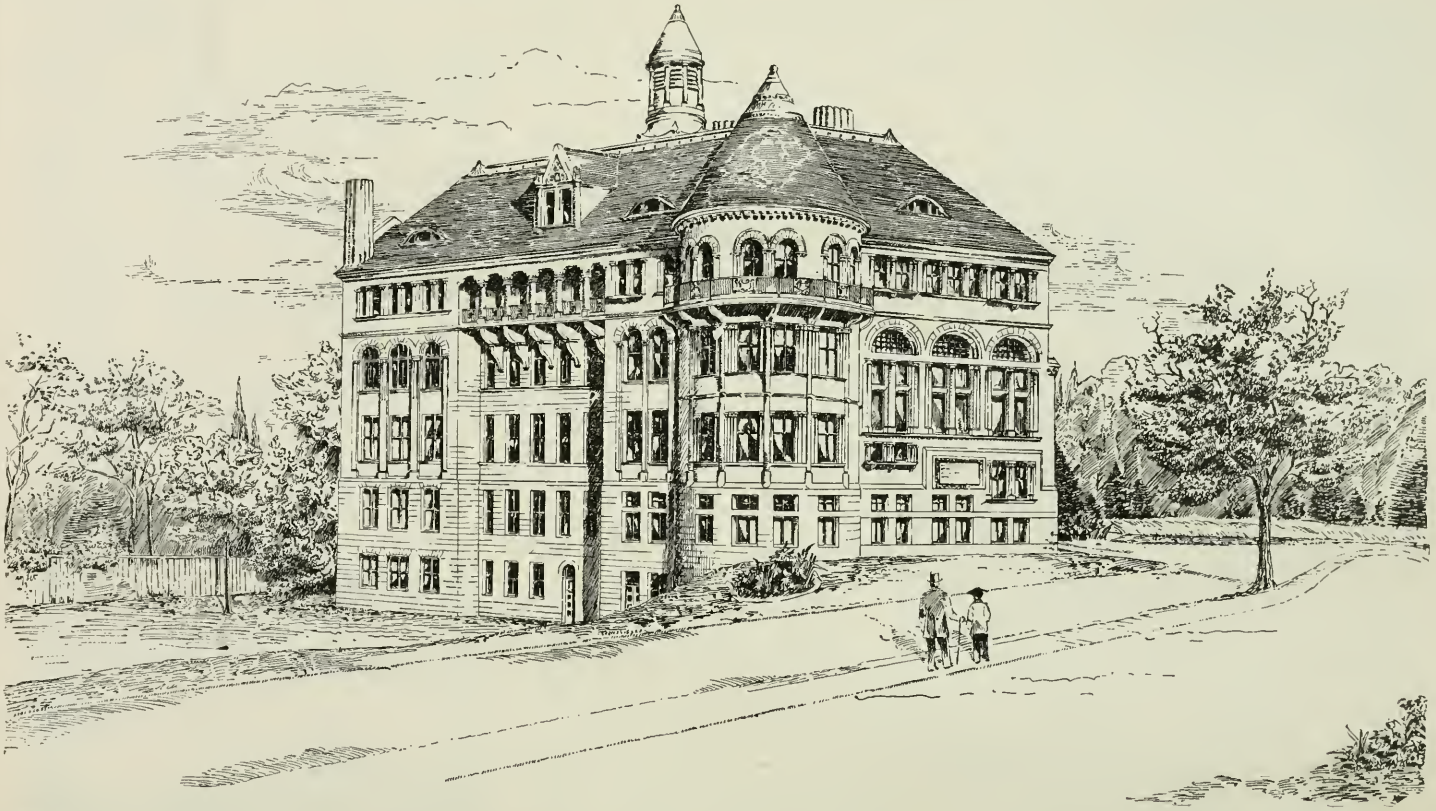
The building is five stories in height, exclusive of a fine suite of store-rooms in the attic floor—each floor having an area of over 8,000 square feet, the length being 125 feet and width 64 feet.

All the interior fittings are of finest oak and the floors of stained maple; the main floor beams are of solid oak, 15 inches by 12 inches, no steel or iron construction having been used in any part of the building on account of the magnetic disturbances caused by these metals—indeed, so necessary was this in a building intended to be absolutely perfect that even the nails in the flooring are of copper, as also are all heating coils, pipes, door locks and other metal fittings.

In addition to the Laboratories and large Lecture Theatre, there are whole suites of Laboratories and Apparatus-rooms for special studies, Mechanics, Optics, etc.; supplemental Lecture Theatres and Preparation rooms, as well as practical workshops; and a well stocked library containing every practical and valuable work on Physics.

The one great factor which has aided most towards securing the unrivalled perfection of this Building is that the Engineering Building was erected and designed not only at about the same time, but as part of the same general scheme, and the Architect seized upon this fact to concentrate in the Engineering Building all machinery likely to cause the least tremors or magnetic influences, thus leaving the Physics Building absolutely free from disturbances of even the most remote character; hence all power for lighting and for running the few light motors is derived from the Engineering Building.

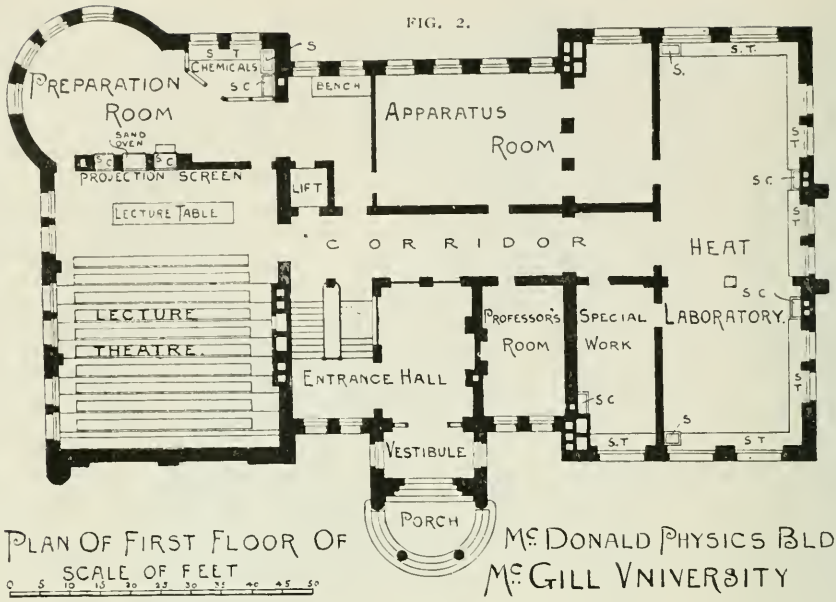
In FIG. 5, we have a view of the chief Lecture Theatre, shewing the lecture table of solid slate 20 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide and 2 inches thick, supported on brick piers carried down to an independent foundation. This slate table is encased, without contact, with oak panelling, and has a



SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. T. TAYLOR, F.R.I.B.A.

FIG. 1.—THE MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING—NORTH-WEST VIEW.

FIG. 2.



full supply of gas jets, water faucets and sinks: there are connections with fume (stink) closets, with Electric currents which can be drawn at 95 or 195 volts direct from the three wire system, or at any degree of lower voltages from other sources supplied; this table has also fitted to it oxygen and hydrogen arrangements supplying these gases under pressure up to ten atmospheres; and air blast, and exhaust. This Theatre has two heliostat windows—Helios was the Greek Sun-God; the back wall has a lofty gallery for suspension; (in the well-hole of the staircase a suspension of 80 feet is obtained accessible at all levels), the blackboard of ground-glass 14 feet by 5 feet can be backed with white or black cloth at will, raised or lowered as convenient, or can be used transparently for magic-lantern projections. This unique lecture table is seen in the picture of the group of "The Professors of The Macdonald Physics Building discussing the properties of the X rays," forming the frontispiece to this article, and it is also shewn in FIG. 5. This Lecture Theatre is 30 feet high, with a floor area of 46 feet by 36 feet, accommodating 200 students comfortably.

On the plan, FIG. 2, are shown the independent piers supporting slate tables for delicate work requiring absolute freedom from vibration—these piers go right down to their own foundations and are not in any way connected with the floors or walls—they are absolutely independent.

3.—SOME SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS.

As has been said before, carte-blanche was the order of the day; Mr. Macdonald's own words were, "Let us have everything of the best, with a definite aim for everything, but always of the best:" and Professor Cox in his speech on the opening day happily alluded to the difficulties this instruction imposed upon him. "Sometimes," he said, "I found it a difficulty to choose between first-class instruments and first-class makers, which almost made me feel it a grievance that Mr. Macdonald had not put upon me a price limit, so that I should be compelled to say, 'I may not have this'."

The instruments have been chosen with three objects in view :—

(1) For the illustration of Lectures.

(2) For elementary and practical work.

(3) For advanced work and private research, (such as the X rays experiments, etc., etc.)

(1) For the Illustration of Lectures there is a host of splendid apparatus. Briefly one may mention the Great Projection Lantern which is a costly replica of the one used by the Royal Society of England, as well as a Brockie-Pell inclined carbon arc lamp, which is steady, noiseless and focus keeping and of 3,070 candle power, The electrical instruments include a beautiful twelve-plate Wimshurst machine made under Mr. Wimshurst's own superintendence and originally intended for the Chilian Government.

(2) For elementary practical work there is every possible instrument in triplicate and even quadruple-triplicate, no matter how costly, that can be required by second and third year men. They include, amongst hundreds, micrometer guages, callipers, spherometers, cathetometers, microscopes, etc., etc., all for measurements of length. For time, there are pendulums and chronographs. For mass, there are nearly two dozen delicate balances. For specific gravity there are more balances. For moments of inertia and coefficients of elasticity, for photometry and properties of lenses, there are numberless delicate instruments. While for elementary electricity there are accurate resistance boxes by Nalder Bros., several metre-bridges, potentiometers and sine galvanometers, voltameters, quadrant electrometers and seven d'Arsouval galvanometers.

(3) But, of course, the gems of this almost priceless collection are devoted to furthering the deeper work of the



PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 3.—MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING—SOUTH-WEST VIEW.

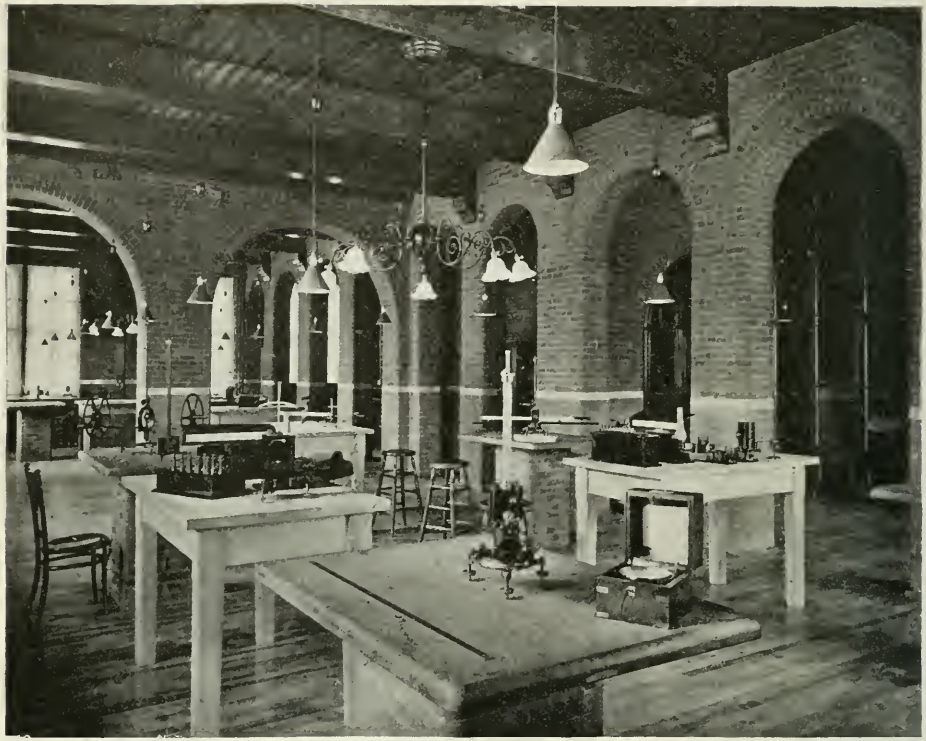


PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 4.—THE ELECTRICAL LABORATORY.

fourth year men and the private researches of the Professors and Honours men. The list of even the finest of them is far too numerous to give here, and one dares hardly select two or three for fear of making an unhappy choice. One must mention, however, the time circuit from the observatory for regulating the clocks and pendulums, and the Regnault tuning-fork chronograph by Koenig employed in the direct determination of longitude between Montreal and Greenwich in 1893. The electrical fittings are specially superb and include faithful duplicates of all the most famous instruments in England and Germany, as, for instance, a duplicate of the famous Fleming-bridge in use at Cambridge, Eng., and presented to McGill by the late Duke of Devonshire. In optics, all of the very finest of the Geneva Society's apparatus, and those of Elliot, London, are included. They certainly form the most perfect series of instruments on this continent, perhaps anywhere in this world.

It is entirely from the purpose of this article to give a detailed account of the hundreds of beautiful and costly instruments chosen with such admirable foresight and comprehensive knowledge of the requirements by Professor Cox—they need to be seen to be admired, and used to be appreciated.

4.—THE WORK OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT.

The Physics Building at McGill has for its object the providing of a training in the principles of Science which is essential not only as part of the liberal education designed by the "Faculty of Arts," but is a necessary

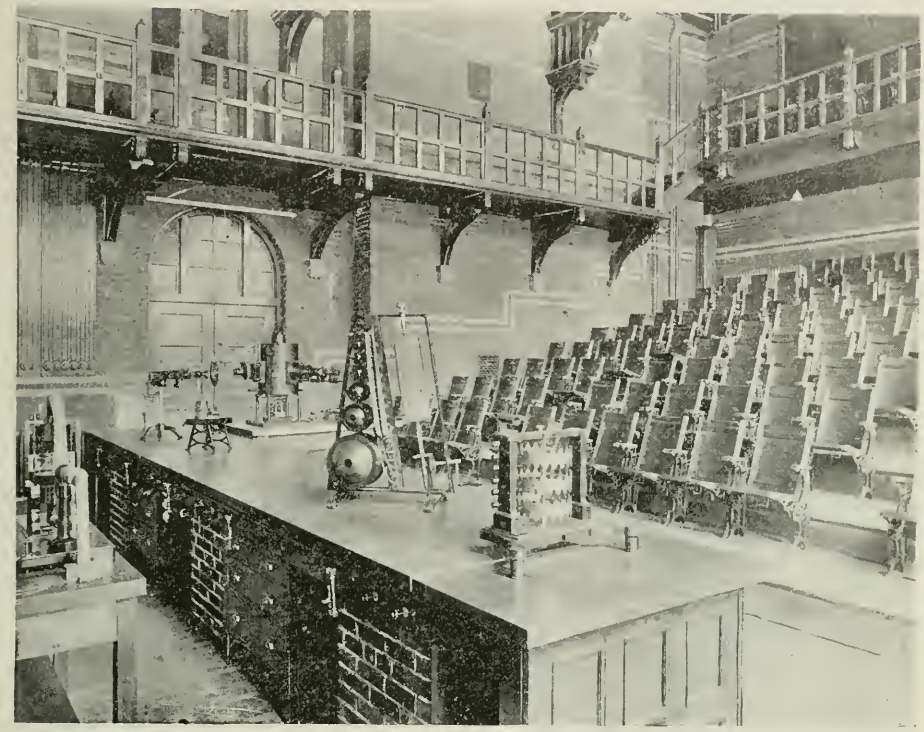


PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

FIG. 5.—THE LECTURE HALL.

preliminary to an intelligent study of Engineering, Medicine and Chemistry; and includes instruction in the principles of Electricity, magnetism, sound, heat and light, as well as the prosecution of original research.

Now-a-days no educated man or woman can afford to ignore the study of the laws of nature, and the methods of the sciences which investigate them; every man and every woman would be the better for a knowledge of Physics, of the laws that regulate this wonderful world, this wonderful life of ours; and no one can be a good doctor, a proper architect, a chemist, a mechanical, mining or civil engineer, builder, plumber, mechanic, ironworker or manufacturer of metals, glass, or any other compounded goods, without a more or less thorough grounding in Natural Science.

Men seeking their degree in "Arts" at McGill, are required during their first year's course to take up, amongst a due multitude of other subjects, Elementary and Inorganic Chemistry as preparatory to future work in Natural Science—not Natural Philosophy as according to Touchstone, which he described in the bald assertions that "the property of water is to wet and of fire to burn," but a Natural Science and a Natural Philosophy that weighs, calculates, judges and circumscribes the invisible and the atomic—a Natural Science that is almost an alchemy of the gods.

In his second year the "Arts" man repairs to the Physics Building to study Elementary Mechanics; and in the third year he is initiated into all the intricacies of Mathematical Physics; including Statics, Dynamics, Clerk-Maxwell's theories of matter and motion and Hydrostatics; and he may take up as special subjects, Optics and Astronomy, Heat, Light, and Sound

and the laws of Energy, as well as a thorough laboratory course.

During his fourth and last year he will pursue his third year's subjects more deeply and will complete his studies in the advanced laboratories; he will also have the option of grappling more determinedly with Electricity and Magnetism.

Although the Physics course is used in connection solely with the faculties of "Arts" and of "Applied Science," yet its classes may be attended by any persons under certain conditions who thereby become partial students of the university, at greatly reduced fees.

For men in "Applied Science," the Physics lectures are much the same as for "Arts" men, but in all cases the former are given special facilities for acquiring a practical experience in the handling of the instruments and other practical work. Electrical students in the fourth year are taught specially the use of variometers, magnetic and Electrical measurements, comparison of standards and testings, and Electric light photometry. An additional course on telephone and telegraph construction will shortly be added.

5—THE BUILDERS AND WORKERS OF THE PHYSICS BUILDING.

Much as Mr. Macdonald, the donor, deprecates even the least obstrusive attempt to bring his name before the public, yet his munificence deserves, one might well say demands, a most prominent popularity; and a natural and irresistible impulse compels one to say a few words about this remarkable man; more than a few, a very few words cannot be said because Mr. Macdonald seems to instinctively shrink from all publicity, from all praise and from all expressions of thanks.

Nothing can more fitly illustrate this amiable feature in a man deserving of so much public appreciation than his short, simple unaffected speech addressed to the Governor-General on the opening day—an occasion on which Sir Donald A. Smith, the Governor-General and other distinguished visitors vied with one another in the delivery of speeches notable for their appropriate eloquence and the learning they displayed, Mr. Macdonald contented himself with these few words, so modest and so entirely to the point; "May it please your Excellency, my duty on this occasion is a very simple one. It is merely to present to your Excellency the keys of the Engineering and experimental Physics Building in order that your Excellency may declare both buildings formally opened for the educational purposes for which they have been erected. I hope your Excellency will be so good as to retain the keys in remembrance of the event"—the keys were in a box made of teak taken from the S. S. Beaver, the first steamship to round Cape Horn.

Mr. William C. Macdonald is one of the twelve Governors of the University of McGill, and is a member of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning; he is a native of the Lower Provinces but has resided for over forty years in the City of Montreal, where he is regarded by all as one of the few leading men in business and educational circles—he is a man possessed of large views of life and a thorough student of human nature.

His descent is mainly Scottish, as the fine old name he wears plainly indicates; on his Mother's side the English part of the family were prominent U. E. Loyalists in the troublous times of 1775.

Although Mr. Macdonald has, perhaps, passed the most active years of his physical existence, yet the present writer, joins his heartiest wishes to those of thousands of earnest men and women who have popular education in Canada close at heart in hoping that Mr. Macdonald may be spared for very many years to continue his ceaseless labors for the welfare of "Good Old McGill;" and one has confidence in ex-

pressing this wish when one notes the mental and physical vigor he displays on every occasion, and the youthful enthusiasm he is still capable of when once interested in a subject.

Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, the Architect of the University of McGill, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, is a typical Scotchman, with all the Scottish enthusiasm for art and love of the beautiful.

An artist to his finger tips, Mr. Taylor has erected in the spacious grounds of McGill University a series of monuments that will bear eloquent testimony of his artistic and constructive genius long after he himself shall have been gathered unto his fathers. Mr. Taylor received his education and early professional training in Edinburgh, but completed his studies in London, Eng., where his peculiar merits quickly earned him distinction, and he eventually became a Fellow of that august body, "The Royal Institute of British Architects." Soon after he had settled in Montreal, now some ten years ago, he was elected a member of the "Royal Canadian Academy of Arts," an institution towards the success of which Mr. Taylor devotes much of his time. Mr. Taylor is still a member of the firm of "Taylor and Gordon," the well-known London architects, and he is the author of a valuable text-book on Architecture, entitled "The Churches and Steeples of Sir Christopher Wren."



FIG. 6.—THE PHYSICAL LIBRARY.

Professor John Cox is one of the few genuine "Cockneys" to be found in Canada—a native of "good olde London towne," born in the year 1851; Professor Cox is a tall, handsome man, with the kindliest possible eyes, and possessed of a highly intellectual appearance added to a most

engaging personality, a somewhat military bearing and the manners of a polished gentleman—the latter a rare quality in these degenerate days, despite the advances of education, obliging to a fault, wrapped up in his work almost to the exclusion of everything else, a born student and a born teacher of students; McGill is indeed to be congratulated upon having such a man at the head of its Physics Department.

In Professor Cox we have a man who knows all that is being done in American Physics, who is as much at



PHOTO. BY WALFORD.
ANDREW T. TAYLOR, F.R.I.B.A.

home in the leading German laboratories as Dr. Röntgen himself, and who has even juggled away a summer holiday experimenting in Physics at Simla.

Professor Cox is a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; also a Fellow of McGill. For ten years he was the head warden of Cavendish College, Cambridge, as well as a Senior Moderator of the University, while for two years he acted as a lecturer on the Staff of the University Extension Scheme in England—a scheme, by the way, one would wish to see inaugurated in Canada. Few men can be said to possess the natural qualities and special training required in a Professor of Physics to the same degree as Professor Cox.

Professor Hugh L. Callendar has, for the last two years, shared much of the labors of Professor Cox, taking as his special department the purely experimental work. Professor Cox says Professor Callendar is one of the finest experimental physicists in the world, and we may well believe this when we bear in mind that Professor Callendar was recently elected a "Fellow of the Royal Society" in England, the most exclusive of all learned bodies. On the other hand, Professor Callendar holds Professor Cox in even higher esteem, so thoroughly do the two men harmonize with each other in their work.

Professor Callendar was born in 1863 at Hatherop in Gloucestershire, England. He is, like Professor Cox, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a M.A. of that University, besides having been for some years a University Extension Lecturer.

Mr. H. M. Tory is a native of Nova Scotia, but graduated at McGill in 1890, taking his degree of B.A. He was then drafted on to the teaching staff, and has proved himself a most able, even indispensable assistant to Professor Cox and to Professor Bovey in the Engineering Building, for Mr. Tory's duties are dual—he is the Sessional Lecturer in Mathematics in the "Faculty of Applied Science," as well as Demonstrator in Physics.

Mr. Frank H. Pitcher is also a graduate of McGill, and took his degree of B.A.Sc. in 1894; he is happily a native of Montreal. Mr. Pitcher is a young man, but has already shown singular aptitude as a Demonstrator in Physics; and his career, with that of Mr. Tory, will be watched with special interest as representing the class of men Canada must look to in the future to fill the professorial chairs in her Universities with born and bred Canadians.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XV.

JOINT POTENTATES.

AMONG all the houses in a Scottish parish, the homeliest and kindliest is the manse, for to its door some time in the year comes every inhabitant, from the laird to the cottar woman. Within the familiar and old-fashioned study, where the minister's chair and writing-table could not be changed without discomposing the parish, and where there are fixed degrees of station, so that the laird has his chair and the servant lass hers, the minister receives and does his best for all the folk committed to his charge. Here he consults with the factor about some improvement in the arrangements of the little commonwealth, he takes counsel with a farmer about his new lease and promises to say a good word to his lordship, he confirms the secret resolution of some modest gifted lad to study for the holy ministry, he hears the shame-faced confession of some lassie whom love has led astray, he gives good advice to a son leaving the Glen for the distant dangerous world, he comforts the mother who has received bad news from abroad. Generations have come in their day to this room, and generations still unborn will come in their joys and sorrows, with their trials and their affairs, while the manse stands and human life runs its old course. And when, as was the case with Dr. Davidson in Drumtochty, the minister is ordained to the parish in his youth, and, instead of hurrying hither and thither, preaching in vacancies, scheming and intriguing, he dwells all his days among his own people, he himself knows three generations, and accumulates a store of practical wisdom for the help of his people. What may be the place of the clergyman in an English parish, and what associations of sympathy and counsel the rectory may have for the English farm-laborer, it is not given to a northern man to know; but it is one good thing at least in our poor land that the manse is another word for guidance and good cheer, so that Jean advises Jock in their poor little perplexity about a new place to "slip doon an' see the Doctor," and Jock, although appearing to refuse, does "gie a cry at the manse," and comes home to the gude wife mightily comforted.

The manse builders of the ancient days were men of a shrewd eye and much wisdom. If anywhere the traveller in the north country sees a house peeping from among a clump of trees in the lap of a hill where the northeaster cannot come and the sun shines full and warm, then let him be sure that is the manse, with the kirk and God's acre close beside, and that the fertile little fields around are the glebe, which the farmers see are plowed and sown and reaped first in the parish. Drumtochty Manse lay beneath the main road, so that the cold wind blowing from the north went over its chimneys, and on the east it was sheltered by the Tochty woods. Southward it overlooked the fields that sloped toward the river, and westward, through some ancient trees, one study window had a peep of the west, although it was not given to the parish manse to lie of an evening in the glory of the setting sun, as did the

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"Private capaucity."

Free Kirk. Standing at the gate and looking down beneath the beeches that stood as sentinels on either side of the little drive, one caught a pleasant glimpse of the manse garden, with its close-cut lawn and flower beds and old summer-house and air of peace. No one troubled the birds in that place, and they had grown shameless in their familiarity with dignities —a jackdaw having once done his best to steal the Doctor's bandana handkerchief and the robins settled on his hat. Irreverence has limits, and in justice to a privileged friend it ought to be explained that the Doctor wore, on these occasions, an aged wide-awake and carried no gold-headed stick. His dog used to follow him step by step as he fed the birds and pottered among the flowers, and then it always ended in the old man sitting down on a seat at the foot of the lawn, with Skye at his feet, and looking across the Glen where he had been born and where for nearly half a century he had ministered. Kate caught him once in this attitude, and was so successful in her sketch that some have preferred it to the picture in oils that was presented to the Doctor by the Presbytery of Muirtown, and was painted by an R.A. who spent a fortnight at the manse and departed with some marvellous heads, still to be identified in certain councillors and nobles of the past. Both are hanging in the same house now, far from Drumtochty, and there they call one "Public Capaucity" and the other "Private Capaucity," and you require to have seen both to know our kindly, much-loved Moderate.

As John grew old with his master and mellowed, he would make believe to work close by, so that at times they might drop into talk, recalling names that had died out of the Glen, shrewd sayings that fell from lips now turned to dust, curious customs that had ceased forever, all in great charity. Then there would come a pause, and John would say, "Aye, aye," and go away to the bees. Under the influence of such reminiscences, John used to become depressed, and gently prepare Rebecca for the changes that were not far off, when Drumtochty would have a new minister and a new beadle.

"The Doctor's failin', Becca, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a'll be lang aifter him; it wudna be fittin', an' a'm no wantin't. Aifter ye've carried the bukes afore ae minister for five and thirty year, ye're no anxious for a

change; naebody 'ill ever come doon the kirkyaird like the Doctor, an' a' cudna brak ma step; na, na, there's no mony things a' michtna learn, but a' cudna brak ma step."

Rebecca went on with her dinner in silence; even capable men had weaknesses somewhere, and she was accustomed to those moralizings.

"A'm the auldest beadle in the Presbytery o' Muirtown—though a' say it as sudna—an' the higher the place the mair we 'ill has tae answer for, Becca. Nae man can hold the poseetion a'm in withoot anxieties. Noo there wes the 'Eruption' in '43"—it could not be ignorance which made John cling to this word, and so we supposed that the word was adopted in the spirit of historical irony—"that wes a crisis. Did a' ever tell ye, Rebecca, that there wes juist ae beadle left the next morning tae cairry on the Presbytery of Muirtown?"

"Aye, forty times an' mair," replied that uncompromising woman, "an' it wud set ye better tae be servin' the Doctor's lunch than sit haverin' an' blawin' there."

No sane person in Drumtochty would have believed that any human being could dare to address John after this fashion, and it is still more incredible that the great man should have risen without a word and gone about his duty. Such a surprising and painful incident suggests the question whether a beadle or any other person in high position ought to be married, and so be exposed to inevitable familiarities. Hillocks took this view strongly in the kirkyard at the time of John's marriage—although neither he nor anyone knew with how much reason—and he impressed the fathers powerfully.

"Becca cam frae Kilspindie Castle close on thirty years syne, and John's took the bukes aboot the same time; they've agreed no that ill for sic a creetical poseetion a' that time, him oot an' her in, an' atween them the Doctor's no been that ill-servit; they micht hae lat weel alane.

"She's no needin' a man tae keep her," and Hillocks proceeded to review the situation, "for Becca's hed a gude place, an' she disna fling awa' her siller on dress. As for John, a' canna mak him oot, for he gets his stockin's darned, an' his white stock dune as weel an' maybe better than if he wes mairried."

The kirkyard could see no solution of the problem, and Hillocks grew pessimistic.

"It 'ill be a doon-come tae him, a'm judgin', an' 'ill no be for the gude o' the pairish. He's never been crossed yet, an' he 'ill no tak weel wi' contradickin'. . . ."

"She wudna, daur," broke in Whinny, "an' him the beadle."

"Ye ken little aboot weemen," retorted Hillocks, "for yir gude wife is by hersel' in the pairish, an' micht be a sanct; the maist o' them are a camsteary lot. A'm no sayin'," he summed up, "that Becca 'ill gie the beadle the word back or refuse to dae his biddin', but she 'ill be pittin' forrit her ain opeenions, an' that's no what he's been accustomed tae in Drumtochty."

They were married one forenoon in the study, with Drumsheugh and Domsie for witnesses—the address given by the Doctor could hardly be distinguished from an ordination charge—and John announced his intention of accompanying his master that afternoon to the General Assembly, while Rebecca remained in charge of the manse.

"It wudna be wise-like for us twa," explained the beadle, "tae be stravagin' ower the country for three or fower days, like wild geese, but the pairish micht expect something. Noo, a've hed ma share o' a Presbytery an' a Synod, tae say naethin' o' Kirk Sessions, but a've never seen an Assembly.

"Gin ye cud get a place, a' wud spend ma time considering hoo the officer comes in, an' hoo he lays doon



"Standing with a half-dried dish in her hand."

the buke an' sic-like; a' micht get a hint," said John, with much modesty.

So John went alone for his wedding tour, and being solemnly introduced to Thomas, the chief of all beadles, discussed mysteries with him unto great edification; but he was chiefly impressed by the Clerk of the Free Kirk Assembly—into which he had wandered on an errand of exploration—who was a fiery-faced old gentleman with a stentorian voice and the heart of a little child.

"Ye never heard him cry, 'Officer, shut the door,' afore a vote?" he inquired of the Doctor. Weel, ye've missed a real pleesure, sir; gin ye stude on Princes Street, wi' the wind frae the richt pairt, ye micht hear him. A' never heard onything better dune: hoo ony man wi' sic a face and voice cud be content ootside the Auld Kirk passes me."

John was so enamored of this performance that after much cogitation he unburdened his mind to the Doctor, and showed how such a means of grace might be extended to Drumtochty.

"Noo, if there wes nae objection in order, aifter ye hed settled in the pulpit an' hed yir first snuff, ye micht say, 'Officer, shut the door.' Then a' wud close the kirk door deleeberately in sicht o' the hale congregation an' come back tae ma place, an' Peter Rattray himsel' wudna daur tae show his face aifter that. Ye hae the voice an' the manner, Doctor, an' it's no richt tae wyste them."

In public John defended the Doctor's refusal as a proof of his indulgence to the prodigals of the parish, but with his intimates he did not conceal his belief that the opportunity had been lost of bringing the service in Drumtochty Kirk to absolute perfection. John's own mind still ran on the mighty utterance, and so it came to pass that the question of mastery in the kitchen of the manse under the new *régime* was settled within a week after his ecclesiastical honeymoon.

"Rebecca"—this with a voice of thunder from the fireplace, where the beadle was reading the *Muirtown Advertiser*—"close the door."

The silence was so imperative that John turned round, and saw his spouse standing with a half-dried dish in her hand.

"Ma name is Rebecca," as she recovered her speech, "an' there's nae ither wumman in the hoose, but a'm judgin' ye werena speakin' tae me or"—with awful severity—"ye've made a mistak, an' the suner it's pit richt the better for baith you an' me an' the manse o' Drumtochty.

"For near thirty year ye've gane traivellin' in an' oot' o' this kitchen

withoot cleanin' yir feet, and ye've pit yir shoon on the fender, an' hung up yir weet coat on the back o' the door, an' commandit this an' that as if ye were the doctor himsel', an' a' cud' dae naethin', for ye were beadle o' Drumtochty.

"So a' saw there wes nae ither wy o't but tae mairry ye an' get some kind of order in the hoose; noo ye 'ill understand the poseetion an' no need anither tellin'; ootside in the kirk an' parish ye're maister, an' a'll never conter ye, for a' ken ma place as a kirk member an' yir place as beadle; inside in this hoose a'm maister, an' ye 'ill dae what ye're bid, always in due submission tae the Doctor, wha's maister baith in an' oot. Tak yir feet aff that steel bar this meenut"—this by way of practical application; and when after a brief pause, in which the fate of an empire hung in the balance, John obeyed, the two chief officials in the parish had made their covenant.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that they carefully kept their bounds, so that Becca would no more have thought of suggesting a new attitude to John as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stair waiting for the Doctor's descent than John would have interfered with the cooking of the Doctor's dinner. When the glass was at set fair, they even exchanged compliments, the housekeeper expressing her sense of unworthiness as she saw John in his high estate, while he would indicate that the Doctor's stock on Sacrament Sabbath reached the highest limits of human attainment. The Doctor being left to the freedom of his own will, laboured at a time to embroil the powers by tempting them to cross one another's frontiers, but always failed, because they foresaw the consequences with a very distinct imagination. If he asked Rebecca to convey a message to Drumsheugh, that cautious woman would send in John to receive it from the Doctor's own lips, and if the Doctor gave some directions regarding dinner to John, Rebecca would appear in a few minutes to learn what the Doctor wanted. It was an almost complete delimitation of frontiers, and the Doctor used to say that he never quite understood the Free Kirk theory of the relation between Church and State till he considered the working agreement of his two retainers. It was, he once pleasantly said to the minister of Kildrummie, a perfect illustration of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is just possible that some one may not fully grasp those impressive words, in which case let him appreciate other people's accomplishments and mourn his ignorance, for they were common speech in Drumtochty, and were taught at their porridge to the Free Kirk children.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, however, that even a scientific frontier wavers at places, and leaves a piece of doubtful territory that may at any moment become a cause of war. Surely there is not on the face of the Scottish earth a more unoffending, deferential, conciliatory person than a "probationer," who on Saturdays can be seen at every country junction, bag in hand, on his patient errand of "supply," and yet it was over his timid body the great powers of the manse twice quarrelled disastrously. As a guest in the manse, to be received on Saturday evening, to be conducted to his room, to be fed and warmed, to go to his bed at a proper hour—ten on Saturday and ten-thirty on Sabbath—to be sent away on Monday morning in good time for the train, he was within the province of Rebecca. As a minister to be examined, advised, solemnised, encouraged, to be got ready on Sabbath morning and again disrobed, to be edified with suitable conversation and generally made as fit as possible for his work, he was evidently within John's sphere of influence. It was certainly the beadle's business to visit the dining-room on Saturday evening, where the young man was supposed to be meditating against the

ordeal of the morrow, to get the Psalms for the precentor, to answer strictly professional questions, and generally to advise the neophyte about the sermon that would suit Drumtochty, and the kind of voice to be used. One thing John knew perfectly well he ought not to do, and that was to invite a probationer to spend the evening in the Doctor's study, for on this point Rebecca was inexorable.

"A' dinna say that they wud read the Doctor's letters, an' a' dinna say they wud tak a buke as a keepsake, but a' can never forget ane o' them—he hed a squint and red hair—comin' oot frae the cupboard as a' opened the door.

"'There's juist ae wy oot o' the room, an' it's by the door ye cam in at,' a' said; maybe ye wud like tae come an' sit in the dinin'-room; ye 'ill be less distrackit.'" And Rebecca charged John that no probationer should in future be allowed to enter the Doctor's sanctum on any consideration.

John's excuse for his solitary fault was that the lad thought that he could study his sermon better with books round him, and so Rebecca found the young gentleman seated in the Doctor's own chair and working with the Doctor's own pen, unblushing and shameless.

"Gin ye want *Cruden's Concordance*"—this was when Rebecca had led him out a chastened man—"or *Matthew Henry* tae fill up yir sermon, the books 'ill be brocht by the church officer."

Rebecca's intrusion, in turn, into John's sphere was quite without excuse, and she could only explain her conduct by a general reference to the foolishness of the human heart. It came out through the ingenuousness of the probationer, who mentioned causually that he was told Drumtochty liked four heads in the sermon.

"May I ask the name of yir adviser?" said the beadle, with awful severity. "The hoosekeeper? A' thocht so, an' a wud juist gie ye due intimation that the only person qualified an' entitled tae gie ye information on sic subjects, is masel', an' ony ither is unjustified an' unwarranted.

"Fower heads? Three an' an application is the Doctor's invariable rule, an' gin a probationer gied oot a fourth, a' winna undertake tae say what michtna happen. Drumtochty is no a parish tae trifle wi', an' it disna like new fangled wys. Fower!" and the scorn for this unorthodox division was withering.

Rebecca realised the gravity of the situation in the kitchen, and humbled herself greatly.

"It wes as a hearer that he askit ma opinion, an' no as an authority. He said that the new wy wes tae leave oot heads, an' a' saw a' the hay spread oot across the field, so a' told him tae gither it up intae 'coles' (haycocks), an' it wud be easier lifted. Maybe a' mentioned fower—a'll no deny it; but it's the first time a' ever touched on heads, an' it 'ill be the laist."

Upon those terms of penitence John granted pardon, but it was noticed on Sabbath that when Becca got in the way of the retiring procession to the manse, the beadle was heard in the kirkyard, "Oot of ma rood, wumman," in a tone that was full of judgment, and that Rebecca withdrew to the grass as one justly punished.

This excellent woman once accomplished her will, however, in spite of John, and had all her days the pleasant relish of a secret triumph. Her one unfulfilled desire was to see the Doctor in his court dress which he wore as Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland during the Assembly time, and which had lain ever since in a box with camphor and such preservatives amid the folds. It was aggravating to hear Drumsheugh and Hillocks—who had both gone to the Assembly that year for the sole purpose of watching the Doctor enter and bow to the standing house—enlarging on his

glory in velvet and lace and silver buckles, and growing in enthusiasm with the years.

"It's little better than a sin," she used to insist, "tae see the bonnie suit gien the Doctor by the Countess o' Kilspindie, wi' dear's knows hoo much o' her ain auld lace on't, lyin' useless, wi' naebody tae get a sicht o't on his back. Dinna ye think, man"—this with much persuasiveness—"that ye cud get the Doctor tae pit on his velvets on an occasion, maybe a Saicrament? The parish wud be lifted; an' ye wud look weel walkin' afore him in his lace."

"Dinna plead wi' me, wumman; a' wud gie a half-year's wages tae see him in his grandeur; but it's offeecial, div ye no see, an' canna be used except by a Moderator? Na, na, ye can dust and stroke it, but ye'ill never see yon coat on the Doctor.

This was little less than a challenge to a woman of spirit, and Rebecca simply lived from that day to clothe the Doctor in embroidered garments. Her opportunity arrived when Kate's birthday came round, and the Doctor insisted on celebrating it by a party of four. By the merest accident his housekeeper met Miss Carnegie on the road, and somehow happened to describe the excellent glory of the Doctor's full dress, whereupon that wilful young woman went straight to the manse, nor left till the Doctor had promised to dine in ruffles, in which case she pledged herself that the General would come in uniform, and she would wear the family jewels, so that everything would be worthy of the Doctor's dinner.

"Hoo daur ye," began John, coming down from the Doctor's room, where the suit was spread upon the bed; but his wife did not allow him to continue, explaining that the thing was none of her doing, and that it was only becoming that honor should be shown to Miss Carnegie when she dined for the first time at the manse of Drumtochty.

CHAPTER XVI.

DRIED ROSE LEAVES.

Townspeople are so clever and know so much that it is only just something should be hidden from their sight, and it is quite certain that they do not understand the irresistible and endless fascination of the country. They love to visit us in early autumn, and are vastly charmed with the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the corn turning yellow, and the rivers singing in the sunlight, and the purple on the hillside. It is then that the dweller in cities resolves to retire, as soon as may be, from dust and crowds and turmoil and hurry, to some cottage where the scent of roses comes in at the open window, and one is wakened of a morning by the birds singing in the ivy. When the corn is gathered into the stackyard, and the leaves fall on the road, and the air has a touch of frost, and the evenings draw in, then the townsman begins to shiver and bethink him of his home. He leaves the fading glory with a sense of relief, like one escaping from approaching calamity, and as often as his thoughts turn thither, he pities us in our winter solitude. "What a day this would be in Drumtochty," he says, coming in from the slushy streets and rubbing his hands before the fire.

This good man is thankful to Providence for very slight mercies, since he knows only one out of the four seasons that make our glorious year. He had been wise to visit us in the summer-time, when the light hardly dies out of the Glen, and the grass and young corn present six shades of green, and the scent of the hay is everywhere, and all young creatures are finding themselves with joy. Perhaps he had done better to have come north in our spring-time, when nature, throwing off the yoke of winter, burst suddenly into an altogether indescribable greenery, and the primroses were blooming in Tochty woods, and every

cottage garden was sweet with wall-flowers, and the birds sang of love in every wood, and the sower went forth to sow. And though this will appear quite incredible, it had done this comfortable citizen much good to have made his will and risked his life with us in the big snowstorm that used to shut us up for fourteen days every February. One might well endure many hardships to stand on the side of Ben Urtach and see the land one glittering expanse of white on to the great strath on the left and the hills above Dunleith on the right, to tramp all day through the dry, crisp snow, and gathering round the wood fire of an evening, tell pleasant tales of ancient days, while the wind powdered the glass with drift and roared in the chimney. Then a man thanked God that he was not confined to a place where the pure snow was trodden into mire, and the thick fog made it dark at mid-day.

This very season of autumn, which frightened the townsfolk and sent them home in silence, used to fill our hearts with peace, for it was to us the crown and triumph of the year. We were not dismayed by the leaves that fell with rustling sound in Tochty woods, nor by the bare stubble fields from which the last straw had been raked by thrifty hands, nor by the touch of cold in the north-west wind blowing over Ben Urtach, nor by the grayness of the running water. The long toil of the year had not been in vain, and the harvest had been safely gathered. The clump of sturdy little stacks, carefully thatched and roped, that stood beside each homestead were the visible fruit of the long year's labour and the assurance of plenty against winter. Let it snow for a week on end, and let the blast from the mouth of Glen Urtach pile up the white drift high against the outer row of stacks, the horses will be put in the mill shed, and an inner stack will be forked into the threshing loft, and all day long the mill will go with dull, rumbling sound that can be heard from the road, while within the grain pours into the corn room and the clean yellow straw is piled in the barn. Hillocks was not a man given to sentiment, yet even he would wander among the stacks on an October evening and come in to the firelight full of moral reflections. A vague sense of rest and thankfulness pervaded the Glen, as if one had come home from a long journey in safety, bringing his possessions with him.

The spirit of October was on the Doctor as he waited for his guests in the drawing-room of the manse. The Doctor had a special affection for the room, and would often sit alone in it for hours in the gloaming. Once Rebecca came in suddenly, and though the light was dim and the Doctor was seated in the shadow by the piano, she was certain that he had been weeping. He would not allow any change to be made in the room, even the shifting of a table, and he was very particular about its good keeping. Twice a year Rebecca polished the old-fashioned rosewood furniture, and so often a man came from Muirtown to tune the piano, which none in the district could play, and which the Doctor kept locked. Two little pencil sketches, signed with a childish hand, Daisy Davidson, the minister always dusted himself, as also a covered picture on the wall, and the half-yearly cleaning of the drawing-room was concluded when he arranged on the backs of two chairs one piece of needlework showing red and white roses, and another, whereon was wrought a posy of primroses. The room had a large bay window opening on the lawn, and the Doctor had a trick of going out and in that way, so that he often had ten minutes in its quietness: but no visitor was taken there, except once a year, when the wife of the Doctor's old friend, Lord Kilspindle, drove up to lunch, and the old man escorted her ladyship round the garden and brought her in by the

window. On that occasion, but only then, the curtain was lifted from the picture, and for a brief space they stood in silence. Then he let the silken veil fall and gently arranged its folds, and offering his arm with a very courtly bow, led the Countess into the dining-room, where Rebecca had done her best and John waited in fullest Sabbath array.

The Doctor wandered about the room—looking out on the garden, mysterious in the fading light, changing the position of a chair, smoothing the old-fashioned needlework with caressing touch, breaking up a log in the grate. He fell at last into a reverie before the fire—which picked out each bit of silver on his dress and shone back from the black velvet—and heard nothing till John flung open the door and announced with immense majesty, "General Carnegie and Miss Carnegie."



"The old man escorted her ladyship.

"Welcome, Kate, to the house of your father's friend, and welcome for your own sake, and many returns of this day. May I say how that white silk and those rubies become you? It is very kind to put on such beautiful things for my poor little dinner. As for you, Jack, you are glorious," and the Doctor must go over Carnegie's medals till that worthy and very modest man lost all patience.

"No more of this nonsense; but, Sandie, that is a desperately becoming get-up of yours; doesn't he suit it well, Kit? I never saw a better calf on any man."

"You are both 'rael bonnie,' and ought to be very grateful to me for insisting on full dress. I'm sorry that there is only one girl to admire two such handsome men; it's a poor audience, but at any rate it is very appreciative and grateful," and Kate curtsied to each in turn, for all that evening she was in great good humor.

"By the way, there will be one more to laugh at us, for I've asked the Free Kirk minister to make a fourth for our table. He is a nice young fellow, with more humanity than most of his kind; but did not I hear that he called at the Lodge to pay his respects?"

"Certainly he did," said the Gen-

eral, "and I rather took a fancy to him. He has an honest eye and is not at all bad looking, and tells a capital story. But Kit fell upon him about something, and I had to cover him. It's a wonder that he ever came near the place again."

"He has been at the Lodge eight times since then," explained Kate, with much composure; "but he will on no account be left alone with the head of the household. The General insulted him on politics, and I had to interfere; so he looks on me as a kind of protector, and I walk him out to the Beeches lest he be massacred."

"Take care, my dear Catherine," for the Doctor was a shrewd old gentleman; "protecting comes perilously near loving, and Carmichael's brown eyes are dangerous."

"They are dark blue." Kate was off her guard, and had no sooner spoken than she blushed, whereat the Doctor laughed wickedly.

"You need not be afraid for Kate," said the General, cheerfully; "no man can conquer her; and as for the poor young padres, she made their lives miserable."

"They were so absurd," said Kate, "so innocent, so ignorant, so authoritative, that it was for their good to be reduced to a proper level. But I rather think your guest has forgotten his engagement. He will be so busy with his book that even a manse dinner will have no attraction." The Doctor looked again at Kate, but now she wore an air of great simplicity.

It was surely not Carmichael's blame that he was late for Dr. Davidson's dinner, since he had thought of nothing else since he rose, which was at the unearthly hour of six. He went out for a walk, which consisted of one mile east and another west from the village, and, with pauses, during which he rested on gates and looked from him, lasted two hours. On his return he explained to Sarah that his health had received much benefit, and that she was not to be surprised if he went out every morning at or before daybreak. He also mentioned casually that he was to dine at the manse that day, and Sarah, who had been alarmed lest this unexpected virtue might mean illness, was at rest. His habit was to linger over breakfast, propping a book against the sugar basin, and taking it and his rasher slice about, which was, he insisted, the peculiar joy of a bachelor's breakfast; but this morning Sarah found him at ten o'clock still at table, gazing intently at an untouched cutlet, and without any book. He swallowed two mouthful's hurriedly and hastened to the study, leaving her to understand that he had been immersed in a theological problem. It seemed only reasonable that a man should have one pipe before settling down to a forenoon of hard study, but there is no doubt that the wreaths of smoke, as they float upward, take fantastic shapes, and lend themselves to visions. Twelve o'clock—it was outrageous—six hours gone without a stroke of work. Sarah is informed that as he has a piece of very stiff work to do, luncheon must be an hour later, and that the terrier had better go out for a walk. Then Carmichael cleared his table and set himseif down to a new German critic, who was doing marvellous things with the Prophet Isaiah. In three thick volumes—paper bound and hideous to behold—and in a style of elaborate repulsiveness, Schlochenboshen showed that the book had been written by a syndicate, on the principle that each member contributed one verse in turn without reference to his neighbors. It was, in fact, the simple plan of a children's game, in which you write a noun and I an adjective, and the total result greatly pleases the company; and the theory of the eminent German was understood to throw a flood of light on Scripture. Schlochenboshen had already discovered eleven alternating authors, and as No. 4 would occasionally pool his contribution with No. 6, several other inter-

esting variations were introduced. In such circumstances one must fix the list of authors in his head, and this can be conveniently done by letters of the alphabet. Carmichael made a beginning with four, K A T E, and then he laid down his pen and went out for a turn in the garden. When he came in, with a resolute mind he made a precis of the Professor's introduction, and it began, "dear Miss Carnegie," after which he went to lunch and ate three biscuits. As, for some reason, his mind could not face even the most fascinating German, Carmichael fell back on the twelve hundredth book on Mary Queen of Scots, which had just come from the library, and which was to finally vindicate that very beautiful, very clever, and very perplexing young woman. An hour later Carmichael was on the moor, full of an unquenchable pity for Chatelard, who had loved the sun and perished in his rays. The cold wind on the hill braced his soul, and he returned in a heroic mood. He only was the soldier of the Cross who denied himself to earthly love and hid a broken heart. And now he read *A'Kempis* and *The Christian Year*. Several passages in the latter he marked in pencil with a cross, and when his wife asked him the reason only last week, he smiled but would give no answer. Having registered anew his vow of celibacy, he spent an hour in dressing, an operation, he boasted, which could be performed in six minutes, and which, on this occasion, his housekeeper determined to review.

With all the women in the Glen, old and young, she liked the lad, for a way that he had and the kindness of his heart, and was determined that he should be well dressed for once in his life. It was Sarah, indeed, that kept Carmichael late, for she not only laid out his things for him with much care and judgment, but on sight of the wisp of white round his neck she persuaded him to accept her services, and at last she was satisfied. He also lost a little time as he came near the manse, for he grew concerned lest his tie was not straight, and it takes time to examine yourself in the back of your watch, when the light is dimming and it is necessary to retire behind a hedge lest some keen Drumtochty eye should detect the roadside toilet.

John had brought in the lamp before Carmichael entered, and his confusion was pardonable, for he had come in from the twilight, and none could have expected such a sight.

"Glad to see you, Carmichael"—the Doctor hastened to cover his embarrassment. "It is very good of you to honor my little party by your presence. You know the General, I think, and Miss Carnegie, whose first birthday in Drumtochty we celebrate tonight.

"No wonder you are astonished," for Carmichael was blushing furiously; "and I must make our defence, eh, Carnegie? else it will be understood in Free Kirk circles that the manse is mad. We seem, in fact, a pair of old fools, and you can have your jest at us; but there is an excuse even for our madness.

"It is long since we have had a young lady in our Glen, and now that she has come to live among us—why, sir, we must just do her bidding.

"Our Queen has but a little court, but her courtiers are leal and true; and when she ordered full dress, it was our joy to obey. And if you choose to laugh, young sir—why, you may; we are not ashamed with such a Queen, and I do her homage."

The Doctor stooped and kissed Kate's hand in the grand manner which is now lost, after which he drew out his snuff-box and tapped it pleasantly, as one who had taken part in a state function; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his eye, for these things woke old memories.

"Kate's a wilfu' lassie," said the General, fondly, "and she has long ruled me, so I suppose her father must

do likewise." And the General also kissed Kate's hand.

"You are both perfectly absurd to-night," said Kate, confused and red, "but no Queen ever had truer hearts to love her, and if I cannot make you knights, I must reward you as I can." And Kate, ignoring Carmichael, kissed first her father and then the Doctor. Then she turned on him with a proud air, "What think you of my court, Mr. Carmichael?"

"It is the best in Christendom, Miss Carnegie"—and his voice trembled with earnestness—"for it has the fairest Queen and two gentlemen of Christ for its servants."

"Very prettily said,"—the Doctor thought the little scene had gone far enough—"and as a reward for that courteous speech you shall take Her Majesty into dinner, and we old battered fellows shall follow in attendance." There was a moment's silence, and then Carmichael spoke.

"If I had only known, Miss Carnegie, that I might have . . . put on something to do you honor too, but I have nothing except a white silk hood. I wish I had been a militiaman or . . . a Freemason.

"This is your second remarkable wish in my hearing," and Kate laughed merrily; "last time you wished you were a dog on Muirtown platform. Your third will be your last, I suppose, and one wonders what it will be."

"It is already in my heart"—Carmichael spoke low—"and some day I will dare to tell it to you."

"Hush," replied Kate quickly, lifting her hand; "the padre is going to say grace." As this was an official function in John's eyes, that worthy man allowed himself to take a general view, and he was pleased to express his high approval of the company, enlarging especially on Carmichael, whom, as a Free Kirkman, he had been accustomed rather to belittle.

"Of course," he explained loyally; "he's no tae be compared wi' the Doctor, for there's nae minister ootside the Auld Kirk can be hae sic an air, and he's no set up like the General, but he lookit weel and winsome.

"His hair was flung back frae his forehead, his ee'n were fair dancin', and there was a bit o' colour in his cheek. He hes a wy wi' him, a'll no deny,' at taks wi' fouk.

"A'm no sure that he's been at mony dinners, though, Becca, for he hardly kent what he was daein'. A' just pit the potatoes on the plate, for he never lat on he saw me; an' as for wine, a' cudna get a word oot o' him."

"Ye're lifted above ordinary concerns, John, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a beadle sud notice the way o' a lad wi' a lass," and Becca nodded her head with much shrewdness.

"Div ye mean that, Rebecca? That cowes a'; but it's no possible. The General's dochter an' a Free Kirk minister, an' her an Esculopian——"

"Love kens naither rank nor creeds; see what ye did yersel', and you beadle o' Drumtochty;" and John—every man has some weak point—swallowed the compliment with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile they had fallen on this very subject of creeds in the dining-room, and Kate was full of curiosity.

"Will you two padres do me a favour? I knew you would. Well, I want to know for certain what is the difference between the two Kirks in Drumtochty. Now which of you will begin?" and Kate beamed on them both.

"Whatever you wish we will do, Kate," said the Doctor; "but you will have me excused in this matter, if you please, and hear my friend. I am tired of controversy, and he has a fair mind, and, as I know well, a pleasant wit. Tell Miss Carnegie how your people left the Kirk of Scotland."

"Well the dispute began"—and Carmichael faced his task manfully—"about the appointment of clergymen, whether it should lie with a patron or the people. Lord Kilspindie had the nomination of Drumtochty, and if

every patron had been as wise as our house, then there had been no disruption."

The Doctor bowed, and motioned to Carnegie to fortify himself with port.

"Other patrons had no sense, and put in unsuitable men, and the people rebelled, since it is a sad thing for a country parish to have a minister who is not . . ."

"A gentleman? or straight? Quite so," chimed in Kate; "it must be beastly."

"So a party fought for the rights of the people," resumed Carmichael, "and desired that the parish should have a voice in choosing the man who was to take charge of . . . their souls."

"Isn't that like soldiers electing their officers?" enquired the General, doubtfully.

"Go on, Carmichael; you are putting your case capitally; don't plunge into theology, Jack, whatever you do . . . it is Sandeman's—a sound wine."

"Then what happened?" and Kate encouraged Carmichael with her eyes.

"Four hundred clergymen threw up their livings one day and went out to begin a Free Kirk, where there are no patrons.

"You have no idea—for I suppose you never heard of this before—how ministers suffered, living and dying in miserable cottages—and the people met for service on the sea-shore or in winter storms—all for conscience' sake."

Carmichael was glowing, and the Doctor sipped his port approvingly.

"Perhaps they ought not to have seceded, and perhaps their ideas were wrong; but it was heroism, and a good thing for the land."

"It was splendid!" Kate's cheek flushed. "And Drumtochty?"

"Ah, something happened here that was by itself in Scotland. Will you ask Dr. Davidson not to interrupt or browbeat me? Thank you; now I am safe.

"Some one of influence went to old Lord Kilspindie, who had no love to the Free Kirk, and told him that a few of his Drumtochty men wanted to get a site for a Free Kirk, and that he must give it. And he did."

"Now Carmichael," began the Doctor, who had scented danger; but Kate held up her hand with an imperious gesture, and Carmichael went on:

"The same person used to send to the station for the Free Kirk probationer, and entertain him after a lordly fashion—with port, if he were worthy—and send him on his way rejoicing—men have told me. But," concluded Carmichael, averting his face from the foot of the table, "wild horses will not compel me to give that good Samaritan's name."

"Was it you, Davidson, that sanctioned such a proceeding? Why, it was mutiny."

"Of course he did, Dad," cried Kate; "just the very thing he would do: and so, I suppose, the Free Kirk love him as much as they do yourself, sir?"

"As much? far more"

"Had I known what downright falsehood the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty was capable of, I would never allowed him to open his mouth."

"Well, I am satisfied, at any rate," said Kate, "and I propose to retire to the drawing-room, and I know who would love a rubber of whist by-and-bye. We are just the number."

A minute later Carmichael asked leave to join Kate, as he believed she was to have him for partner, and he must understand her game.

"How adroit he is to-night, Jack;" but the General rather pitied the lad, with whom he imagined Kate was playing as a cat with a mouse.

"Have you ever seen the face below the veil?" for they did not talk long about whist in the drawing-room. "I do not think it would be wrong to look, for the padre told me the story.

"Yes, a very winning face. His only sister, and he simply lived for her. She was only twelve when she died, and he loves her still, although he hardly ever speaks of her."

They stood together before the happy girl-face enshrined in an old man's love. They read the inscription: "My dear sister Daisy."

"I never had a sister," and Carmichael sighed.

"And I never had a brother." Their hands met as they gently lowered the veil.

"Well, have you arranged your plans?" and the Doctor came in intent on whist.

"Only one thing. I am going to follow Miss Carnegie's lead, and she is always to win," said the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty.

(To be continued.)

LAKE MAGAGUADAVIC.

(Ad Placidum.)

NESTLING like a slumbering maiden
In the cedared hills of time,
All its sapphire wastes of waters
Fraught with mystery-haunting rhyme,
Gilded in the glinting sunlight,
Gently surging on the shore,
Chant and croon me wondrous sagas
Of the fierce glad days of yore,

Now my eyelids gently closing,
In the drowsing summer sun,
See it all alive with warriors,
Know the battle just begun.
Hark again? The quickening war-whoop
Thrills and echoes through the hills,
Stirring to its depths the war-blood,
Wildly rousing sluggish wills.

Yet again the scene is changing;
In the moonbeam's kindly light,
'Neath the shadowing pines and maples,
Through the water silvery bright
Glides the bark with rhythmic motion,
Glides with Indian youth and maid,
Whispering soft the old-time story,
Oft by raptured stars surveyed.

Prophet, what the mystic story
Thy deep waters speak to-day?
What the fateful runes of wisdom
Thy still waters have to say?—
"Though the strong man's soul seem peaceful,
"Yet, methinketh, it can tell
"All the blissful joys of heaven;
"All the lowest deeps of hell."

C. W. VERNON.

MEN CALL IT CONSCIENCE.

MARRY MARSTYN.

JACK HASTINGS sat alone in his sleeping-room, with an unlit pipe between his teeth. His forehead was down-drawn with gloom, and his lips were bleeding from his having bitten them in bursts of acute mental agony. Two hours before he had crossed the dividing-line between the life of decency, in which he had always lived, and the life of shame in which all was strange to him. Already he regretted it.

The crime which he had committed, and for which he was now paying toll to conscience had been quite unpremeditated. He had been moved by an extraordinarily forceful impulse which had come upon him as a sudden squall comes upon a ship at sea.

Only a few minutes before the closing of the bank for the day he had placed a bulky package, made up of many hundreds of bills of large denominations, in a drawer of the great vault, the stone walls and the iron doors of which had seemed to him none too thick and strong for the safe-keeping of so enormous a sum. He had stood for a minute with the knob of the open drawer in his hand, looking at it fixedly.

He had looked at it too long; the evil impulse burst squall-like upon him. He tried passively, for a moment, to combat it but could not. He gasped noisily and his brain began to throb almost, it seemed to him, audibly. Then all the loud, familiar noises of the street, which came strangely keyed-down to the ears of anyone within the thick-walled vault, seemed to rise suddenly to their highest notes. He gave a start of fear, snatched the packet from the drawer and slipped it into a pocket. He threw a glance over his shoulder closed the drawer with a quick movement and locked it.

In his swift walk from the bank to his boarding-house he put his hand to his breast many times to make sure that the money was still there. In his room he counted it over and over and then divided it into several smaller packages. It was then, that the odd feeling from which he had not since been free came upon him, and that he quite realized (with a thrill of terror) what he had done. A fever of fear which grew more and more poignant seized him and aggravated the intermittent throbbing pain in his head to a steady ache which felt as though some demon were beating a tattoo upon his brain with heated finger-tips.

He dropped limply into a chair, and put his pipe into his mouth, but did not light it. He was quite unable to think connectedly, and his headache grew steadily worse. After a time he rose and threw himself upon the bed. For several hours he lay there, dully wondering how many years of his life would be spent in drinking to its bottom this bitter cup which, with his own hands, he had lifted to his lips.

Then the pain grew less annoying, and he rose and bathed his head with cold water. He went to the closet where his clothes hung, and got his flask from a pocket of his shooting-coat and took a long pull from it Why had he not done this before, he asked himself. It was the province of brandy to make such trouble as his less hard to bear. The spirits worked what seemed a miracle to his perturbed mind. It loosened his tense-drawn nerves, and presently the nervous dread, which had grown almost agonizing, went from him. He set the



CONSCIENCE.

leather-covered bottle to his lips again, and drank what remained in it. Then he lit a pipe and puffed violently on it. The tobacco did swiftly what the cognac had left undone, and he grew perfectly calm.

He was conscious of a heady feeling of elation at his good fortune in getting so large a sum with so little difficulty. He even laughed at his nervousness of a few minutes before, but laughed weakly and mirthlessly. He went about the room, gathering photographs, pipes of which he was fond, and small trinkets which had been gifts from friends, from the walls, mantel shelf, and dressing-table, and tossing them upon the bed. Then he filled a Gladstone bag with these and some clothing.

As he fastened the straps, he planned an escape. He would go to South America, he mentally decided, and from thence to Europe. He easily persuaded himself that evading the authorities was not a difficult art. The men who were caught, he told himself, were imbeciles, and he recalled the fact that two-thirds of them gave themselves up.

He thought, with serial thrills of pleasure, which were born in his brain and seemed to run thence through his whole body, of the life which he would live while the money lasted—and there was enough to last for years—a life which he had never hoped to live, and of the long surcease from the wearing drudgery of desk-work which he would have. He might have to return to it, in another country and under a different name, of course, but he would drink deeply, in the years of meantime, of the life which had always been a dream-life to him.

Then he turned his eyes and a photograph of his mother, which he had left upon the dressing table, meaning to put it into his pocketbook, caught them and held them. The stream of his thoughts gave a quick turn into a quite different channel. A memory-picture of his quiet home in the country formed itself before his eyes, and when he covered his face with his hands he saw only the vine-covered farmhouse, the tall poplars, the crooked-limbed, wide-spreading apple trees, the masses of the lilac bushes in the dooryard, and the brown and green squares of the fields beyond.

In a few moments this faded, mirage-like, and a second picture succeeded it; this time he saw the little home dining-room with its papered walls from which engravings of David Wilkies' pictures, and lithographs of the Queen, and the sailing ship which had brought his father from England half a century ago, looked down, and its old-fashioned mahogany table and huge, ancient clock. His mother sat by the window, knitting swiftly, and his white-haired father stood before the newspaper rack, rummaging among the papers with which it was crammed, with his favorite brierwood pipe between his teeth.

His head began to throb again, and he groaned aloud. Presently he rose to his feet, breathing audibly, and began to walk about the room.

He wondered vaguely when the news of his crime and flight would first reach that quiet farmhouse. Probably they would not hear of it until

they received the city newspapers of the next day.

His non-appearance at the bank the next morning would awaken the suspicions of the cashier who had given him the package to put into the vault. A necessarily futile search would be made for it and then there would be a hue and cry and a frantic telephoning and telegraphing of minute descriptions of him about the country.

It would be a "good thing" for the newspapers. The mask-like faces of the "city" editors would light up unwontedly when the hollow-voiced telephone told them of the discovery of his crime, and the best men upon all the papers would "do" two columns on it, and would head them, "Jack Hastings' big steal," or "He took only $20,000."

He knew that an account of his sudden death would cause less astonishment and grief at his home than the highly-colored accounts of his crime, with foolish guesses at his motives for its commission, which those very newspapers to which his father was a subscriber would contain. The slangy headlines would be read by his father with a thrill of horror. He would hand the paper to his mother in silence, without waiting to read more. She would look up with incurious eyes, drop her knitting into her lap and take the paper from her husband's bony fingers, marvelling at his pallor and at the scared look in his eyes.

He tried strenuously, but vainly, not to think of what he knew would occur then. He seemed to hear indistinctly, as one hears cries in a dream, the long-drawn, modulated shriek of his mother, and he saw her grey head fall forward on her breast.

He knew that they thought now, and had always thought, that he was the best boy in the world, this would make the grief that would follow their tremendous astonishment all the more poignant.

His face grew livid as he thought of the incredible tortures his mother would suffer.

He seemed to hear his father's quavering voice, and his heart seemed to split in two. He reeled drunkenly as he walked, and moaned in a low tone like a young child.



THE VAULT.

Then, suddenly, he thought of *her*. He bowed his head and ran his fingers through his hair and took longer steps. He wondered why he had not thought of her before.

He shivered, and the lines in his forehead deepened as a realization of what she would have to endure came to him. How quickly it would change her from a happy girl into a hard-mouthed woman, with a tear-washed face and red, half-closed eyes! Like his father and mother, and, indeed, everyone else who knew him, she would be dazed with astonishment when she read the accounts in the newspapers. Then she would lie for hours upon her bed with her face buried in the pillows crying bitterly, and afterward would sit rocking herself to and fro in the manner of a heart-broken woman, saying brokenly, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

He stopped walking and threw himself upon the bed again and lay there gasping.



"His mother sat by the window knitting swiftly."

The dusk was gathering and the electric lamp which swung before his window had just burst alight. But he took no thought for escape now. His thoughts were all of his parents and of *her*, and they jostled each other as they swept through his brain. And the throbbing of his head was like the throbbing of a steam engine, and seemed to shake his brain as engines shake a ship. After a time he went into a kind of stupor. When he awoke from this the night had shut in and the room was filled with the steady, white light of the big lamp outside.

He rose wearily and lit the gas, and got a pipe going, and in obedience to a sudden impulse sat down at his writing desk. But the words would not come to him; he could not write to them.

He half-started to his feet, but sat down again as an idea, which swiftly became a resolve, crept into his mind.

He took up a pen and wrote as follows to his manager:

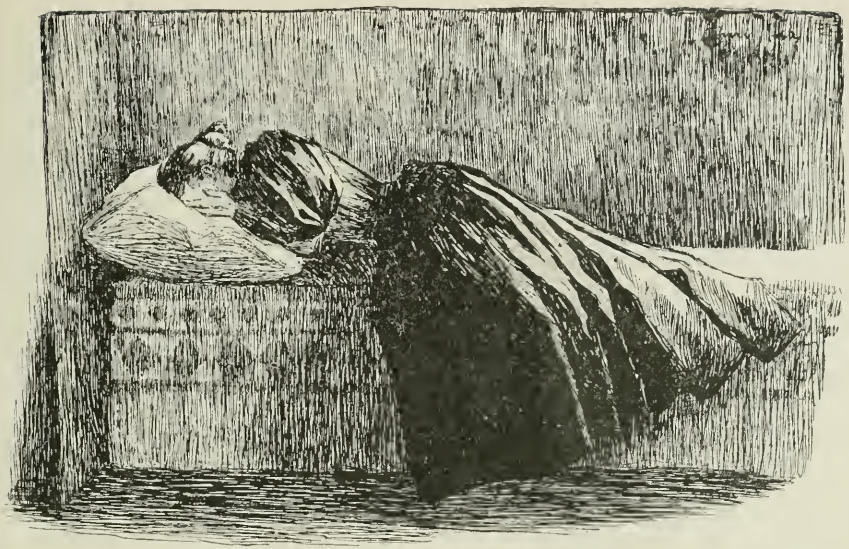
"———You will find the package of money which I took yesterday afternoon at 4.30 from drawer E in the vault, at my room at 30 ——— street, in the drawer of my secretaire, of which I enclose the key.

JACK HASTINGS.

P. S.—For Heavens' sake, Tom, don't have me arrested. I am going home. I shall have to come down to town in a couple of weeks for my things and I shall call and explain."

He felt sure that the manager whom he had known all his life, and who liked him, would understand. The letter would reach him early next morning.

He made the money up into one packet again and placed it in the drawer. Then he closed and locked the drawer and put the key, with the note, into the envelope and sealed it. He went down-stairs and out into the street bare-headed and dropped it into a letter-box at the corner.



"With her face buried in the pillow."

He returned to his room with a lightened heart. He had not undone his crime; he could not undo it, but in returning the money he had done what he could. He would go home that very night, on his bicycle, and confess, first to his mother and father and then to *Her*. (She lived in the village half a mile from the farm.) They would suffer much, but not the fearful tortures which they would have suffered if he had fled with the money. Then he would work hard in the fields and live the simple life of a farmer and try to forget. He refilled his pipe and sat a long while, smoking meditatively.

When he had smoked it to the bottom he wrote a brief note to the mistress of the house and put it upon his dressing-table, where the chambermaid would find it next morning, and take it to her.

Then he went down-stairs very softly (for everyone in the house had retired) and took his bicycle from its rack in the hall. He carried it into the street and set it down on the pavement and swung himself upon it. In a moment he had turned the corner into the great street which ran from the hills behind the city down to its harbour, cutting it in halves, and was flying northward and homeward. As he passed a clock-tower he looked up and saw that it was half-past one. It was but nine hours since he had taken the money, but it seemed to have been days.

A trolley car stormed by him and he quickened his pace and caught up with it and rode along side of it, glad of the tremendous noise it made. It seemed to meet, at half-way, the unrest in his mind.

As he passed out into the moonlit country and over the white roads, mile upon mile, that unrest began to go from him.

He had feared that he would be compelled, through all his remaining days, to drag at heel the incubus of his crime. But the religious quiet of the sleeping country (it was a windless night and, save when a cock crew, the silence was unbroken) seemed to wash his soul clear of this fear, and he grew less dejected. He thanked heaven with strenuous fervour that he had returned the money.

He rode on rapidly, with divers sweet smells in his nostrils—the

earthy smell of the newly ploughed fields, the delicate fragrance of apple-bloom and of blowing lilacs and the beady scents of the fresh grass and of the cedars that grew by the fence-sides.

Presently the dawn-wind came out of the north and blew lightly upon his face, and the cold drab of the eastern sky changed to a grey which grew less and less opaque and at last gave place to a thin wash of yellow.

Cocks crew noisily, and the cattle in the pastures rose clumsily to their feet and began to feed. The kitchen chimneys of the roadside farmhouses sent up spirals of blue-grey smoke, and the freshening wind brought the smell of cooking meats to his nostrils.

The yellow of the eastern horizon grew deeper and warmer, and presently turned to gold. A few minutes later the sun climbed ablaze into the sky.

He glanced at his cyclometer and saw that he was half way home. He quickened his pace, and raced through a large town, which still slept, and along the ribbon-like turnpike at his utmost speed, which "ate up the miles like fire."

For many miles he reproached himself bitterly for having weakly given way to the strange impulse which had come upon him in the vault. Then, his mood changing, he uttered a little strenuous prayer to heaven for having mercifully saved him from eternal shame and remorse. He would live a life of monastic purity; if ever a great mistake was lived down, his should be.

At last, between seven and eight o'clock he rode into the village where *she* lived. Many people who knew him shouted "good morning" and "how are you" and he nodded to right and left as he rode swiftly through the single long street. As he neared *her* father's house he lowered his eyes and tightened his muscles and shot by with a sudden burst of speed.

In a few minutes he reached his home. He greeted the servant girl who was at work in the kitchen with a degree of warmth that surprised her. His mother had not yet risen, she told him, and his father was in the fields helping his hired-man.

He passed into the little dining-room and eyed the spread breakfast-table hungrily for he had eaten nothing since noon of the day before.

In a little time he heard the sound of his mother's steps on the stair and in a moment she entered the room and gave a start of surprise.

"Why, Jack!" she said.

"Mother!" he groaned and made three long steps across to her and kissed her tenderly. Then he told her all as simply as he could and pitiably craved her pardon.

She was greatly astonished and burst into a storm of tears. Her body wavered, and her face grew grey, He led her gently to a chair and she sank into it.

He bent over her, nearly in tears himself. "Oh mother!" he cried "have I broken your heart?"

She could hardly speak for emotion. "No Jack," she sobbed, "I am weeping for joy. I am so glad that you saved yourself. Oh! if you had gone away with the money it would have killed me, Jack."

She rose unsteadily and put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again, wetting his face with her tears.

"Oh, Jack" she cried, "what would I have done if you had"—her sobs choked her.

"Do you forgive me mother?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"Yes, Jack," she said, making a great effort to calm herself.

His eyes grew brighter, and he kissed her lightly on the forehead. A great fire of joy burned in him.

In an hour's time he set out for *her* home. She was in the garden cutting flowers, and gave a little glad cry when she saw him. She ran across the lawn towards him, smiling gaily. But when she saw that he wore a down-

cast air, the smile faded from her face.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she asked, anxiously.

He led to a rustic seat underneath a tree and told her, in a few words, what he had done, and asked for forgiveness. Her face grew pale and she set her lips hard but did not weep. When he had finished she said nothing, but bent over and kissed him. Their eyes met and he knew that she too had forgiven him, though she was silent.

Springing suddenly to her feet, she said: "Let us walk, dear."

And they walked up and down the park-like garden, under the chestnut trees, and talked much.

He rode home that night very slowly, reading and re-reading by the light of the moon, which was at full, and looked like a Brobitingnagian silver coin, a telegram he had received an hour before noon from his manager. There were but four words on it. They were: "It's all right, Jack."

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., TORONTO.

IMPERIAL Federation is a live subject. Various aspects of it have been discussed in the pages of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE by such gentlemen as Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Howard Vincent. A short time ago the questions pertaining to closer relationship between Britain and her Colonies were up for review at the congress of the Chambers of Commerce. It is not the writer's intention to do more than touch upon a few of the salient points of this large subject.

One of the solutions to Imperial Federation would be for all the Colonies to adopt a fiscal system similar to that now in operation in the Mother Country. This would mean that Canada, Australia, India and other Colonies must become practically free traders, as is the case with Britain. It may at once be admitted that there is no hope of all the Colonies ever being brought to see eye to eye with the Mother Country on free trade. Time need not be wasted upon any project so impossible of attainment.

A second basis of Federation has been suggested and urged to the effect that Britain impose a duty on raw material and food stuffs coming from foreign countries in order that these countries might be put at a disadvantage as compared with the British Colonies. Here again, the great difficulty must be faced of inducing Britain to give up free trade. If it would appear impossible to persuade the Colonies to become free traders, it would appear still less likely to persuade Britain to become protectionist. In the language of Right Hon. J. Chamberlin in the Chambers of Commerce, "there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time" Britain "would adopt so one-sided an agreement."

These two plans being set aside, is there any alternative course open? This can be answered in the affirmative. There could be established between Britain and her Colonies a Customs Union, such as exists in Germany, and among the states of the United States. The Mother Country and the Colonies would become free trade to each other, and still retain their autonomy regarding duties levied on foreign imports. This idea of an Imperial Zollverein was urged by Mr. Chamberlain at the above congress. On articles produced in large quantities in the Colonies, Britain would impose some duty against foreign countries. This would of course give the Colonies the preference, and enable

them to compete in a winning game. British capital and labor would reciprocate throughout all the Empire.

Mr. J. G. Colmer in his prize essay on the Commercial Federation of the Empire suggests care and moderation in attempting any Customs Union, and in not making the changes too sweeping nor including too many articles at first. In this way there would be better hope of success. He thinks that on many articles imported into Britain from the Colonies and foreign countries, the duty against the latter might remain, and against the former be reduced one half.

Mr. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, objects to the idea of a Zollverein, because it would unite the rest of the world against the British empire. I think this argument is not well founded. Would Russia be more unfriendly to India under the proposed Zollverein than at present? Would the United States be more antagonistic to Canada then than now? The United States cannot object to Canada entering into any trade agreement with Britain and the other Colonies that may be deemed wise. This is just what the United States would do, and to which Canada cannot raise any objection. They have a right to look after their own affairs as may please themselves best. Surely we can do the same. There are two ways of escaping the opposition Premier Reid fears; either by being too small and weak to merit attention, or by being too large and powerful for it to be of any avail. The latter would be the position of Britain and the Colonies under federation. France and Germany are working under a similar plan, and it has not united against them the rest of the world. Mr. Reid's objections may be safely set aside as not real.

But the side of defence must not be lost sight of. The resources of such an empire would be inexhaustible both in men and supplies. It would be quite impossible for any power to cut off the trade of the empire in any particular that would affect the whole. The world's surface would be dotted over with British strongholds, that could only be reached by countries possessing powerful fleets. From these strongholds, at a moment's notice, could rush forth both soldiers and ships. We have yet to learn that Britain's position has been weakened by the possession of Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, or the Suez Canal. This condition of strength would be multiplied many times over by Imperial Federation. The very reverse of what Premier Reid fears would be the actual result of such a close union between Britain and the Colonies, as would be brought about by mutual agreement on trade, commerce, and defence.

The great empire thus constituted might not have the symmetery of the pine. It might rather be irregular and rugged at many points; but, like the grand old oak of many centuries, would strike its roots deeply, would present to the storms its strong and rugged bark, and extend to the breezes of every clime its spreading branches. From India, from Africa, from Canada, from Egypt, from Australia, from New Zealand, there would be an ever-increasing volume of importations by the Mother Country, and a corresponding stream of capital to these Colonies in return for these goods. Of the £321,493,640 worth of importations in 1895 by Britain from foreign countries, a slight preference in duties would send a large portion of this money to the Colonies. Deeper and deeper the roots of this trade would strike; larger and ever larger would grow the trunk of the resulting employment of labor; wider and yet wider would the protecting shade of the branches extend. Bound together by the strong bonds of common origin and interests, the world would not again see a great schism of the Anglo-Saxon race, as was beheld when the United States declared for independence.

All THE WAY TO THE MANSION HOUSE.

GRACE McLEOD ROGERS.

"Brave London prentisses,
Come listen to my song;
'Tis for your glory all,
And to you doth belong."

I.

PLYMOUTH in old England is picturesquely situated at the bight of the Sound—a broad arm which the boisterous British Channel thrusts into the Devonshire coast. It is an historic town, singularly rich and comprehensive in its local literature. Sir Francis Drake was once mayor of the burrough, and from the spacious Plymouth docks set out on his "discoveries about the earth." Sir John Hawkins and his father were born there, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert made it the starting point for his memorable voyages to the new world.

My hero also, Brook Watson by name, was born in its storied precincts. In 1744 he was left an orphan. His father, though a merchant of considerable note, died penniless; and his eight year old son had for sole bequest a good, untarnished name and a spirit brave to parry the blows of ill fortune and hard circumstance.

Some friends of Mr. Watson consulted together and agreed to confide the boy to the care of a distant relative, an extensive trader at sea, formerly of England, then of Boston in the colonies. About six months after his father's death, all arrangements were completed for his passage across the ocean.

II.

April in Plymouth was merging into May. Hedgerows were abloom, the birds were singing their old spring melodies, the sun was shining in warm slanting rays over the long pier where the Mary Edgar lay moored. It wanted yet a full hour of sunset, the time fixed for the vessel's departure.

Some one brought young Watson to the pier, deposited him and his small blue chest on board ship, bade him good-bye and left him alone on the narrow deck. No one noticed him and he crept up among the ropes and rigging of the bow, watching the bare-throated sailors, with rythmic response to command, swinging the heavy freight into the vessel's yawning hold.

Finally the lading was completed, and the Mary Edgar set sail down the Sound. Alone in the fading light the lad remained on his perch, a forlorn little figure-head, his face turned back to the fast receding town.

The Cornwall and Dartmoor hills sank from sight. The great chain of forts with wide-throated guns was lost to view. The high Hoe rock grew dim. And clear, though faint, the bells of the old parish church of Saint Charles the Martyr, pealed their echoing chime on the mute quiescent air. They were calling—

"Turn again, turn again,
Turn again Watson."

as the bells did to Dick Whittington in the old ballad, but the boy could not interpret them, nor understand their golden promise of fortune.

III.

Havana, one of the principal seats of commerce in the New World, is built on the northern coast of the island of Cuba. From sea, the sight of its palaces and cathedrals of yellow

stone, and the flat-roofed houses of white marble behind the long line of fortifications, is beautiful indeed.

On an elevated plateau overlooking the blue Gulf of Mexico, stands the spacious hospital of the Real Casa de Beneficencia. In 1749 it was of smaller dimensions and much less luxurious in its appointments, but its white cot beds, and its sweet-voiced grey-robed nurses were then, as now, a part of its peace and repose. In midsummer of this year 1749, at early nightfall of one of the long hot days, the nuns were making ready a fresh bed. A young English lad, from one of the ships in port, had been terribly bitten by a shark; the ship must sail at flood, and the stranger was to be brought to the hospital and left in charge of the Spanish physicians and nurses.

The lad's name was Brook Watson. Four years had elapsed since his departure from Plymouth on that April evening. The Mary Edgar made a safe passage to Boston, and the relative, a Mr. Leavens, proved a kind friend and protector. Finding the boy a good sailor and fond of adventure, he placed him on board his best trading vessel, and the career of the young orphan was begun.

The trip to Havana had been greatly desired, and he had enjoyed to the full the rambles about the fountains and cathedrals and ramparts of this New Spain, founded with such gilded visions by the Spanish hidalgoes of the fifteenth century. After the confinement of a tedious voyage, the coast sea-baths proved a special delight. Excavated apartments for bathing, secure from sharks, are now made in the solid coral reefs, but no such convenience then existed, and the English lad, unconscious of danger, was seized by the ever-lurking monsters, and before assistance could be procured, one of his legs was horribly mangled.

The kindly captain of the ship accompanied him to the hospital, saw that his life was not in danger, and left instructions with the physicians to put him when recovered on board some British ship for Boston.

The leg was amputated, and all through the languor and glare of the summer the boy lay on the narrow bed. For many weeks he was unconscious and helpless, understanding no word of his attendants and unable to make known his wants but by signs and looks. By and by he caught the import of the strange speech and at length could speak one and another of the soft phrases in a patois of Spanish and his own tongue, readily comprehended by his nurses.

He did not despair though he was often despondent. The sight of the suffering in the other cots somewhat eased his own, and he learned some lessons that were never forgotten, lessons that helped shape his career. He spoke of them at a princely gathering in London when he was an old man —"strength of weakness"—"power of passiveness"—"patience of pain."

With the cooler winds of the autumn season he grew strong enough for the removal, and bidding his Spanish friends *adios*, once again took ship for Boston. He was now fourteen years of age, bright-eyed, keen-witted, but the golden promise of the Bells seemed removed forever from a lad with a wooden leg.

IV.

On one of Boston's narrow streets in the year 1749 stood the tavern of *The Lark and the Nightingale*, a name supposed to be significant to travellers of the late and early hours allowed by the landlady who presided under its grey gabled roof. This inn had been for many years the stopping place of Mr. Leavens the protector and relative of young Watson, and here the boy at once repaired when the vessel reached Boston.

To his dismay he learned that his kind friend had failed in business and disappeared from the city, leaving no clue to his present address.

The landlady, a hard coarse woman, had no mind to be taxed with a crippled lad who would be of little or no service to her establishment; and already smarting under the loss of Leaven's unpaid bill she immediately announced her intention to send for the Selectmen and have him bound out to a tailor who had a shop near the tavern.

The poor boy cried bitterly and refused to submit to her authority. His cries and the woman's threatening talk attracted the attention of the guests in the adjoining room, and a tall good-natured man pushed open the door between.

"What is the trouble mistress?" he enquired.

Readily relating her complaints she urged his assistance in compelling the lad's submission.

"Will you not be a tailor?" asked the man kindly, turning to the cripple.

"I'll not!" he curtly answered, "and I wish the sharks had finished the business they begun!"

"But why not be a tailor?" enquired the stranger, pleased with the terse reply.

"Because I'll be a *man*, if I am a wooden-legged one," said the cripple, "and it takes nine tailors to make a man!"

The gentlemen was still more pleased. "Come live with me," he said, "and I'll help you, though you've small need of help with that spirit of yours." And turning again to the woman he made all necessary enquiries relative to the lad's parentage and former protector.

As the request was backed by a generous sovereign for the night's lodging, she gave all desired information, and urged the stranger to take the boy without delay, though she cautiously put him under the requisite engagement with the Selectmen of the city, to prevent his return as a burden to her or the corporation.

Watson's new-found friend was a shipowner and trader, Captain John Huston, a native of Chicgnecto, Nova Scotia, and was then in Boston in charge of his own coasters. The homeless lad gladly consented to accompany him on his return voyage, and the following day went aboard the vessel and set out for another new land, the land of Acadie.

V.

At the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the crown of a hill on the Nova Scotia side of the bay, stand the ruins of the French fortress of Beau Sejour. It's fine, unbroken massive bastions, still flank the blue bay, but the ramparts are sunken and grass-grown, and the stone has fallen to decay.

Two miles south, on a lower ridge of land can be traced the remains of Fort Lawrence the British stronghold. Between them runs a sluggish stream called the Missaquash, the once disputed boundary between French and British dominion. At high water it is a river of considerable volume, at ebb a mere brooklet threading the slimy red mud of its deep channel.

Round about these forts from the year 1750 to 1755, was enacted a series of bloody engagements between the two nations, eventuating finally in that stern sentence of expulsion from the province of the whole French population.

On an autumn morning of 1751, the garrison, camped under La Corne at Beau Sejour, saw to their delight a herd of fat cattle cross the dividing stream to feed on the Grand Pré surrounding their ramparts. It was rich prospect of fresh meat, and the petty-officer in command gave instant orders to his men to keep them in view and prevent their recapture by the English; if necessary to engage in a skirmish rather than lose the prize.

In the British camp at Fort Lawrence there was dismay, not delight, and a hurried consultation among the soldiers as to which man dared ford the river and bring the stragglers back.

No one volunteered.

"Whose are the cattle?" asked one of the men.

"Huston, the commissariat. They were to furnish us food for a fortnight; we can ill afford to let the Frenchmen eat our dinners. We must recover them at once."

While they talked some one called that already a man was making his way to the river. The soldiers, eager to distinguish the rescuer, mounted the palisades. As he emerged from the sea of grass and stood on the river's bank a murmur of surprise and admiration went round among them.

"Huston's one-legged lad!" they cried. "He has more spirit than we have."

Indeed the boy seemed to feel no fear of the French fire. He calmly removed his heavy clothing and with wonderful quickness succeeded in crossing the sluggish stream. The enemy was approaching from the other side, the cattle contentedly browsing between.

"Youngster," called the foremost Frenchman, "What have you to do upon the land of the King of France?"

"My concern is not with the King of France, nor about his land," replied the boy, limping toward the herd to head them for the river, "But I mean to take care of the English cattle!"

Won by the pluck and sharp retort, the officer with the ready gallantry characteristic of his nation, gave orders to his men to desist from further attack. And with caps doffed in a cheer they allowed the cripple to drive the deserters safely back to British pastures.

The cripple was no other than our hero, Brook Watson. He had now been living a year with his new found friends at Chiegnecto. When Fort Lawrence was erected and received an occupation of British troops, Captain Huston removed to the vicinity of the fort and became largely engaged trading in commissariat supplies. With him was connected Col. Winslow, a thorough and accomplished accountant, afterward noted for his prominent part in the deplorable drama of Acadian Expulsion. Under two such competent instructors, an excellent opportunity was thus before the young orphan of becoming a well-trained business man.

Brook Watson neglected no opportunities.

VI.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1757, was small of size and rude of build. Her present parks and gardens were stretches of forest and fields of stumps. Her fortifications now girdling her rocky coast were slight and insecure barricades of logs. And her citizens were but struggling with the foundations of the comfortable fortunes which their descendants enjoy to-day.

On one of the lower cross lanes of the city, now known as Bedford Row, stood a small building owned and occupied by a mercantile firm. The firm was composed of two members, both young and fearless, and confident of success. One furnished the necessary capital, the other brought a thorough knowledge of account and a fair experience in home and foreign trade, and that rare gift of foresight and decision so important to a man who must judge and take advantage of a profitable venture, and reject as decidedly an unprofitable one.

This later man, the junior partner of the firm, was called Mr. Watson. He had attained his majority and was no longer willing to be dependent upon the bounty of Captain Huston. In stature he was slight but firm set. His wooden leg was never thought of when one saw his strong frank face and honest eyes. The strong keen face told you that whatever awaited him he was going forth to meet without fear and with a strong heart.

Perhaps a tone of the yearning, prophetic call of the Bells had staid with him through all his life since that April evening in Plymouth, for after a few year's residence in the new city

he severed all business relations with the Colonies and took ship to old England to seek his fortune in the Mother land.

VII.

London the emporium of England, the centre of its great monetary transactions, the home of its science, its literature and its art, the resort of aristocrats and landed proprietors, the refuge of outcast thousands, the golden city to so many poor lads, this London of Whittington's was before the young man and he became one of her teeming throng.

After struggling for some months alone he was made known to Mr. Maughr, then Nova Scotia's agent in England. This gentleman, influenced by recommendations of former friends in Halifax, advanced him a considerable sum of money and procured for him a partnership in a small but rising mercantile house.

The ladder before the young lad was long and steep, but sure steps, are strong steps, and what he "took" he "kept."

His affairs prospered. His good habits and business ability aided the mounting. Many who noticed his advancement said he was "born under a lucky star." The few who knew him well, said his *character* was his destiny, that he grappled with adverse circumstances and mastered them and made of them "rounds by which he might ascend."

Ten, twenty years passed. He was preparing for the calls that were to be made upon him. In 1782 he was appointed Commissary-General to the army in North America. Two years later he was sent to Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London. At the same period he became a Director of the Bank of England and an Alderman for Cordwainer's Ward. Later he served the office of Sheriff.

In 1796 he was elected Lord Mayor of London.

And in 1803 His Majesty was graciously pleased to reward him for his faithful discharge of duties by creating him, gratuitously, a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

An orphan lad in old Plymouth, and a nobleman of England; a foundling in the Spanish hospital of Havana and the holder of one of the most important public functions of the realm; a wooden-legged outcast ousted by Boston's Selectmen, and an occupant of the Mansion House, dispensing the hospitality of the city of London.

It reads like a fable. It is as true as truth.

In 1807 Sir Brook Watson died. The public notices of his death stated that he was a constitutional loyal subject, a diligent, faithful servant, an upright magistrate, a firm Christian. His title is at the present day held by Sir Brook Key, who resides at Stanley Lodge, Battledown, Cheltenham.

THE BRIDE.

THROUGH her life's length this sweet-mouthed, glad-miened maid
By his side who has won her, unafraid,
Will stand, and calm and strong and quick to aid.

MARRY MARSTYN.

THE ISLE OF FISHERS.

JAMES MURRAY, EX-M.H.A.

NEWFOUNDLAND is best known to the outside world in connection with the great Cod fishery which occupies the energies of nine-tenths of her people and provides the materials for three fourths of her exports. The former number a population of about 200,000, and the latter aggregates a yearly value of nearly ten millions of dollars. A peculiarity of the island's trade statistics is that the fishermen import nearly all the goods they consume and thus provide the means of an adequate revenue for self-governing purposes by a customs tariff only. The fish exports being sold for cash in the foreign consuming markets, the Newfoundland buyers are consequently enabled to purchase all their requirements for food and clothing wherever the best value can be had. They make nothing and 'raise' nothing of these supplies to speak of, a clear proof either that they find fishing a more profitable vocation than farming and manufacturing, or that their aptitudes and environment better adapt them for the fishing industry. Any way their habits are simple; their wants are primitive and few: and although they are enormous consumers along the lines of their choice the individual articles that make up the list are very limited in number.

In considering the population of 'the Isle of Fishers' in connection with its internal economic features, to properly understand the subject we must divide said population into two parts. About one half dwell on the peninsula of Avalon, and having a great deal of good land around their doors, they combine attention to the fishery with a limited amount of land-culture,—that is they grow sufficient table vegetables for their own use all the year round and rear a limited extent of live stock. This, with their share of fish, enables them to live comfortably on land-plots for which they pay little or no rent, and in dwellings for the most part constructed by their own hands.

The other 100,000 of the population live along the margin of sea-coast, and are fishermen pure and simple. They are citizens of the sea rather than of the land and live within sound of it that they may be nearer, for convenience sake, to the scene of their avocation. Their fishing hamlets which fringe the coast from Cape Race to Cape John, in every bay, bight and bottom, are as nearly alike in outward feature as they can well be.

A typical fishing village is noticeable from its flakes and stages—called fishing rooms—which run down into and overhang the landwash. Here the fishing boats discharge their piscatory cargo as it is caught fresh and round from the ocean.

Thrown up on the stage-head, each codfish is quickly decapitated, 'split,' cleaned and trimmed, after which it is laid down in salt bulk, to undergo pressure and absorb the pickle. After some days spent thus, the salted fish is washed out and subjected to several separate exposures to the sun on elevated flakes where the aid of the air is also obtainable. Some five or six weeks are necessary to perfect the cure, after which the fish are in shipping order and need only occasional attention to keep them in good condition.

There are between 30,000 and 40,000 families on the island who are engaged in this industry either as exclusive fishermen or as fishermen-farmers. In the former branch the female members of the family often

assist in the curing process and the boys often commence to help the father in the capturing process before they are twelve years old. The season begins with May and ends with October, except in a limited area on the West Coast where there is a winter fishery and where the summer fishery is practically non-existent.

The export of Codfish annually ranges between one million quintals and a million and a quarter. The quintals ranges in value in the local market from $2.00 to $4.00 and contains 112 lbs of dried or 'cured' fish. It takes from seventy five to one hundred codfish to make up a quintal according to size. A fisherman may catch two or three quintals of fish in a day or he may take a week to catch a single quintal. These are the handline or punt fishermen. Fish are also caught 'on trawls,' and by means of various kinds of nets some of which are small and conservative, while others are of the most destructive and wasteful description. The floating craft employed are of the most diverse kind and size, from the simple punt that takes one man and a boy, or perhaps a dog, to the trim schooner that goes to the Banks or Labrador. The fishing "skiff," specially built for the purpose, is, however, the fisherman's pride and delight as such; she is a miniature schooner, can be handled by one man, on a pinch, and usually carries two or three men who are able to tend two lines apiece. These skiffs are able to weather a pretty stiff breeze and are used to go off into deep water four or five miles from shore. The fish caught in them is frequently dragged up from a depth of 4 lines of water, which is equal to 120 fathoms or over 700 feet. Just think of dragging up a heavy codfish of perhaps ten pounds weight, besides the weight of lead 'sinker' and line, from such a depth and not knowing until the hook reaches the surface whether the toil is fruitless or not.

The Newfoundland fisherman leaves his home at early dawn and rarely returns except with the shades of evening closing around him. He has no food all day but a loaf of dry bread, baked in the cooking stove at home, or a few ship biscuits and a kettle of tea. Sometimes he can heat the tea, sometimes he cannot. His one meal for the day is taken at home when he returns and has 'hove' up his days catch of fish in the stage. His children are then in bed of course and he is gone off again to the fishing ground in the morning before they are up. The life is a dreary and toilsome one for the 'single' or hook-and-line fisherman, and many a convict serving out his term of hard labor in one of the large prison establishments of Europe or the United States has as much freedom and many more of the substantial comforts of life. But theoretical freedom the Newfoundland fishers have; and this if even of less practical value, they prize more highly than the most gilded life of luxury and ease.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE MAGYARS.

THOS. LINDSAY.

TO have lived a thousand years—through the darkest of the dark ages, and on through the ever recurring changes of modern times; to have maintained the courageous spirit of an age when courage was the chiefest of the virtues; to speak still the language in which their ancestors proclaimed sovereignty over the land: this is a record of which any people may be justly proud, and every lover of liberty, whatever his descent, will have none but the kindliest sympathy and the highest admiration for the Hungarian nation, now celebrating the end of its first millenial.

The English reader knows Hungary by its geographical position, knows that it has its own parliament and laws, that it is an integral part of a great dual empire, not a conquered country gathered in by a grasping neighbor, but there his knowledge ends; he finds that English writers have not studied this people, rich though their history is, unique indeed in pointing to what a people may accomplish who possess at once the robust qualities of their warlike ancestors, and the power of assimilating all that is best in modern life. To learn something of the Magyar's history we must be indebted to English renderings of the Magyar's own literary work, and we find that marked by a style of noble simplicity, as if the aim were to record the bare truth alone, to tell the world there was nothing to conceal. There is indeed no nation, of ancient or modern times, whose history is so clear of ugly black spots as is the story of the rise and progress of Hungary.

There is a time in our childhood when we feel interested in knowing to which nation we belong and what that nation has been and is; and perhaps some selected story of the olden days is remembered, treasured up, as the starting point whence we journey on through a record of events, more or less pleasingly related until we reach—the reign of Queen Victoria. It so happened that in the writer's case, before the "conquest of Britain by the Romans" was conned as a first lesson the early story of the Magyars had been read, and that was the story with which, ever afterwards, all other tales of nations' beginnings were to be compared, and—suffer in comparison. But the picture which captivates one may have no charms for another, and it is only in view of the fact that a whole nation is celebrating the events of ten centuries ago, that we venture to sketch in rough outline the first of the Magyar people.

Whence came they? Whence indeed but from Adam? And tradition is not slow in tracing their line of descent straight back to Noah, through Magyar the son of Nimrod, and claiming cousinship with the descendants of Hunyor, another son of the great hunter. But, however that may be, they existed as a host of scattered tribes, during the early centuries of our era, on the slopes of the Caucasus and along the shores of the Volga. That they belonged originally to the Tartar tribes, roaming the steppes of Asia seems probable, but as their descendants claim only a thousand years of nationality we are concerned with a picture of the end of the ninth century. Somewhere about that time the Magyars seem to have become restless; they had doubtless heard glowing tales of the invasions of the western world by just such as they, and longed to see for themselves

those fertile regions upon which their cousins the Huns had descended four centuries earlier, but had failed to retain.

And so we find them passing rapidly westward, with all their belongings; almost directly in their route is an easy path through the Carpathian mountains; they swoop down upon the plains watered by the Danube—and there they remain to-day. We have no picture of the destruction of ships to cut off retreat, these people had nothing to do with the sea, but we find them ratifying a compact which in some measure allows us an insight into their character. They number seven tribes; the great chief who brought them almost to the land of promise, the mighty Almos, has not lived to finish the journey, and the chieftainship of the seven falls to his son Arpad. He and the minor chiefs stand in a circle round a rough hewn vessel of stone; Arpad bares his arm to the point of his sword and his blood flows into the vessel; another and another, till there is mingled together the blood from the veins of the seven leaders. Then one by one they taste of the reeking draught and swear, fealty to Arpad, fealty to one another, and obedience to equitable laws relating to—future division of the spoils! The land before them is to be theirs; they claim it was bequeathed to them by their cousins the Huns; they will hold it while a life remains. The Magyars are all there, they have left none of their kin on the other side of the Carpathians; they are all now upon the fertile plains, and further reinforcement of their numbers being impossible, the future presents two visions only. This land into which they have entered must either possess their bones one by one till all the followers of Arpad are gone, or, the race of Arpad must possess the land. This was in the year of grace 889. A thousand years and more have passed away, and the basin of Danube is still the "land of the Magyar."

Arpad, presenting such a warlike character, must have been also endowed with a great deal of common sense, especially for a barbarian. He was content to grasp supreme control of the territory into which he had entered without humiliating the conquered, and thus gathered round him friends from among the vanquished tribes, while his own people were ever loyally attached to him. His descendants in the direct male line ruled Hungary for over four hundred years, something remarkable in those troublous times.

"By God's decree this noble tree,
Was planted in the land;
The seed came from fair Asia's plains,
Unto Carpathia's strand;
Through twice two hundred years it grew,
And shot its stem on high;
Through twice two hundred years its leaves,
Were green against the sky."

If we may judge from the general outlines of history the fact that a dynasty could hold power so long proves first, that the rulers must have been men of no ordinary attainments, and secondly that the people must have been a unit, free from internal dissensions.

The Magyars, however, were not altogether saints, and they suffered often enough at the hands of warlike neighbors whom they sought in vain to dispossess of territory. But that was long ago, and the Hungarian, honoured to-day among the highly civilized people of Europe, can well afford to tell, in festival times, of some disastrous expedition conducted by the men of Arpad's race. The great prince himself, beloved of his people, died peacefully in the year 907. About 50 years later the Magyars had become bold enough to make excursions, seeking plunder, north to the very shores of the Baltic, and east to the gates of Constantinople. One of their expeditions northward into the territory of the Emperor Otho resulted so disastrously that of the whole of a splendid army only seven

survived, and these were sent back with mutilated faces.

In a boat of the Rhine they are thrown
To follow the Danube's track—
"Tell the Magyars," said Otho, with sneers,
If they come, it is thus they go back.

Still one remained a captive, destined for the axe, Lehel the leader.

One of the chieftains seven,
From Asia came Lehel of old,
His horn the great call of his tribe
When to battles of blood they rolled.

(But the balladist, Garay, can scarcely be correct here, or Lehel must have been a very old war horse indeed.)

Lehel's horn seems to have been an integral part of him, as it were, and was known to his enemies, Otho included, as having sounded of joy alone. Before the brave old warrior was to meet the axe he was jeeringly asked to grant one boon—

What I long to hear now from thee,
Is a strain that of woe may tell—
Blow thy funeral note to thy comrades,
And then, if thou wilt, thy farewell.

This was ten centuries ago, but what son of Arpad will not feel his heart leaping with nameless emotion as he hears some patriotic ballad singer, mayhap in some obscure corner of the Magyar land recite—

And before the Emperor stepping
He swelled no dirge from his throat;
But with both hands lifting the horn
At Otho's red forehead he smote.

"Go first to the world of death," he said,
"There seek, if thou needest, a slave,
But if ghosts of servants have need,
Then will Otho serve Lehel the Brave."

And it will add not a little to his pleasure to know that the story of Lehel and his horn is literally true, though he did not kill the emperor.

But if the Magyars suffered occasionally defeat, certain it is that neither the Turk on the one side nor the German on the other were ever able to gain and hold one foot of their territory. If Arpad rose from his grave to-day he would find that his descendants had remembered the oath of the seven, had been true to his memory, true to themselves and were steadily Magyarizing the whole of south-eastern Europe. Strong in their unity, there is no people in Christendom who can, so to speak, see so clearly through their past history, and for none is the future so bright. The union with Austria was a union of dynasties, not of peoples. The Magyar celebrates the millenial of Hungary, not of Austro-Hungary. If we would study the Hungarian we must forget his political name, which only misleads us. We may study him as the result of an evolutionary process, which can be traced in most minute detail, leading from the barbarian of the Caucasus to a race not less cultured than the highest in Europe.

In these days of celebrations, anniversaries and centennials among our own people, we are apt to forget that there are other people in the world who have histories to look back upon. Hungary's millenial may possibly awaken us. We may send greetings to the courtly Magyar in English but a few centuries old, and he will answer in the language spoken on the plains of Asia when the world was young.

It is to be hoped that the western world may become better acquainted than it has hitherto been with the literature of Hungary. A people with such a glorious record must give expression to their feelings and their aspirations—we would like to know just what they think of their past and of their possible future. Here and there we meet with English renderings of lyric pieces, and in case the reader may think that the Magyar with the pride of a thousand years has no place for gaiety, here is a part rendering of a wine sing which I believe no one can read and ever forget.

Away with water!
It tastes not to the tongue—
Give me wine, wine!
'Tis wine that makes me young!

Full of the glorious grape
Even Noah, holy man, became—
Why therefore not drink wine,
I, poor sinner that I am !

These lines do not show the Magyar at his best, but they show one phase of his life. They have been ringing in my ears for a generation, and though I never endorsed the sentiment, yet, knowing that the children of Arpad traced their descent back to Noah, I could not but admire the boldness of the argument !

Be true to the land of thy birth,
Son of the Magyar race ;
It nourished, nursed, and soon its earth
Will be thy resting place.

Behold the dear, the hallow'd soil
On which our father's bled ;
Lo here ten centuries of toil
Have bound the mighty dead.

A DEPOSED FAVOURITE.

E. LAETITIA PHILLIMORE.

HE had been his mistress' constant companion ever since he was a funny little shaggy ball of a puppy. His mistress was very tall and very beautiful and Tip was deeply impressed with the idea that there was no one else at all like her in all the wide world. He was content to lie for hours at her feet with his silky ear against the white hand that caressed him. He slept in her room at night and was never separated from her in the day time. All her friends were his friends, even the tall dark gentleman who came so often and stayed so long. Sometimes when Tip was being caressed more fondly than usual the dark gentleman would become jealous, and tell Tip's mistress that she loved the dog better than she loved him, and Tip's mistress would say, "Love me, love my dog," and smile up at him. Then the dark gentleman would kiss her, and they would forget all about Tip.

Soon the dark gentleman and Tip's mistress were married, and Tip went to live with them. There he had a little room all to himself near theirs, and used to lie awake anxiously half the night to be quite sure that no robbers were in the house. He was more devoted to his mistress than ever, and would go for a walk with no one else, not even the dark gentleman. Many a long summer's day did Tip spend in the house in order to keep his mistress company.

"There is no one in all the world like my Tippie," she would say, fondly patting the faithful little head, "he cares for no one but me."

"You will forget all about Tip some day," the dark gentleman would say with a smile.

But she only shook her head. Tip had the snuggest of beds, the daintiest of meals and the fondest of caresses, and he always should have them. And he repaid her love in his own little dog fashion by worshipping her in a manner that was positively pathetic.

One day Tip awoke to find that he had a rival.

It was a very strange rival, a little squeaking bundle of pink flannel, with a very red round face peeping out of it. Tip's mistress lay back on her pillows, very white and very beautiful, and she had a smile on her face such as Tip had never seen there before. Tip crept very softly up to her, and licked her white fingers in token of sympathy.

"Go away, Tip," said the dark gen-

tleman sharply, "you must not worry your mistress now."

Tip looked at her. She had her eyes fixed on the pink bundle and did not even glance at him. He crept away to his own little room, and burying his little shaggy head in the pillow lay there very quietly for the rest of the day, trying hard to conquer his jealous hatred of the pink bundle that his mistress loved. Later on in the day the dark gentleman, finding him there, tried to coax him to eat some dinner. Tip turned away his head. Nor could he be tempted out of doors. He just lay there and looked patiently at this new world out of his pathetic brown eyes—a world he had never known before, devoid of the love that his warm little doggish heart could not do without.

Some days later the dark gentleman wrote quite a number of letters in his wife's room, and laughed very much as he wrote them. His wife laughed too, and played with the pink bundle and seemed very happy. The dark gentleman read one of the letters aloud.

"My Dear Auntie Lucie:

I came by a very early train on Monday morning. Everybody had been sitting up all night and seemed pleased to see me. I was very tired, but no one took much notice of me at first because my mamma was so ill. My mamma is very pretty and has pink cheeks. I like my papa, too, but not so much, and I don't care about his nose at all. My mamma says it is his only fault. On the whole I am quite pleased with both my parents. My papa says I have the right *bumps*, and that some day I shall be a clever man. I weigh about eleven pounds and am rather red and wrinkled. Still I am a nice child and give great satisfaction. I hope I shall see you soon, and remain

Your loving little nephew,

Ralph Waldo Stewart."

"What a foolish boy you are!" said Tip's mistress, smiling divinely at her husband.

Tip crept a little nearer, and snuffed at the pink bundle. He tried hard to make the sniff appreciative, but he was misunderstood.

"Do take Tip away, Ralph," said Tip's mistress, who was fast becoming Tip's Mistress no longer, but the Baby's Mother. "He is frightening baby."

Tip did not wait to be sent. He crept away to his own bed in silence, his loyal little heart almost broken. His mistress had never spoken of him in that tone before. His big brown eyes had such a volume of pathos in them that the dark gentleman was touched, and spoke to him kindly. But Tip refused to be comforted. He stayed in the house all day long now, on the chance of getting some kind word or caress from the being he loved most in all the world. But the Baby's Mother was so absorbed in caressing her new treasure that she never gave a thought to Tip.

Some time after, Tip fell ill.

During his previous illness Tip's mistress had attended to him herself. She had sat up at nights with him and fed him at intervals with warm milk and brandy. Her beautiful eyes were quite inflamed with weeping over her pet, and the dark gentleman, who was not then her husband, had scolded her sharply for being so foolish over a dog, and they had had quite a little quarrel. But now Tip lay on his little bed alone and no one came near him. He moaned from time to time, and once he tried to drag himself as far as her room with a faint whine of distress and pain.

"Go away, Tip," said the Baby's Mother in an angry whisper. "Don't you know baby is asleep?"

Tip looked at the pink bundle and crept away again to his bed, where he lay shivering quietly all day. When the baby's father came home he stumbled over a little form on the stairs.

"Tip is very sick I am afraid Francesca," he said a little later, going into his wife's room.

"Is he dear? I don't suppose it is anything much. Look Ralph, did you ever see anything so cute as baby in his little nightgown?"

The dark gentleman smiled, but his manner was rather absent, and he soon went back to Tip, who lay on his bed trying not to moan. He tried to coax him to drink some warm milk but Tip turned from it and buried his hot little nose in his straw pillow.

Later on, in the middle of the night, Tip's mistress felt something cold and clammy against her hand, and heard a faint sigh in the darkness. She turned up the light. "Here is Tip again, Ralph. He is becoming quite a nuisance. Baby is in such a nice sleep."

She looked down suddenly. Tip was asleep too—his little faithful head drooping against the white hand in one last effort to lick it. He had gone to a world where it is to be hoped there are no pink bundles to disturb little dog's warm hearts—and break them.

"I don't think I need send him away this time Francesca," said the dark gentleman rather sternly, "He has gone too far to be re-called. Do you know I sometimes think his heart was broken. He was never the same after baby came. He felt that you did not love him so much."

"But how could I think of anything but my baby?" said the Baby's Mother, kissing the warm pink bundle.

The little shaggy form by the bed had had his epitaph spoken. It is the way of the world——of mothers.

UNSPARING NATURE.

THAT tranquil dell, all leaf, and vine, and flower,
Teeming with joy and life,
To him who views it, seems to preach each hour
'Gainst cruelty, wrong, and strife.

And yet—beneath those leaves and blossoms bright,
Both strife and death are nigh;
The hawk strikes down the swallow in its flight,
The spider snares the fly.

No leaf that stirs, but has its tale of woe,
No spot from death is free,
Grim is the life 'neath that fair-seeming show;
And dark the mystery!

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE BARKERS' SECOND HONEYMOON.

ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON.)

"AIR ye goin' in now, Ma?" called John Barker to his wife.

She had a tin pan in her arms with fat green pea-pods in it, and paused at the garden gate to answer. "Yes, I've got enough for a mess."

"I'll come an' shell 'em," he said, raising himself from his knees and ambling after her.

He was an old man, and he walked with the sore-footed totter that comes when old age follows upon years of heavy farm labor, and much tramping over rough ground.

This morning he had been weeding an onion patch. It was almost clear now, and he had the look of wishing to finish it in his eyes; but he followed his wife without hesitation. It was wonderfully comfortable in there on the broad piazza. He sat in the shade stripping the peas from their shells, the pan on his knees, and a basket beside him for the pods. He had tilted his hat back. His grey hair lay in long greasy strips on his brow. His practised hands were quite capable of working without his eyes over them, so he looked out upon the garden. Inside his wife passed to and from the pantry, into the kitchen, and through the dining room. They exchanged remarks each time she passed the open door.

"It takes consid'rable wrestlin' to keep that garden up," he said upon one occasion.

"My sage bed wants tendin', an' the mint an' parsley's pretty weedy, an' the strawberry patch 'll heve to be fixed up, an' then it 'll be time to pick the fruit. Ef that girl's any good, she kin pick afternoons."

Mrs. Barker stood at the door as she spoke, pointing out the location of the various bits of work, and her husband nodded.

"Goin' to be a shower, d'ye think?" he asked after a little. Them hens is croonin', and the barn swallers fly like rain."

"Bad for thet girl's picnic ef it does," and Mrs. Barker stepped out and looked into the west. "They're in Gileses grove. She wuz wild to go, an' bein' it wuz her church picnic I couldn't refuse her."

"Hedn't ye better git dinner here in the kitchen?" the old man asked when he took the peas out.

"It allers happens, that the day I go mussin' on a corner of the kitchen table, there's comp'ny comes unlooked fer," she answered, with an air of believing in the theory of contraries.

The old man went back to his chair on the piazza, and presently his wife came too. She was fanning herself with her apron.

"It's queer how hot a person does git fussin' round the stove when you've got out o' the way of it. I've been lettin' thet girl do things up to now, but I'll hev to git in trim 'fore the heft o' the fruit cannin' comes."

John nodded his approval.

"Who's that comin' up the lane?" his wife cried after a moment, "it's a young fellow—there t'other side of them pines. I'll go and get on my afternoon cap."

As the visitor approached, the old man rose from his chair to receive him, holding out his hand in welcome, yet questioning with his eyes.

"Yer one of Robert's grandboys, I'll be bound," he said.

The young man smiled and shook his head. "No, but I'm one of Daniel's, uncle John. You ought to re-

member me. I'm the Ted you fished out of the creek that sheep-wasing time."

The old man's face lit up. "I ought, that's a fact. Set down, Ted. But you see, Robert an' Dan'l, they both hed a quiver full—a dozen a piece, an' now they're growed up an' scattered I can't keep track of 'em."

"I don't wonder," and the grand nephew lifted his hat off, wiped his hot brow and, drawing a long breath of content, feasted his eyes on the kindly face of the old man, and the big old-fashioned garden.

"You're hot, boy. Hev a drink o' milk?" Without waiting for an answer, he went to get it, appearing with a white delf pitcher and a heavy old-time glass tumbler.

"How's aunt Mary?" asked Ted.

"She's well—run off to tog up some." Here, you drink yer milk 'fore she comes out I've got the comp'ny glass, but this aint one o' the comp'ny pitchers."

"Why it's Teddy," cried a thin voice, tremulous with pleasure, and Ted bent down to kiss the flushed face underneath the second best cap.

"We aint got much for dinner," Mrs. Barker said, as they sat down to the table, a little later. "It's that girl's church picnic to-day."

Ted expressed himself as wholly content with any dinner, if Aunt Mary had cooked it. Church picnic day was the one he would have chosen.

"Do you remember those pumkin pies, Uncle John? I ate the one Aunt Mary meant for dinner, and began the one for tea, when I was discovered."

The old man and his wife laughed heartily.

"I remember that night you read the commandments at family worship, and when you came to 'Thou shalt not steal,' you looked straight at me, and I cried all through the prayer."

"You were such a little fellow then," the old aunt said softly, and then, "Hev some honey, do now, it's from our own skips."

Ted took some and became reminiscent again.

"I remember another time I ate too much honey, and Uncle John said greed was wickedness, so he read in Proverbs where it says, 'Hast thou found honey?' and—and the rest of it. By the way, Aunt Mary, I'm glad you keep a servant now. You used to have your hands full with the work and the boys and me, that summer I was here,"

"Well, I hev to do most of the work as 'tis," Mrs. Barker replied, with the little perverication which most mistresses allow themselves.

"Thet girl wuz interdoosed in our second honey-moon," her husband remarked, with the laborious accent of quotation on the last two words.

The nephew looked up puzzled.

"I'll hev to tell you about that, it's worth knowin'—after dinner," he added with a wink, as his wife protested.

"You aint thinkin' o' gettin' married, I suppose, Teddie?"

"Well not—not immediately, Aunt Mary, responded Ted, for he was shy. The fact was, he was making this visit to ask the old couple to come to his wedding, and the invitations were to be issued the next week.

"Boys aint the same after they're married," sighed Mrs. Baker. "Seems 'sef the scriptures got added to—A man leaves his father an' mother an' cleaves to his wife, an' his wife's folks cleave to him."

"Tut, tut, ma, Artie an' Eddie air as good boys as could be."

"Yes, I know," she answered with a rising inflection, which intimated that she had only touched the fringe of the great question as she saw it; and then sensibly changing the conversation she asked her nephew would he have some more tea, or some more honey, to which he was, in the nature of things, obliged to say no.

"What's this second honeymoon, Uncle John," the young man asked, as they established themselves on the piazza again.

"Well, you see it's this way. When folks is married they're apt to settle down inter a jog trot, an' they get out o' the way o' settin' much store by each other. Lovin's like gatherin' manna. It's got to be tended to every day. The Lord knew them Israelites 'ud just go cannin down that manna an' dryin' an' saltin' it, an' forget where they got it, so he fixed it so's they'd couldn't, an' it went bad if they kep' it over. Seems to me 'sef some men folks think that when they got their wimmen settled inter homes where they've got to work from daylight to dark, they've done with bein' comfortin' an' lookin' after 'em. Well it ain't so, an' I found it out in a hard way. Yer Aunt Mary an' me pulled off more'n more, when the boys got up. She wanted to go to church mornin' an' I wanted to go nights. Well, she an' Artie went mornin's an' me an' Eddie hitched up an' went nights. I used to grumble some at the cold dinners she give us, fer we didn't have no hired girl then.

"When we'd come home in the summer nights there'd be Artie an' his ma sittin' on the stoop holdin' hands an' talkin' low 'bout what he wuz goin' to do, when he quit school.

"When the boys went to the city to learn their trades, we edged off more'n ever, an' sorrowed separate.

"Then I got a great notion that I wuz gettin' old an' hain't ought to work so hard, so I let the farm out on shares. Mary's only two years younger'n me, but she didn't say nothin' an' worked on. I favored myself a good deal, an' I let her do the chores that a man should tend to, fillin' the boiler, an' makin' fires an' feedin' the calf an' the hens an' milkin' the cow. But she never said a word. I've seen her face go hard once or twice, an' she'd hurry off quiet-like into the best room an' I knew she wuz lookin' at Eddie's and Archie's pictures an' wishin' her boys wuz home again.

"When I went to town I never said hadn't she better come along too; I loafed round chattin' after I'd done up the things. Then when she wanted tea or sugar I'd huff up about bein' savin'. I guess I'd hev been meaner'n sin about clothes, but she never asked fer any.

"One mornin' she wuz too sick to get up, an' she kinder moaned while I was fixin' the fire an' things. She couldn't eat no breakfast she said, so I jest pieced an' went out to milk. While I wuz out she'd got up to make some tea for herself an' fell over an' cut her head. I run out to the road an' caught the Hay children goin' to school an' they told the Doctor to come. He looked at her an' then at me, an' sez he, 'You go an' fetch the nurse.' There wasn't but one about—Mrs. Skinner, an' she wuz mostly sent fer when folks wuz give up, an' fer funerals, so I knew yer Aunt Mary wuz pretty sick. It made me feel queer. I wuz goin' to feed the cattle twice that mornin', an' when I got up to the feed bin, I stood an' wondered what I'd come fer.

"'What's the matter with her Doctor?' sez I, before he went away.

"'Can't say yet,' sez he. They're dreadful scared they'll make a mistake by talkin'. Mistakes in dosin', ain't so apt to get out.

"'Pretty bad ain't she, but she'll git better, won't she,' I kep' coaxin'.

"'I don't know Barker, I don't know,' sez he dreary-like, an' I felt somethin' tuggin' at my heart in a place that hadn't been pulled fer years.

"I marched straight into the house an' sez I to Mrs. Skinner, 'What can I do?'

"'Keep quiet,' sez she. She's a bossy woman by nature, an' nursin' 's fetched it out more. 'Aint it queer how them nurses do rule, an' how we let 'em. Then she wuz keekin' inter the bureau drawers an' the clothes press, an' pretty soon sez she 'Where does yer wife keep her night gowns. I've ast her, but she's gone delirious an' can't sense what I say.'

"Her white things wuz all in the middle drawer an' I said so.

"'Well, then, there's precious few of 'em,' she snapped out, and she looked again.

"'Mebbe that's one out there on the line,' I said, pointin' for some their white wuz flyin' in the wind.

"'D'ye suppose there's only two,' sez she, an' she did look me up an' down.

"I hadn't thought of it that way, an' I looked over at yer Aunt Mary. Her face wuz all red as fire an' she turned over an' sort o' moaned.

"It wuz three weeks she wuz sick, an' I got to lovin' her so much an' bein' so scared she'd die an' never find it out, that I wuz most crazy. We hed to take turns settin' with her, so I got a hired girl to do the work. The boys come up when the turnin' point came, and when it had gone by, an' she wuz sleepin' like a baby all quiet and peaceful, and the Doctor said she'd git better, I jest knelt down beside her. I wasn't prayin', fer nothin' there wuz to say seemed to be worth while.

"'Good-bye,' sez Artie, when he wuz goin' away, 'you'll soon be up an' around.'

"And then I heard his Ma say 'Yes,' an' then sort o' proud like 'yer pa is so good to me.'

"That went through me. I hed chills up my back bone an' I went right in an' sez I, 'Look here Mary, let's hev a second honeymoon. We'll let on we're young, an' be happy here together ef we are old folks.' She looked up 'sef she couldn't make me out, an' then she smiled, an' I kissed her, an' our eyes wuz all wet.'

"What's all this about," cried Mrs. Barker, coming to the door.

"I wuz advisin' Ted about gettin' married," and the old man's blue grey eyes twinkled up into his wife's brown ones.

The bees droned and tumbled from the big cabbage roses. The portulacca that had invaded the garden walks, folded its petals yet closer from the afternoon sun. The air was soft and resinous as it came westward through the pines, beneath whose shadow the collies lay asleep.

Ted and his Aunt talked of the harvest coming on, of Teenie and Lily, his lately married sisters, and of the big new railway beyond the orchard there.

John Barker slid lower and lower into his arm chair, then his head dropped back and he snored.

"You're pretty comfortable here now, you and Uncle," Ted ventured. His Aunt's eyes softened and darkened. "Yes," she assented, and then, "some folks hev got sense enough on both sides to keep their first honeymoon goin'. Some ain't, an' it's well fer them there's second ones. It's an awful thing when the pa an' ma get hinched off. When the children's round it ain't quite so bad. But they most grow up an' get married an' go off, an' then the old folks ain't even got each other left,"

"But if people really love each other Aunt Mary, how can they feel like that."

The old woman looked sharply at him, and Ted knew his secret had leaked out through his eyes and the tones of his puzzled voice.

"DE HALF PAS' TWO HOSS."

CLIFFORD SMITH,

Author of "A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," etc.

THE reasons given by a coachman for leaving a situation are not generally worthy of being repeated; but I think the quaint ones given by my French-Canadian coachman, Baptiste Filteau, will bear perusal.

Baptiste was a typical French-Canadian, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, rugged, and impulsive. He had been in my employ for two years, and I was under the impression that he was perfectly contented; but this fallacy was suddenly dispelled a few days ago, on my entering the coach-house, by his saying to me: "I want for leave just so soon I can, Mr. Watson."

In some surprise I asked him why he wished to leave me.

He moved his feet uneasily, looked past me out into the yard, colored under his swarthy skin, and finally said, evasively: "I—I not want for leave for someting dat not please me here; for dis is de bes' place I never work in before, sir."

Having no particular interest in the matter, I replied that I hoped he would do well, and that I should be glad to give him a good character.

This reply added to Baptistes rapidly-increasing nervousness, and as I was about to leave, a few minutes later, he blurted out: "I would lak to tell you for what I leave, sir, for I no lak you for tink dat I am not be sorry to leave, after you have been so kine to me for over two year."

Recognizing the spirit in which the words were spoken, and having always taken an interest in Baptiste, who had been a most faithful servant, I told him that I should be glad to listen.

"Well, sir, it is dis way," he began, as he flushed up again, "for long time now I be keep company wit Canadian girl—who has come from Montreal to States lak I do—and who I tink she is going to marry me when I ax her. I tink dat because, as I say, I be keep de company wit her for long time, and because too I tak her out for many drive in rig dat I hire in de livery stable.

"Everyting is go all right wit her and me till about five week ago, when I meet on de street one day Gustave Bolduc, from Montreal, whose fadder die about a year ago and leave him plenty much money. I be glad of course for see Bolduc, and we shak hand and mak plenty talk about Canada. When I see too how Bolduc he be so glad for see me, I start to work and tell him about Mamselle Trudeau-er-er—dat what her name is, sir. When I get finish to tell him what kine of fine figure dat Mamselle Trudeau she got, and kine of face dat mak everybody turn roun' and look at her when she be walk on de street wit me, and tell him too dat I expec' for ax her for marry me, he look at me wit' big eyes and say: 'You lucky fellow Baptiste for get gal lak dat, and I must come for see her wit' you some night.'

"I feel plenty pride at dat, and I just say straight off to Bolduc dat he can come for see her jus' so soon he lak. We shak de hand once more, and den Bolduc he go away.

"Well, jus' two tree night after dat, I tak Bolduc wit' me for see dat Mamselle Trudeau—and dat is where I mak de mistak. Just so soon he see her, he talk, and talk, and talk to her jus' de same lak I am not be dare at all; I hardly get chance for say tree word.

And just so soon we leave de house, Bolduc say: 'By gosh, Baptiste, dat *is* fine gal you got for sure.' Dat mak me feel in good temper again; but one ting I fine queer is dat Bolduc he say many time: 'So Mamselle Trudeau is very fond for drive wit' de fas' hoss too, eh?'

"As I know she not care cent for hoss dat not go lak de win', I tell him dat. Den he rub his hand, strak me on de shoulder, and say: 'Dat is jus' de kine of gal to have, Baptiste.'

"De nex' evening I take Mamselle Trudeau out for drive wit' hoss dat I know what she can do, and just when I get to stretch of road dat is good place for go quick, I hear some rig come along behine. Mamselle she hear it too, and den say to me—lak she say many time before—'If dey try for pass, Baptiste, put on de speed, and we show dem who has got de bes' hoss.'

"I jus' look at Mamselle, laugh a little bit, and say: 'Don't be fraid for anybody for pass dis hoss when I be drive.' Soon I hear dat rig dat be behine come nearer, and den I give de hoss a touch wit' de whip; den she shoot out de legs jus' so quick dey can hardly be see; den we get over de groun.' When I drive lak dat for about two minute, I be surprise for hear dat rig behine me jus' some more closed an before. Mamselle she not lak dat and shout to me: 'If you can't go fas' dan dat, we going for get lef' dis time sure.'

"Dat make my blood come up, and I put de whip on de hoss pretty strong, so dat she break into de gallop—I feel sure now dat de rig behine she get lef'. Hardly am I tink dat when I hear big rattle of wheel, see dus' fly, and dare ahead was dat hoss and rig, dat has pass me on de steady trot.

"As I put my teeth togedder and pull in de hoss, I look sideway at de face of Mamselle Trudeau—it don't be glad at all. Jus' den somebody laugh and shout: 'Dat's be pretty good hoss you got, Baptiste!'

"I look up quick, and dare I see Gustave Bolduc, and see dat he is de man dat has pass me. As he slow up I mak myself look glad and call out: 'Hello, Bolduc, dat you?' I look again den at de face of Mamselle Trudeau, and it is so mad dat I fine it pretty hard for keep de smile on my face.

"Bolduc he now be drive on de side where sit Mamselle Trudeau, and he speak to her, jus' de same lak he do in de house—all de time. I tink of course dat Bolduc he drive abres' wit' us only for little way; but dat be mistak, for he drive on and on till I be so mad I can hit him wit' de whip. What he talk to Mamselle Trudeau about is fas' hoss, and kine of hoss dat can pass everyting on de road. All of sudden I hear him mak de voice low and ax her how she lak for tak drive wit' hoss dat can trot de mile in—in—in—"

The orator halted, and with a perplexed look on his face said: "Oh, what you call dat in Anglish? de hoss dat can trot de mile in—in"

"Trot a mile in three or four minutes?" I hazarded.

"No, no, not dat," he answered in a still more perplexed tone. I looked at him silently. Suddenly his face lit up, and he went on: "Ah, oui, oui! de hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two, dat is what he ax her. And Mamselle say—"

Much as I disliked to interrupt this flow of eloquence, I had to do so, in order to intelligently follow the thread of the discourse. "A horse that can trot a mile in half past two, Baptiste?" I queried.

"Yes, sir, dat means—means—why dat means just what I am say, a hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two."

As he saw no signs of enlightenment on my countenance, he stood and looked at me with a look of mingled impatience and perplexity. Suddenly his meaning flashed over me, and despite all my efforts not to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by any exhibition of levity, I gave way to an amused fit of laughter. His "half pas' two" meant

a horse that could trot a mile in two thirty (2.30). With his limited knowledge of English the mistake was a very natural one for him to have fallen into. With the greatest of care I tried to explain to him the different meaning of the term when applied to time made by horses; but my explanations were all in vain; he shrugged his shoulders in true French-Canadian fashion, and said, with a shade of skepticism: I not see, sir, some difference between two thirty and half pas two; de time is all de same."

I made no response and he went on with his story: "When I hear Bolduc ax Mamselle Trudeau dat about how she lak to tak drive wit' hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas'—er—er two thirty (correcting himself hurriedly) I catch him at de same time look at her wit' de corner of de eye and mak little laugh too. Mamselle she don't say someting to dat, but she look at him wit de corner of de eye and also mak little laugh—dat she not tink I be hear—but I do. Bolduc he look at me jus' den, and when he see what kine of way I look, he raise de hat high in de air to Mamselle Trudeau, mak big bow near to de dash board, and away he go wit' de chin in de air jus' de same lak man who own de whole States.

"All de way back Mamselle she not talk about something but dose kine of hoss dat can pass everyting on de road and dat can trot mile in half pas' two (I mean two tirty). She mak much laugh too at kine of hoss lak I drive—and which has got fine tail which hang down to de groun'. One laugh dat she mak is by ax me if I not tink my hoss she go faster if she has not got so much rudder behine for pull her back. I not say notting to all dis for I am too mad. But when she begin for talk about fas' horse some more, and about kine of hoss jus' lak Bolduc drive, I say to her, jus' so mad I can be: 'Oh you not so much crazy after dat hoss as you are crazy after de man dat drive it.'

"I tink of course (as I be go wit her for long time), dat she get mad at dis sure, but she don't; she only laugh and say. 'Why what good man you are for guess Bolduc.'

"Dat settles it, and I mak up my mine what for do—when I tak her home I not go for see her for tree day. Den I tink dat I act lak fool and get bes' hoss I can and go for tak her out for drive again—jus' for mak friend some more. When I get wit de hoss near de street where she live I mak her go fas', and jus' when I turn de corner I nearly run into anudder rig dat is coming fas' too, and hear man shout out, 'Look out dare, can't you see where you going wit dat nag.' De voice is dat of Gustave Bolduc, de man who preten' for be my frien' and at his side is Mamselle Trudeau! De reins fall out my hand when I see all dis.

"When Gustave see dat is me, he is cool jus' same lak it is notting at all, and he call out, as he drive on, 'By gosh Baptiste you had close shave dat time for not get dat fine trotter hoss you got run over and kill.'

"I go straight back home and de nex' night I go early for see Mamselle Trudeau, for mak everyting right jus' de same lak before. When I tell her what for I come she shak de head and say dare is notting for mak all right, for she be content. Well I talk for long time to her for mak her not be mad at me some more; but it do no good, and at las' she tell me dat she is never go out drive wit me again. I feel so bad den dat I not know what I say for two tree minute; but I not forget what she say when I finish. She turn on me, wit de eyes dat flash lak de fire, and say, 'I want you for know Baptiste Filteau dat I not want any fellow dat drive a hoss dat can hardly walk and dat get pass on de road, and which is nearly run over and kill, by fine fellow dat drive hoss dat can trot de mile in half pas' two.' Den she leave de room.

"Now sir you know de reason I want go straight off to Montreal; for it be

too much for see her drive out, all de time, wit dat traitor man Gustave Bolduc."

It was all in vain that I pointed out to the unhappy lover that he should consider himself fortunate in not having won such a heartless girl—the poor fellow took the train for Montreal the very next morning.

THE USE OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

WE are apt to base our prejudices against corporal punishment upon the records of the British navy, mediæval prisons, and the slave states of America, with the result that a wholly unwarranted sentiment prevents anything like a judicial consideration of the best methods of dealing with offenders against the law in our own day. There seems to be a settled conviction that it is a perfectly wholesome thing—at all events a necessary thing—to have the rod freely used upon the children who attend our schools; but society shrinks from administering similar treatment to the most brutal of men. Now, after long and careful examination into every phase of the question, I have no hesitation in saying that the common good would be better served by a reversal of the prevailing order in this regard. I would abolish corporal punishment from schools, and would make it applicable to a wide range of offences now punishable by fines and imprisonment.

It must be apparent to every thoughtful person who gives attention to the matter, that in a great many instances the punishment imposed by our magistrates and judges fall lamentably short of fitting the crime. I take higher ground, and say that it often affords only a feeble protection to society, and nearly always fails to exercise a reformative influence upon the culprit. With one or two exceptions, the judge is limited to a commitment to prison or a fine. The result of this is to frequently throw the actual punishment upon some innocent person, and to make the offender a more serious menace to society than before. Let me give an illustration from actual observation, that will serve at once to bring into view a certain type of offenders, and expose the inadequacy of the law to deal with him. A refined gentleman, the manager of a bank in Ottawa, was one day the witness of a cabman's brutal treatment of his horse. The poor animal was being driven up and down the street at a gallop, and all the time being fearfully whipped for no apparent reason than to gratify the furious temper of its owner. My friend followed up the cabman, and asked him in a kind way not to ill-use his horse any further. The result was that this humane gentleman was ferociously assaulted leaving him very painfully injured, but by a sheer miracle he was not blinded for life. Next day this big, hulking hackman was fined $20, the Magistrate explaining that his only alternative was to send him to prison for a month. The real sufferers from this punishment were the man's family, and it would also have been the case under a sentence of imprisonment. He had previously assaulted many unoffending citizens, and bore the reputation of having an ungovernable temper. He had paid numerous fines. Now, that fellow should have been whipped, as the surest means of

teaching him that the infliction of pain and suffering upon others was reactionary. The imposition of fines had not served to restrain him from violence, nor would a term in jail have aroused him to a proper sense of his relations to society. His brutality had caused a long train of sorrow to others, simply because the existing law did not provide the means of making him feel the direct and personal consequences of his misdeeds.

The case just referred to is in no sense unique. In every community there are men of the lowest instincts and habits, who beat their wives, ill use their children, assault citizens, torture dumb animals and terrify sensitive women. In their broils with each other, they cut and bite and maim. The pain they inflict, by violence and filthy conversation, is dealt with under the law in precisely the same way as trepass, or the breach of a by-law. In nine cases out of ten, an industrious father or a poor wife, are the real victims. Why, I ask, should a mere sentiment stand between these men and a method of punishment which would be a safeguard to society and a hopeful cause of reformation?

We sanction the lashing of a man who indecently assaults a child or a woman; but we ask the law to spare his feelings if he gouges out her eye. The discrimination is indefensible.

I am quite sure that men and women in general condemn the use of the whip because of its dark and bloody history. They associate it with torture; with the thumb screw and rack. They assume that the subject must be tied to a triangle and flogged with an instrument that leaves his back bleeding and scarred, while his shrieks for mercy fall upon the deaf ears of a brawny armed executioner. Such a picture did unhappily apply to days gone by; but it need have no application in our time. I have seen the lash applied in Canada and have made inquiry at all the penitentiaries; and it may be said that not a drop of blood has been drawn. The culprit simply receives a smart whipping, which is never brutal and nearly always effective. The man who had beaten his wife into insensibility would not be apt to put himself in the way of a second castigation. It reaches into his feelings; it makes him think; it changes his notions about right and wrong. The burglar who entered a dwelling, caring nothing whether he wrecked some nervous woman's health for life, would find it a thing more to be avoided than a term in prison. If therefore, in cases of assault, extreme cruelty, wife beating, robbery with violence, housebreaking, obscenity and kindred offences, the magistrate or judge were to have the option of imposing a whipping, I am convinced it would be the part of wisdom. It should not be imperative, but discretionary.

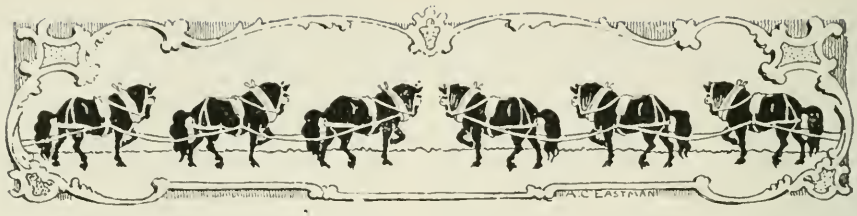
It is, however, in the treatment of juvenile offenders that I would look for the best result from corporal punishment. Several years ago I communicated with a large number of judges, magistrates, chiefs of police, chaplains of prisons and others having to do with the administration of the law, asking each several specific questions in relation to first offences by boys. They were unanimous on two points: first, that the system in vogue under our Canadian law was most unsatisfactory, and second, that the judicious and humane use of the birch was in every way commendable. It was my privilege to be police reporter on a large daily paper for some years, and I always regarded the imprisonment of boys as the very best means of confirming them in wrongdoing. Domestic treatment should at all events, be tried before the jail or the reformatory. It has been most effective in England, and among the "larrikins" of Australia it has wrought a revolution. There need be no flogging with its degrading history. What is wanted, is simply the birch rod, or the leather strap used under the spanking

system of Elmira—the largest and most successful reformative institution in the world. Respecting this latter method, the Board of managers report:—

"The spanking treatment, if wisely used, neither tends to physical degeneration nor has it in any instance contributed to a sense of moral degradation or hurtful self depreciation. On the contrary, the records are replete with instances when a trifling spanking has initiated a course of improved conduct and better character growth, wonderfully like what is ordinarily termed moral regeneration. Many young men, now useful and prosperous citizens, can date their first observable upward progress from the time when they were thus arrested and their activities turned into new channels."

This is a most important testimony. There are scores of bright, but saucy and wilfully wayward Canadian boys, who are annually helped on the road to ruin by the treatment accorded to them under the law as it stands. This is most deplorable. No sickly sentiment should be allowed to stand between these youths and the best means of saving them. What does all this agitation for the curfew bell mean, if it does not indicate the weakening of domestic control on boys and an increase of juvenile lawlessness? The matter calls for the most serious consideration of our law makers, who ought to heed the best judgment of every chief of police and every magistrate in the land, in favor of domestic treatment as a means towards arresting the downward career of bad boys.

One point more and I am done. I would like to see the whip tried as a substitute for the gold cure. There is altogether too general a tendency to regard excessive drinking as a disease. Under high sounding Latin names, a great deal is covered up that is pure vice. There is a stage of the alcohol habit when the brain becomes impaired, and there is such a thing as an almost irresistible hereditary craving for stimulation. For such victims there should be an asylum. But nine-tenths of all the drinking that goes on in our day, in circles high or low, is the result of sheer and unadulterated depravity. And in many persons that depravity could be controlled if it involved an ascending scale of physical discomfort. At present the poor wife and children are the sole sufferers. Friends suffer, and society at large is hurt; but the man who drinks, because he deliberately chooses it as a form of vice, realizes no direct penalty. Indifferent to criticism, I say he should be whipped. I am not a total abstainer, but I try to have healthy views about drunkenness.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

BI-METALLISM

SO much has been written and so much been said about bi-metallism and "free silver," and so great is the interest in these questions, that one is tempted to discuss them to the exclusion of all others. Newspaper comments on these subjects have been more redolent of invective than of facts and arguments. This might have been expected when it is considered that economics is a comparatively recent science and has not yet attained to its proper position in our educational curriculums.

Jevons enumerates as the necessary properties of money: – 1. Utility and value; 2. portability; 3. indestructibility; 4. homogeneity; 5. divisibility; 6. stability of value; 7. cognizability. The great question which is now engrossing the attention of the world is: "Has gold sufficient stability of value to make it a perfect money?" On this property Jevons says*: "It is evidently desirable that the currency should not be subject to fluctuations of value People do employ money as a standard of value for long contracts. . . . Hence every change in the value of money does some injury to society. . . . The whole incitement to industry and commerce, and the accumulation of capital depends upon the expectation of enjoyment thence arising, and every variation of the currency tends in some degree to frustrate such expectation and to lesson motives for exertion."

The question as to whether gold has, since the demonetization of silver in 1873, so varied in value as to injury society, is a difficult one to answer. Professor Francis A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Boston, and Lecturer in Political Economy in Johns Hopkins, evidently believes that gold has varied, for he says, in the August *National Review*: "We know that there is a better money than a money of gold alone. It is furnished by the two metals joined in the money-function, as under the French law of 1803. Such a money would be a better money, because it would be a sounder money, being according to its very description, more widely based. It would be a more honest money, to use the favorite phrase of my country, because its value-variations would, according to the admission of every economist worth quoting on such a subject, be less than the value-variations of mono-metallic money."

The Boston *Herald*, an anti-sixteen-to-one paper, says that, "in both parties the great mass of the sound money men are international bi-metallists." This is only one of the many evidences that most thinking men in America believe that bi-metallism is the ideal system and that gold has varied in value too much to be an ideal standard.

Let me again quote Jevons on the effect of the double standard: "Imagine two reservoirs of water, each subject to independent variations of supply and demand. In the absence of any connecting link the level of the water in each reservoir will be subject to its own fluctuations only. But if we open a connection, the water in both will assume a certain mean level, and the effects of any excessive supply or demand will be distributed over the whole area of both reservoirs. The mass of the

*Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, by W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.F.R.S.

metals, gold and silver, circulating in Western Europe in late years, is exactly represented by the water in these reservoirs, and the connecting pipe is the law of the 7th Germinal, an xi., which enables one metal to take the place of the other as an unlimited legal tender."

According to leading economists if you have a bi-metallic standard, prices of commodities will not follow the extreme fluctuations of both metals. The standard of value follows the metal that falls. If gold rises prices will follow silver; if silver rises prices will follow gold. Thus prices will fluctuate, but they will not fluctuate to so great an extent under bi-metallism as under mono-metallism. As Jevons says: "At any moment the standard of value is doubtless one metal or the other, and not both; yet the fact that there is an alteration tends to make each vary much less than it otherwise would." Hence prices will vary less.

Is this theory borne out by actual facts? The law of 1803 (7th Germinal, an xi.) referred to above, established in France a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and was maintained up to 1874. During the greater portion of this period of seventy-one years France stood alone, although from 1865 to 1874 she was assisted by Belguim, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and Roumania. The study of prices during this period show that silver and gold kept comparatively close to each other in value, a result traceable only to the boldness of France in maintaining bi metallism. Yet we find the production of each metal varied very much and great variations in value might have been expected. Thus

	Gold.	Silver.
1800-1820 - -	$2\frac{2}{3}$:	8
1820-1840 - -	4 :	8
1840-1850 - -	8 :	8
1850-1860 - -	28 :	8
1860-1870 - -	20 :	8

In addition, we find that since the demonetization of silver in France and the United States silver has declined very much in price.

This is perhaps not enough evidence to show that the facts bear out the theory under discussion, viz.: that prices of metals and other commodities vary less under bimetallism than under monometallism, but it has been sufficient to convince many thinking men. The double-standard seems to be the ideal one in the minds of those thinkers to whom the world looks for guidance.

The best definition of this ideal bimetallism is the one given in the final report of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver: "A bi-metallic system of currency to be completely effectual must, in the view of those who advocate it, include two essential features: (a) An open mint ready to coin any quantity of either gold or silver which may be brought to it. (b) The right on the part of a debtor to discharge his liabilities, at his option, in either of the two metals, at a ratio fixed by law."

Bi metallism implies "free gold" and "free silver," i.e., the holder of gold or of silver bullion may take it to the mint and there have it coined free of charge or subject only to a charge which is too insignificant to be important. The coins thus made must be of a certain weight and fineness and here is where the Government must come in and declare what shall be the ratio between these two metals.

The Democratic party in the United States has declared for sixteen to one, but unfortunately they have been able to show no sufficient reason why they have chosen this ratio. It was once the proportion adopted by their Government, but that does not prove anything. During the past few years country after country has adopted the gold standard and silver has become cheapened. New processes of mining may have cheapened silver more than they have cheapened gold. The demand for silver in the arts may have decreased in proportion to its yearly production more than the demand for gold. "Sixteen to one" is a cry, and before the United States adopts the principle implied in it, a commission of their leading men should investigate its applicability to new and present conditions.

Theoretical bi-metallists and the Silver Democrats differ in two respects. The former believe in international action, the latter in national action; second, the former believe that the ratio between the two metals must be determined by scientific analysis of the markets and of economic conditions, while the latter desire

to restore the ratio of which their grandfathers approved.

However, even if the Silver Democrats carry the elections in the United States, it is not a foregone conclusion they will establish free silver, and a ratio of sixteen to one. Their present fanaticism will quickly die out when once the electi n fever shall have passed away. After that we may expect to see a scholarly and business-like consideration of the subject.

Professor Walker, in the article referred to previously, says: "Were the city of London to give its consent, bi-metallism might at once be established on a broad and enduring basis. Of all the vast expanse of the globe, one square mile alone blocks the way to the adoption of a world's money as wide as the world's trade. The veto of this city rests upon a monetary policy which has approved itself by long and beneficial operation; a monetary policy, the economic validity and practical efficiency of which have been admitted with absolute unanimity by the most distinguished Commission, which, since the great inquest on the Bank Charter fifty and sixty years ago, has been assembled in this country; a monetary policy which the nations of the earth never needed as greatly as to-day."

If England would adopt bi-metallism, France would be delighted to uphold her, and Germany stands ready to follow promptly. Holland Belgium, Italy and the United States are anxious for it. On the other hand, Norway, Sweden, Portugal and Turkey might possibly hold to their present gold standard. International bi-metallism is a most difficult system to establish, and it is one of the tasks which the civilization of the nineteenth century will bequeath to the intelligence of the twentieth.

LORD RUSSELL.

Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, has been visiting America. In an address on "International Arbitration" before the American Bar Association he said:

"In our own times the desire has spread and grown strong for peaceful methods for the settlement of international disputes. The reason lies on the surface. Men and nations are more enlightened; the grievous burthen of military armaments is sorely felt, and in these days when, broadly speaking, the people are enthroned, their views find free and forcible expression in a world-wide press. The movement has been taken up by societies of thoughtful and learned men in many places.

"It seemed eminently desirable that there should be some agency, by which members of the great representative and legislative bodies of the world, interested in this far-reaching question, should meet on a common ground and discuss the basis for common action.

"The question next arises, what ought to be the constitution of the tribunal of arbitration? It is to be a tribunal *ad hoc*, or is it to be a permanent international tribunal?

"It may be enough to say that at this stage the question of the constitution of a permanent tribunal is not ripe for practical discussion, nor will it be until the majority of the Great Powers have given their adhesion to the principle. But whatever may be said for vesting the authority in such Powers to select the arbitrators, from time to time, as occasion may arise, I doubt whether in any case a permanent tribunal, the members of which shall be *a priori* designated, is practicable or desirable. In the first place, the character of the best tribunal must largely depend upon the question to be arbitrated. But apart from this, I gravely doubt the wisdom of giving that character of permanence to the personnel of any such tribunal. The interests involved are commonly so enormous and the forces of national sympathy, pride and prejudice are so searching, so great and so subtle that I doubt whether a tribunal, the membership of which had a character of permanence, even if solely composed of men accustomed to exercise the judicial faculty, would long retain general confidence, and, I fear, it might gradually assume intolerable pretensions."

JOHN CABOT.

"The Discovery of America by John Cabot in 1497," is the title of a pamphlet containing extracts from the proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada relative to this subject, and containing also "The Voyages of the Cabots" by Dr. S. E. Dawson. In May, 1895, a committee was

appointed to consider plans for celebrating the 800th anniversary of the discovery of the mainland of America. The Committee reported in May of this year, and was continued with the duty of arranging for the meeting of the Royal Society in Halifax next year, when this great event will be celebrated. The Archbishop of Halifax, J. G. Bourinot, Sanford Fleming and Dr. Dawson are a committee to obtain designs for a monument to be erected at Sydney next year if possible. It is to be hoped this plan will be carried out. So nearly as can be ascertained, Cabot landed first on the eastermost cape of Cape Breton, and hence it is fitting that in Cape Breton, the monument to commemorate the event, shall be erected. "Sydney is the easternmost settlement," says the committee " of any importance on the continent of America, and may, therefore, rightly claim the monument to Cabot."

In his paper, Dr. Dawson shows fairly conclusively that 'the pleasant and temperate climate' of Cabot could only be Cape Breton, judging from the maps and information which can be obtained. Labrador and Newfoundland have certain plausible claims, but the learned writer shows where each of these claims fail. It is shown " by the whole sequence of maps, that Cape Breton was a persistent and continuous name on the maps from the earliest times, and that it was always attended by an island of St. John, which was always on the Atlantic coast in close proximity. The island itself is on Pedro Reinel's map of 1505, and it was of a unique trianglar shape, corresponding to that of Scatari Island near Cape Breton."

Dr. Dawson also explains very clearly, the relative positions of Cartier and Cabot as explorers, showing that each was a discoverer and that neither's need of praise need be restricted by the praise of the other.

The maps and notes in this little volume are exceedingly valuable and decidedly interesting. Canada needs more disinterested students of her early history, although those she now possesses are performing a work, the value of which is not easily estimated. Future students of American history will rise up and call them blessed.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.

During the past few weeks, millions of eastern Canadian capital have been invested in British Columbia mining stock. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed from Vancouver to Montreal, a British Columbia boom was evpected—but it did not come. In fact, it has taken nearly ten years to create the proper feeling and to spread the information which has resulted in a rush of capital and population into Canada's richest province.

But one thing more is needed to fulfil the conditions pre-requisite to the success and thorough development of the British Columbia mines, and that is a railway that will tap the Kootenay district from the east. A railway through the Crow's Nest Pass has been proposed, and the matter has been pressed upon the attention of both the Dominion and the British Columbia Governments. This railway would take out the minerals and bring in coke and coal from the Northwest coal mines, and food for the inhabitants of the Kootenay district. This road would be an extension westward of the road already constructed between Médicine Hat and McLeod. If this could be accomplished, one of the richest districts in Canada would be thoroughly opened for settlement.

Strange as it may seem, it is Canadian and United States capital that is flowing in for British Columbia mining development. Usually the great need of Canada has been stated to be " Lack of European capital," but now when opportunity for profitable investment has arisen, it is discovered that there is plenty of capital in eastern Canada and New York to absorb all promising stock. Toronto and Montreal capitalists have, during the past two months, bought nearly five million dollars worth of British Columbia mining stocks, paying therefor about a million dollars in cash. This is surely a proof that Canadians would develop their own country, if somebody could convince them that it would be a safe investment.

All Canadians are watching British Columbia. If the recent investments turn out well, then every other province in the Dominion—except poor, old, mediaeval Quebec—would have its boom. In fact let it be reverently said—Canada might

arouse itself from its commercial and industrial slumber.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

Nothing startling has been developed in Canadian politics during the past month The Laurier Ministry have all been to their constituencies for re-election. One or two of them had hard fights but this served only to brighten the glory of their return from their constituencies to their departments. Defeat was neither expected nor realized.

A summer session of Parliament has begun. The Speech from the Throne was very brief and stated that the only important business to be brought before Parliament would be the passing of the estimates. There was also a declaration that the Government hoped to bring about a friendly settlement of the Manitoba School Question—but this has been regarded as premature and as being intended mainly to help ministers in their bye-elections, and to give the Government time to continue negotiations with the Manitoba authorities.

So far, people have found little fault with the new Government, and it has given promise of being strictly economical. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, and be consistent with its declarations as an Opposition. There are many serious questions ahead of it, however, and should it succeed in guiding the Canoe of State down the rapids and into clear weather without running on some of the sharp-pointed rocks along the route, Mr. Laurier will have proved himself an expert bladesman.

CANADA'S YACHT WINS.

An international yacht race was, some time ago, arranged between the *Vencedor* owned by E. C. Berriman of the Lincoln Park Club, Chicago, and the *Canada* owned by a syndicate of members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto The contest was for the championship of the great lakes, a Challenge Cup valued at $500 and a $1,500 cash prize, offered by the citizens of Toledo, Ohio.

In both countries, great interest was manifested in the race, which was to be the best two in three over a triangular 24 mile course, off Toledo. The first race was declared off because not completed within the time limit of five and a half hours, On the second day the *Canada* in a light breeze, covered the course in 5 hrs. 19 min. 8 sec., beating the *Vencedor* 17 min. 59 sec , or with her time allowance of 4 min. 45 sec., she won by 22 min. 44 sec. On third day the breeze was very strong, exceeding at times 25 miles an hour, and the *Vencedor* made better time. But the *Canada* still seemed to be superior, and won by the narrow margin of 26 seconds. Thus the championship fell to Canada in two straight heats.

After the fizzle of an International Yacht Race off new York, last year, it is pleasant to note the friendly manner in which this contest was undertaken and carried out. The United States yachtsmen proved themselves to be true sportsmen, and as such took their defeat with good grace. They have elevated themselves in the estimation of the Canadian people who—may we say it ourselves?—are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of true sport. It is to be hoped that this event will be a yearly one, and that such evidences of fraternity and good-will may always exist between the two English-speaking nations of North America.

A POTENT LITERARY FACTOR.

Every once in a while, says the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there comes to me from one of my readers a letter in which the writer decries the advertisements published in this magazine. It is either that my correspondent thinks we have too many advertisements, or that they are not properly placed. Then, almost invariably, comes the suggestion that this magazine shall stand alone among its contemporaries, and publish a periodical which shall exclude all advertisements, printing only the literary portions and the illustrations. Such a suggestion sounds well, and in a sense, is attractive. But suppose this or any other magazine were to publish a number without advertisements, does any one fancy for a moment that the issue would be more attractive because of the ommission? I am quite sure that it would not. The art of advertising has grown to such a point of excellence during the past few years that it has become almost a science. I am certain the

magazines of to day would lose a third of their attractiveness if they were issued barren of advertisements.

The advertisement, too, has become a literary factor, and this is the point which has escaped the readers of magazines. Without the rapid growth of the art of advertising, and the substantial growth of income which such progress means, our magazines could not possibly be made what they are to-day. At the low price for which the majority of our periodicals are sold to-day no profit whatever ensues from that source. This is an important point which the reader who cavils at the advertisement overlooks. Or, it may be, that he is not aware of it. But the fact remains, however, that his magazine is what it is because of the advertisements contained within it. It is for this reason that every reader of a periodical should approve of, rather than oppose, the advertisement. And the reader's support of the magazine's advertisements means a direct return to him. If the reader patronizes the advertisers of the magazine which he reads he necessarily helps to make the advertisements in that periodical profitable, and naturally the advertiser is willing to continue to announce his wares in that particular magazine. This adds to the income of the periodical, and enables the owners of it to enter into larger and better literary and artistic undertakings. Thus, not alone does the reader benefit the advertiser and the magazine, but he indirectly benefits himself. His money returns to him two-fold: in the article which he purchases and in the better magazine which he helps to make possible. It is not the purpose of these words to attract attention to the advertisements contained in this or in any other magazine. They are simply intended to give a point of view to the reader which it is possible may not have occurred to him: that the advertisement is not his enemy, but his friend; that it is a distinct literary force, and one which makes the excellence of the modern magazine possible.

QUEBEC'S FINANCES.

The finances of the Province of Quebec are not very satisfactory yet, although a slight improvement has been made. The Montreal *Gazette* speaks thus of the recent 1895-6 statement:

"This time the figures are very satisfactory. They show the ordinary revenue, that is the receipts from the federal subsidies, crown lands, licenses, and other sources, exclusive of realization of capital or borrowings, to have been $4,268,392. This is lightly less than the figures of 1894-5 when from the same sources there were collected $4,322,028. The decline is more than made up for, however, by the reduction of the ordinary expenditure, which was $4,040,188 in 1895-6, as compared with $4,195,727 in 1894-5.

The "extraordinary" or capital expenditure is given as $2,325,748, made up of the following items: —

Repayment of railway guarantee deposits	$ 268,241
Repayment of temporary loans	1,760,000
Trust funds	17,459
Railway subsidies	250,186
Re-imbursement of railway subsidies fund	29,861

"The nature of the first of these items is generally understood. Certain railway companies, desiring to borrow money on their property to advantage, deposited with the Treasurer of the Province a sum of money sufficient to provide for the interest on the bonds they issued for a term of years, the Province in turn guaranteeing, for the period stated, that the interest should be paid. The Government of the day used this money for their ordinary expenditure. There remains to be recouped on the railway interest account a sum of $723,051, and other trust moneys to the amount altogether of $995,775, so that it will be some years before the Province is rid of these obligations which, had there been proper, business-like administration in the past, would not have been a charge now upon us.

"The net public debt now stands at $22 213,058. Though during the year $1,946,666 was received on account of the sale of bonds, the increase over the figures at the close of 1894-5 is only $179,505. The difference is represented by the repayment of temporary loans and other obligations. The charge for interest on this large sum was last year $1,497,429, or $166,000 more than the amount of the Dominion subsidy and allowances. It is a weight that will be practically a permanent check on the province's undertaking any further large expenditures."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

FORESTRY is now advanced to the position of a science and is being studied in a manner that is worthy of a scientific age. As such, forestry is valuable in two directions: first, in teaching us the influence of the forests in distributing moisture, regulating temperature, preventing freshets and obviating drouths; second, in showing the world the imperative necessity of a perpetual and unfailing supply of timber.

The subject has now been taken up by the Ontario Government in a most thorough and scientific manner, and the first report of the new Clerk of Forestry, Mr. Thomas Southworth, has just been issued. It fills 132 large pages, and should be read by every Canadian, especially by public and business men.

**

British Columbia is receiving unusual attention at present. Those interested in that rich Province will be glad to learn that a "Year-Book"* is being prepared under Executive authority by R. E. Gosnell, Legislative Librarian of that Province. It will contain almost everything which one could wish to know about that Province—information similar to the Dominion Year-Book. It will give a brief history of provincial affairs from the earliest settlement; complete statistics concerning production and trade; complete list of the flora and fauna; full information concerning mining, agriculture, fisheries, timber, educational institutions, etc. The profits from its publication will be devoted to a library fund.

**

Macmillan's Colonial Library† continues to grow apace, many valuable titles being recently added. "Wee Willie Winkie" is a collection of fourteen short stories, by the inimitable Kipling, including the collections published under the titles "Under the Deodars," and "The Phantom Rickshaw." "Casa Braccio," by Marion Crawford, is worthy of a second reading. "Kings in Exile," an illustrated, fantastic, French story, is by Alphonse Daudet, who describes Paris as few writers can, and who is always brilliant and entertaining. "The Release" is an artistic and feminine story of the thrilling times of the Louis XVI. period, and is from the pen of Charlotte M. Yonge.

**

Macmillan's series of "Twelve English Statesmen" has been such a success that they have entered upon the publication of a series entitled "Foreign Statesmen," to be confined to a selection from those who have exercised a commanding influence on the general course of Europeon affairs. The series will be edited by Professor Bury of Trinity College, Dublin.

William Holden Hutton writes of Philip Augustus* (1165-1223) the man whose task it was to found France in the sense in which we now use the word. "Under him the King of the Franks is first clearly seen to be the Sovereign of Gaul. Great as a conqueror, he was even greater in constructive and unifying power. What he found he consolidated, and what he founded he laid firm. In a century of great men, beside Innocent III. and Frederick I. and Henry II. and S. Bernard, he stands with the greatest.

"When he began to reign, but a very small portion of the French-speaking people owned his sway. As suzerain, his power was divided Even as immediate lord he was defied and set at nought. But when he died the whole face of France was changed. The King of the Franks was undisputedly the king of by far the greater part of the land.

"Of the forty-three years of his reign, at least twenty-six had been years of war, and from each war the monarchy had risen stronger than before. To restore his power to the strength of Charles the

* Cloth, $1.50; Paper, $1.25. Orders may be sent to R. E. Gosnell, Legislative Library, Victoria, B.C.

† Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

* Philip Augustus, by W. H. Hutton; London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

Great, men said he had declared to be his aim. He had done as much as one man could do to accomplish the task." He was acknowledged as overlord by Henry II., Richard I. and John, English sovereigns with extensive French possessions.

He was religious, and aided and protected the church. He even joined the Crusaders against the Saracens. He was generous and charitable, just and merciful, a strong ruler in an unsettled period. To him, France owes much.

**

Two campaign volumes have just been issued by F. Tennyson Neely, New York,* dealing with both sides of the present political situation. Byron Andrews sets forth the claims of the Republican party in the volume entitled "McKinley and Hobart," while C. M. Stevans, author of "Free Silver," writes of "Bryan and Sewall and the Great Issue of 1896." Both will, no doubt, have a large sale.

**

A daintily bound volume is Anna Fuller's "A Venetian June."† As its title implies, the scene is laid in Venice in the month of June and the author takes the opportunity of giving the reader some very interesting information about the city and its customs. The story is the love affair of two young English people, Pauline Beverly and Geoffry Daymond, but the reader's attention is divided between this and the hopeless love of Colonel Steele, an old soldier, who was Pauline's uncle. This forms quite an interesting side attraction. The plot is simple, but the story is brightly written. It is charmingly illustrated by George Sloane.

**

A new edition of Jane Austen's delightful novel, "Sense and Sensibility,"‡ has just been published in Macmillan's Illustrated Standard Novel Series. It is illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and contains a splendid introduction by Austin Dobson, who thoroughly appreciates Miss Austen's work, and has caught the spirit of it perfectly. It is a pity that he could not have lived a century ago, when Miss Austen was actively producing but found it difficult to get her novels published. "Sense and Sensibility" was originally written in 1792, in the form of letters, and entitled "Elinor and Marianne," the names of the heroines of the story. It was published under its present title in 1811.

**

"Dr. Nikola,"* by Guy Bootheby, is a thrilling tale of adventure, told by one, Wilfred Bruce, who in company with Dr. Nikola, had ventured into the interior of China in order to penetrate the secrets of a Monkish tribe, living among the mountains of Thibet. Danger follows them right to the end and the account of their many miraculous escapes is very exciting. They owe their escape to Nikola's unfailing courage and also to his knowledge of hypnotism. Having obtained possession of the secrets of the society, they find themselves being continually pursued and their lives in constant danger. As a result of this they are forced to remain in hiding, and his place of hiding, Bruce refuses to reveal even to the friend to whom he writes the story. "But," he continues, "to make my exile easier, I have been permitted that greatest of all blessings—a good wife." The story of how Bruce won his wife adds the necessary touch of romance to the tale.

**

"The Under Side of Things,"† by Lilian Bell, is a very pretty story of a soft, pliant daughter ruled by a mother with an inflexible will, a will "as quiet and deadly as the grave." During her first visit to West Point she falls in love with a bright young cadet, Gordon Counselman by name. When this young man desires her to marry him she almost wrecks his life and hers by being inclined to obey her mother's decided wish that she should marry a certain rich and elderly senator who has taken a fancy to her. She is only prevented by the kindly interference of Kate Vandervoort, the belle of three cities, a brilliant, witty and far-seeing young woman. The plot is by no means startling and the finale is commonplace, but the characters are exceedingly well drawn. The picture of the petty selfishness, mean-

* Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

† New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, Illustrated. $1.00.

‡ Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co

* Paper 50c., Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Harper and Bros., New York. Cloth, gilt top, 241 pp., $1.25.

ness and narrowness—the under side of things in a small village—is most striking and stamps Miss Bell as a clever artist. Her chief charm as a writer lies, however, in the piquancy of her sayings, the bright epigrammatic humor of which, it is not too much to say, she is a master. Some of her finer touches are perfect, e.g. :—

"That flag which taste and love and patriotism all combine to make us think the most beautiful in the world ; the flag which pulls at your heartstrings like a human thing when you see it floating anywhere ; which makes you want to put your hands on it and love it if you see pictures of it with hosts of others ; which, when you accidentally run across it in Europe, makes you want to kiss, and hug and cry over it, if you are a woman, and stand up and take your hat off to it, if you are a man."

Even we who prefer the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes can appreciate such sentiment.

**

I was somewhat disappointed in Marie Corelli's book "The Mighty Atom." * It is dedicated to those who believe in education without religion and desire to see purely secular schools. I expected it would be a strong argument in favor of the teaching of religion in schools, but instead it teaches that it is dangerous to bring up children without some religion to which they may pin their childish faiths. Taken as a novel with this latter purpose, it is one of the strongest pieces of work that it has been my good fortune to read since Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" appeared. It is strongly and ably written, while the descriptions of Devonshire scenery are magnificent, never over-done, never wearying. Lionel Valliscourt is ten years of age, the over-educated son of a hard, agnostic father. He is taught that the First Cause is "the mighty atom," and he cannot understand how our beautiful world, an infinitesimal part of a universe of worlds, could be planned and governed by a mere unthinking, unfeeling atom. He becomes lost, mentally lost, and finally over-balanced. The book is a mighty protest against a purely scientific world, a world without faith, without a hope of immortality, without the comfort of a Personal and Omniscient God.

**

Walter Besant's novels have the taste of fairyland about them, even when they deal with the common work-a-day world. "The Master Craftsman"* is no exception. It is a pretty picture of romantic life—the story of a man educated and brought up in comfortable leisure, leaving all this life behind and becoming a happy master ship-builder. Not only does it contain this picture, but it shows the possible success of a man of ambition and of strong will. The two characters form a most wonderfully delightful contrast.

**

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," is at work on an historical novel which, however, will not be published until the autumn of next year, as it will first appear in serial form. A. D. Innes & Co. have secured it.

**

"Hydriotaphia" is a word which is strangely unfamiliar, even the Standard Dictionary fails to have recorded it. Yet it is the name of a book published in London in 1658, the full title being "Hydriotaphia, Urne-buriale, or A Discourse on the Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk." Between the same covers was also "The Garden of Cyrus, or The Quincunciall, Lozene, or Network Plantations of the Ancients" These two essays were from the pen of Thomas Browne, "Doctor of Physick." The word "Quincunx" is more familiar, being the name for an arrangement of five things in a square or oblong, having one in each corner and one in the centre, as in the five spot of a dice.

This ancient volume has been republished† with full notes and explanations in a neat little volume edited by the late W. A. Greenhill, who also issued an elaborate edition of the *Religio Medici*. Not only is the book quaint and amusing, but Sir Thomas Browne's ideas show a knowledge of ancient literature and customs which must excite the envy of modern antiquarian scholars.

**

As I had never read any of Mary E. Wilkins' books, I took up her latest, "Madelon," ‡ with great anticipations. It

* J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Cloth, 310 pp., $1.25.

* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. Paper, 317 pp, 75 cents.

† Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

‡ Madelon, by Mary E. Wilkins, author of Pembroke, Jane Field, etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth. 376 pp, $1.25.

came with the honored imprint of Harpers on its title-page, and what better recommendation could I desire? But before I had read many pages I was disappointed, and when I had completed it, for I did read it through, I was still more "unpleased."

Miss Wilkins has written a book of which the plot and the central character are good. Madelon Hautville is a French half-breed, living in northern Vermont. She might have lived in Quebec, and the story would have been the same. Iroquois blood ran in the veins, and her ancestry was exhibited in her long black hair and piercing black eyes. "She had always attended to the needs of the males of her family with the stern faithfulness of an Indian squaw." "Civilization cruelly bowed this girl, who felt in greater measure than the gently staid female descendants of the Puritan stock around the fire of savage or primitive passions." "Her cheeks and her lips were fuller of warm red life than the two red roses in her black braids" This is Miss Wilkins' heroine, and who could be more passionately loving, more devoted, or more desperate in a fit of jealousy than a daughter of two such races as the French and the Indians.

But Miss Wilkins has failed to analyze her characters sufficiently, or to portray them in colors strong enough to give us her exact idea of each. The firm, bold touch of the master delineator is absent. The result is that towards the last of the book, the reader cannot thoroughly understand the actions of the leading personages in the story.

But worse, perhaps, is her more elementary fault of incorrect and awkward sentence construction. In many places the errors are so numerous and so obtrusive as to destroy the pleasure of the story. "You wait here and not fret." "They looked seldom at the young men and the young men at them, as they sat waiting." "Dorothy slipped out of his arms and stood aside trembling and weeping, with a little worked apron which she wore thrown over her face." (What a difficulty it must have been for her to get through her daily tasks with an apron over her face!) "To give her a certain comfort in holding herself to duty, like a knife to a grindstone." (They must have intelligent knives in Vermont.) "He could not imagine the possibility, well versed as he was, through his Shakespeare lessons, in the feminine heart, of his sister's yielding her proud maiden will to any man."

**

"A First Fleet Family" * opens with some scenes in southern England, at a time when smuggling and lawlessness were prevalent. The leading characters of the story are persons who were on the first fleet that sailed with a party of convicts distined for Botany Bay. Their life in that colony, their escape, and their adventures are interesting and semi-historical. A thread of romance runs through the tale.

**

Ian Maclaren sails for America on September 16th. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie accompanied by Dr. Robertson Nicoll will also arrive in this country about the end of September. They will witness the dramatic production of Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister."

**

Harold Frederic published a great book "The Lawton Girl"† some ten years ago. Since then he has made a name for himself in journalism and refused to turn out ill-digested books. But his abstemiousness gives his new publication a relish and in itself it is one of the strongest books of the year. It is published in England under the title of "Illumination," and in America as "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

The leading character is a young Methodist minister named Theron Ware. On his first charge he is beset by three temptations – a learned and cynical physician, an agnostic Roman Catholic priest and Celia Madden, also of the Roman Catholic faith. Although married, Ware becomes infatuated with this musical young woman, but is finally scorned. Stung to desperation by remorse, and disappointment he goes into a prolonged drunken debauch. Then came the awakening.

There is an every-dayness about the book which is delightful, because the

* A First Fleet Family, by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffrey. Unwin's Colonial Library, No. 10, paper covers. 271 pp.

† The Damnation of Theron Ware by Harold Frederic. New York, Stone & Kimball; cloth, gilt top, $1.50.

minor events of minor lives are described with a comic pathos. The scenes are such as may often be met with in rural life, but described much better than they can be seen by the ordinary observer. Yet the novel deals with the highest considerations in life and the arguments and presentations are of a superior order.

**

Conan Doyle is busy upon a new novel which will be serially published during 1897.

**

The Macmillans will publish, in book form, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "Sir George Tressady," about the middle of September.

**

Mr. Guy Boothby, author of "Dr. Nikola," a review of which is given in this number, will publish in the fall a volume of short stories entitled "Bushigrams."

**

Gilbert Parker s new novel, "The Pomps of the Larilettes,' which is being published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co., is almost ready. Mr. Parker has also written a new short serial story, entitled "Cumner's Son."

**

Those who have heard the musical version of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," will be glad to know that Mr. de Koven is now writing music for several more of the child songs of Field. These will be published by Scribners in the fall under the name of the Field de Koven Song Book.

**

Mr. Harold Frederic has commenced a new novel of nearly if not quite the length of "The Damnation of Theron Ware." It will be published in England by Mr. Heinemann, and will deal exclusively with English people and subjects. Mr. Frederic has been for some time London correspondent of the New York *Times*.

**

H. Rider Haggard's Mexican story "Heart of the World" has been brought out in Longman's Colonial Library.* This book is as full of weird adventures as any of the author's other works, and yet contains a great deal of general information concerning the ancient Aztec civilization, and the Golden City of Fable, "The Heart of the World." The book is full of graphic and interesting illustrations.

**

Du Maurier's new novel "The Martian," the first part of which is to appear in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*, will be eagerly read. It is said to be not only equal to "Trilby" but, in some respects, to be a superior piece of work. It will not be published in book form until next summer.

**

Hall Caine, S. R. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren are each said to be at work upon a life of Christ. This may be the result of the new scheme of colored illustrations projected by an American magazine, and in connection with which Mr. S. S McClure is now travelling in Egypt and Palestine, making arrangements for pictures to be used in illustrating a life of Christ to be supplied, it is said, by either Ian Maclaren or Mr. Crockett.

**

"In his new book, "Marget Ogilvie," J. M. Barrie has written of his mother, and has given the book her name. Mrs. Barrie died September 3rd, last, her eldest daughter having preceded her to the grave by only a few hours. It has since been learned that mother and daughter were the original of "Jess" and "Leeby" in "A Widow in Thrums."

A uniform edition of Mr. Barrie's books is to be published by the Scribners, and will bear the name of "The Marget Ogilvie Series."

**

"The King's Revenge,"* by Claude Bray, author of "To Save Himself," and "The Last of the Dynmokes," is a powerful story, with its scenes laid in the times of the first Edwards of England and in that turbulent district which formed the borderland between England and Scotland. Besides the personal romance which forms a continuous thread through the story, there is that romance of real history which is always pleasing and delectable. The volume will well repay the two hours necessary to read it. Its tone is decidedly wholesome and British.

* To onto : The Copp, Clark Co.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Paper 50 cents.



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

MUSK OXEN.

(SEE PAGE 525.)

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. OCTOBER 1896. No. 6.

FAST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP SERVICE.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

THE Fast Atlantic Service contemplates a line of ships to beat the boats of any other American line, and to connect Quebec in summer and Halifax in winter with a British port.

A five days' service from Halifax to England will revolutionize the world's travel. Three-fourths at least of ocean travellers will prefer the reduction of two days at sea to an equal reduction on land, but by our railways ever improving, no such loss of time on the land journey will be allowed.

The subsidy will never require to be renewed. Once the Halifax and Quebec routes are successful they will constantly attract first class lines and the world's travel will pour through these ports to the great advantage of all concerned. The difference to Canada in all this is, among other things, the situation on a front street instead of an unfrequented by-path. Examine the following:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ROUTES

BETWEEN

SYDNEY, N.S.W., AND LIVERPOOL.

No. 1. CANADIAN ROUTE VIA QUEBEC.

Name of Ports.	Distance in Miles.	Rate of Speed.	Time Occupied in Days.
Liverpool to Quebec	2661	20 knots	5.5
Quebec to Vancouver.....	3073	35 miles	3.6
Vancouver to Sydney.....	6786	20 knots	14.1
Allowance for stoppage at Honolulu, etc		. . .	2.
Totals.....	12519		25.2

No. 2. CANADIAN ROUTE VIA HALIFAX.

Liverpool to Halifax.....	2342	20 knots	4.8
Halifax to Vancouver.....	3662	35 miles	4.3
Vancouver to Sydney	6780	20 knots	14.1
Allowance for delays.....			2.
Totals.....	12784		25.2

No. 3. STEAMSHIP ROUTE VIA SUEZ CANAL.

Liverpool to Gibraltar....	1260	20 knots	25.9
Gibraltar to Malta.....	973	"	
Malta to Port Said.....	920	"	
Port Said to Suez (Canal not included in total distance)	100		
Suez to Aden.....	1345	"	
Aden to Colombo.....	2100	"	
Colombo to Melbourne. ..	4882	"	
Melbourne to Sydney.....	602	"	
Allowance for delays.....			4.
Totals..... ...	12082		29.9

The table given above, and the map, are taken from a memorandum prepared in 1894 in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The comparative speed of some of the fastest existing steamships is said to be as follows:

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD—

"Aller," "Saale," "Trane," 17.1 to 18.6 knots.

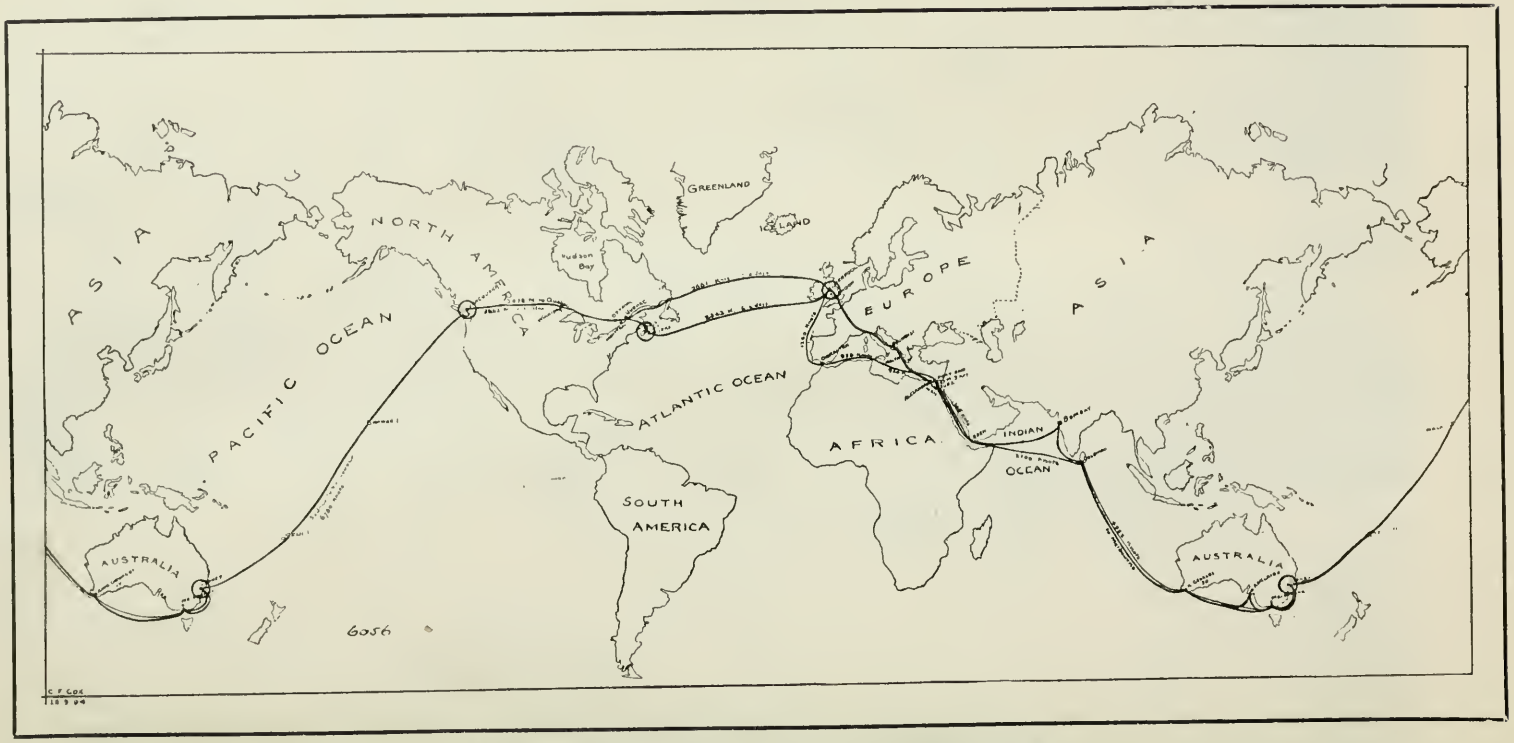
"Lalm," 18.4 knots.

HAMBURG AMERICAN—

"Normannia," 19.33 knots.

WHITE STAR LINE—

"Teutonic" and "Majestic," about 21 knots.



MAP OF ROUTES BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Showing Canadian Route via Halifax (25 days); Canadian Route via Quebec (25 days); Steamship Route via Suez Canal (29 days), and Mail Route via Brundisi and Suez Canal.

CUNARD LINE—
"Campania" and "Lucania," 21.8 knots.

ANCHOR LINE—
"City of Rome," 17.44 knots.

AMERICAN LINE—
"Paris" and "New York," about 21 knots.

ALLAN LINE—
"Parisian," about 15 knots.

GUION LINE—
"Arizona," 16.27 knots.
"Alaska," 17.44 knots.

Great Britain's command of the seas depends not upon her unsurpassed fleet only. Her navy has notably increased in strength in the endeavour to keep pace with the commerce that is carried in English bottoms the world over. Whatever Free Trade teaches respecting public aid to private enterprise, British shipping has never lost the beneficent effect of State aid, whether in trade subsidies or postal subsidies, so that to-day by means of this favour the English flag connects Great Britain with all the great shipping ports. To-day she proposes to do what should have been continued from times now past; viz., to co-operate with her dependency in America on the lines of this policy.

The map tells us that Halifax and Quebec are the ports for quick connection with England. Whereas, as things now stand, mails and freight requiring speedy transit from America to Great Britain seek New York, Boston and Portland. Millions have been spent on the St. Lawrence from Belle Isle to Montreal, and millions on our canals from Montreal to Lake Superior, and we glory in the finest and longest waterway in the continent.

What ideas induced a handful of British subjects in Canada to grapple with the difficulties of our inland navigation? Sir John Rose wrote to the Duke of Newcastle in 1859, that it was to develop the trade of the St. Lawrence, and to attract the commerce of the Western States of America to Europe through our territory. He reminded His Grace that in 1842 Her Majesty's Government actively encouraged Canada to undertake this large task. Canada found, after a lavish expenditure, that competition of Boston and New York, and of the powerful interests connected with the continental railways leading to those cities, was being promoted and aided by the British Government, through subsidies paid to steamers plying between these ports and ports in Great Britain. Canada was forced to add to her burdens, and in order to secure some benefit from her geographical situation, a Canadian steamship line was established at great cost.

The railway facilities in the United States and their absence in Canada, left us for years without an adequate return for the heavy outlay. Now, however, we have perfected a railway system second to none. Our canals rapidly approach a condition when we may boast fourteen feet depth of water straight into the heart of America. We have conquered distances over land. The sea is ours as well, when we shall have rounded up the transportation schemes now nearing the end.

Charles Tupper

CHIONE.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

SCARCELY a breath about the rocky stair
Moved; but the growing tide from verge to verge,
Heaving salt fragrance on the midnight air,
Climbed with a murmurous and fitful surge.
A hoary mist rose up and slowly sheathed
The dripping walls, and portal granite-stepped,
And sank into the inner court and crept
From column unto column thickly wreathed.

In that dead hour of darkness before dawn,
When hearts beat fainter and the hands of death
Are strengthened, with lips white and drawn,
And feverish lids and scarcely moving breath,
The hapless mother, tender Chione,
Beside the earth-cold figure of her child,
After long bursts of weeping, fierce and wild,
Lay broken, silent in her agony.

At first in waking horror, racked and bound,
She lay, and then a gradual stupor grew
About her soul and wrapped her round and round
Like death; and then she sprang to life anew
Out of a darkness clammy as the tomb.
And touched by memory or some spirit hand,
She seemed to keep a pathway down a land
Of monstrous shadow and Cimmerian gloom—

A waste of cloudy and perpetual night.
And yet there seemed a teeming presence there
Of life that gathered onward in thick flight,
Unseen, but multitudinous. Aware
Of something also on her path she was
That drew her heart forth with a tender cry.
She hurried with drooped ear and eager eye,
And called on the foul shapes to let her pass.

For, down the sloping darkness far ahead,
She saw a little figure slight and small,
With yearning arms and shadowy curls outspread,
Running at frightened speed; and it would fall,
And rise, sobbing; and through the ghostly sleet
The faint cry smote her: "Mother! Mother!" and she wist
The tender eyes were blinded by the mist,
And the rough stones were bruising the small feet.

And when she lifted a keen cry and clave
Forthright the gathering horror of the place,
Mad with her love and pity, a dark wave
Of clapping shadows swept about her face,
And beat her back; and when she caught again her breath,
Athwart an awful vale a grizzled steam
Was rising from a mute and murky stream,
As cold and cavernous as the eye of death.

And near the ripple stood the little Shade,
And many hovering ghosts drew near him, some
That seemed to peer out of the mist and fade
With eyes of soft and shadowy pity, dumb;

But others closed him round with eager sighs
And sweet insistence, striving to carress
And comfort him ; but grieving none the less
He reached her heart strings with his tender cries.

And silently across the horrid flow
The shapeless bark and pallid chalk-like arms
Of him that oared it dumbly to and fro
Went gliding, and the struggling ghosts in swarms
Leaped in and passed, but myriads more behind
Crowded the dismal beaches. One might hear
A tumult of entreaty thin and clear
Rise like the whistle of a winter wind.

And still the little figure stood beside
The hideous stream, and toward the whispering prow
Held forth his tender tremulous hands, and cried
Now to the awful ferryman, and now
To her that battled with the shades in vain.
Sometimes impending over all her sight
The spongy darkness and phantasmal flight
Of things half-shapen passed and hid the plain.

And sometimes in a gust, a sort of wind
Drove by, and where its power was hurled,
She saw across the twilight jarred and thinned
Those gloomy meadows of the underworld,
Where never sunlight was, nor grass, nor trees,
And the dim pathways from the Stygian shore,
Sombre, and swart, and barren, wandered o'er
By countless melancholy companies.

And farther still, upon the utmost rim
Of the drear waste, whereto the roadways led,
She saw in piling outline, huge and dim,
The walled and towered dwellings of the dead,
And the grim house of Hades. Then she broke
Once more fierce-footed through the noisome press ;
But ere she reached the goal of her distress,
Her pierced heart seemed to shatter, and she woke.

It seemed as she had been entombed for years,
And came again to living with a start ;
There was an awful echoing in her ears,
And a great deadness pressing at her heart.
She shuddered, and with terror seemed to freeze,
Lip shrunken and wide-eyed a moment's space,
And then she touched the little lifeless face,
And kissed it, and rose up upon her knees.

And round her still the darkness seemed to teem
With foul shadows of her dream beguiled—
No dream, she thought ; it could not be a dream—
But her child called for her—her child ! her child !
She clasped her quivering fingers white and spare,
And knelt low down, and bending her fair head
Unto the lower gods who rule the dead,
Touched them with tender homage and this prayer :

"O gloomy masters of the dark demesne,
"Hades, and those whom the dread deity
"Bore once from earthly Enna for his Queen.
"Belovèd of Demeter, pale Persephone.
"'Tis not for life I pray,
"Not life, but quiet death; and that soon! soon!
"Loose from my soul this heavy weight of clay,
"This net of useless woe;
"O mournful mother, sad Persephone,
"Be mindful, let me go!

"How shall he journey to the dismal beach,
"Or win the ear of Charon, without one
"To keep him, and stand by him, sure of speech?
"He is so little, and has just begun
"To use his feet,
"And speak a few small words.
"And all his daily usage has been sweet
"As the soft nesting ways of tender birds.
"How shall he fare at all
"Across that grim inhospitable land,
"If I too be not by to hold his hand,
"And help him, if he fall?

"And then before the gloomy judges set,
"How shall he answer? Oh, I cannot bear
"To see his tender cheeks with weeping wet,
"Or hear the sobbing cry of his despair.
"I could not rest,
"Nor live with patient mind,
"Though knowing what is fated must be best;
"But surely thou art more than mortal hand,
"And thou canst feel my woe,
"All pitying, all observant, all divine.
"He is so little, mother Proserpine,
"He needs me; let me go!"

Thus far she prayed, and then she lost her way,
And left the half of all her heart unsaid,
And a great languor seized her, and she lay,
Soft-fallen by the little silent head.
Her numbèd lips had passed beyond control;
Her mind could neither plan nor reason more
She saw dark waters and an unknown shore,
And the grey waters crept about her soul.

Again through darkness on an evil land
She seemed to enter, but without distress;
A little spirit led her by the hand,
And her wide heart was warm with tenderness.
Her lips, still moving, conscious of one care,
Murmured a moment in soft mother tones,
And so fell silent. From their sombre thrones
Already the grim gods had heard her prayer.

Archibald Lampman



FROM A PHOTO.

HOLLAND COVE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE LEGEND OF HOLLAND COVE.

F. GERALD.

ON the southern coast of Prince Edward Island—that garden of North America situate in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—are possibly as beautiful little nooks for a summer residence as can be found anywhere on this continent. Grand sea bathing, shooting and fishing galore, roads nearly as level as a bowling alley, and an invigorating climate which makes a bike run of fifteen miles an hour an easy job, and a salt-water hair-restorer which forces the laziest man in camp to shave four times a week.

Two years ago I had the pleasure of being one of a camping party of ladies and gentleman, who shook off the dust of civilization, and sought with tent and tea-kettle, camp bed and Bass' ale, gun, rod, and laziness, on the sunny wooded slopes of the "South Shore," a stock of health for future use, a well covered rib for present satisfaction, and a laugh as full and deep as a fog horn for a relief at all times.

But I am not going to talk any more of this, but write to give you one of the legends of the Island, as told by our genial host "Uncle Fitz" and to tell you what happened after the telling of the legend.

We were smoking a quiet pipe one evening in July, lying on the grass at the edge of the cliff overhanging the beautiful little bay known as "Holland Cove," not a stone's throw from the camps and Dining Hall. One of the older men addressing Uncle Fitz, said,

"I say, Fitz, was it on the fourteenth day of July that the old man McKinnon said that the Ghost of Capt. Holland's mistress annually appeared here?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Fitz, "but only if the tide happens to be high at about twelve o'clock midnight of that day."

"This is the fourteenth" replied the first speaker, "and if I mistake not the tide will be high at midnight tonight."

"Yes, let us see," said Uncle Fitz,

"the morning tide to-day was high at 11 h. 32 m., I looked at the Almanac this morning, and the same tide to-morrow will be 12.29, afternoon; half of the sum of these will give you the intervening tide to-night."

"Twelve o'clock with only half a minute to spare," shouted 'Sam,' a bright boy of about 14, "but who was Capt. Holland, uncle?"

"He was the first white settler in his region," answered the man. "That hole just to your left there, was the cellar of a house which he built at a cost of £60 Sterling. There is only a small portion of it left now; many succeeding tides have washed the greater part away, but that's the cellar all right! Holland was sent to this Island—then called the Island of "Saint John"—by the English Government in 1764 after its session to them by France under the 'Treaty of Paris.' He was a Land Surveyor, and was commissioned as such to make a survey of the Island; and he made this spot his headquarters for a time. This was a convenient place for his winter survey of the southern coast."

"Why, that was one hundred and twenty-nine years ago," said the boy, "but what were the stories old Mr. McKinnon told about him?"

"Well boy," answered his uncle, "stories of love and adventure, the novelists stock in trade, only this time handed down through the mouths of the old men of the neighborhood, and not the instantaneous creation of an imaginative brain;" and turning to his older companions he continued,

"What a magnificent woman she must have been, as they picture her—tall, straight as an arrow, with lovely womanly grace of figure and motion, yet endowed with as great strength as most men; her dark skin, scarcely so dark as to betray the Indian blood in her veins; her hair wound in dark coils round a perfectly poised head, and a face grandly beautiful—a French woman with the added stature of the Micmac race. Why, fancy her right on this spot where we now stand! For here she lived, and right out yonder she was drowned," said the speaker, pointing to the blue waters at his feet.

"Yes, uncle," interrupted the boy, "but what was the story about her?"

"Sit down here boy, and I'll tell you one of the many, and remember that just where you sit she must often have sat one century and a quarter ago." Continuing, he added, "Of the manner of her death I will not speak, it still remains in part as great a mystery as what became of the 6,000 of her French compatriots, reported living in this Province in 1760 and with the exception of 60 families, reported gone in 1764; suffice it to say that it is believed that she, attempting to cross the ice from here to the opposite cliff in the spring of 1765, hoping to meet Captain Holland on his return from a survey of Crapaud, fell through the ice and was drowned. Her body was never recovered, and Holland, it is said, never believed in her death. The 14th day of July was her birthday, and it was also the day she first met and poured out the full tide of her woman's love on her future master."

"And now for the story:—July 14th, 1776, was as beautiful a day as this has been. At 12 o'clock, midnight, a high tide swept almost into the cellar of the little house where Holland dwelt. He was away. His trusted lieutenant slept under a canvas sail on the beach, and the coxswain of his boat and two hired men slept in the house. These men slept in berths partitioned off from the one large room used as the Captain's sitting and dining-room.

"Just about midnight the coxswain was awakened from his sleep by the sound of voices. He arose from his bed thinking the Captain had returned and peering into the sitting-room, half lit by the moonlight, he saw the face and form of the lost one as if sitting on the knee of someone in the Cap-



FROM A PAINTING.

"He saw the face and form of the lost one."

tain's easy chair, with the water dripping from garments not discolored or old, but as fresh and clean as a morning toilet. There appeared to sit 'Racine,' for so she was called, making the dumb show of fondling with her hands the face of the person upon whose knee she apparently sat, talking and laughing softly to herself. He listened half bewildered for some minutes.

"'Darling, are you back? Oh! the long cold winter nights! I dreamed I saw you frozen with that long measuring pole in your hand, off! off! away from land. Oh! don't leave me so long again,' and other like words came to his ears, and the drip, drip, drip of the water falling from the shadowy form, kept time with the rising and falling cadence of the voice.

"Mastering himself, he stepped into the room, half wondering if it were not really Racine, and that the Captain must be there himself, holding as of old, his pet for a moment on his knees, 'to tame her French pride,' as he laughingly used to say. But the master was not there: no human form sat in his chair.

"The living form, or spirit-semblance, whatever you choose to call it, rose at the coxswain's approach, and looking at him, as if in reproach at his unwonted intrusion into her master's presence, pointed to the door of his crib, and then herself passed before him into her master's berth, leaving behind her the wet trail of her raiment clear marked along the white floor.

"Out of the house and down to the tent sped the coxswain; and the half slumbering Lieutenant was awakened by the weight of a hand on his shoulder, and a voice in his ear: 'The mistress has returned.'

"The coxswain's tale was soon told,

and both men ascended the slight incline to the house, not forty yards distant. As they neared the entrance, a low moaning wail struck the ears of both, and as they halted on the threshold there came to them the words:

"'Oh, why does he not come? he must be coming now; I'll go to meet him! O Mary, Mother, guide me!'

"Hardly were these words uttered, when issuing from her room, came the figure and form of Racine, and crossing the floor of the sitting room she approached the door.

"Instinctively, the men drew back to let her pass, and swiftly before them she passed out, so close, indeed, that their senses perceived the cold, damp moisture of her clothing. Straight to the water's edge, and then as if trying the ice, she halted a moment; then they saw her walk the waters dry shod. Hurriedly they followed to the edge, and as they reached it a piercing shriek rent the air. Looking out they saw the phantom figure, with both hands outstretched, sink quickly beneath the waves. And all was still.

"'God help us, mate, what does this mean?' muttered the lieutenant; 'I'll swear to her. Look, man! do you see nothing in the water?'

"'Nothing, sir,' answered the man: 'she is not of the kind which floats; she came from the sea and back she has gone to it. Did you not smell the damp as she passed us? Come, see her footprints in the house.'

"Half reluctantly both men returned to the house; the Lieutenant constantly turning to look back at the spot where the spirit form had disappeared. He could not shake off his fear that a living creature was drowning. Upon entering the house the coxswain, lighting his candle, set it on the table, close to the Captain's chair, and then the eyes of both men, after a swift survey of the floor, instinctively met; for a great pool of water lay right to the front of the chair and a wet line from it to the Captain's berth. Neither of the men spoke, but both went to the door and looked again at the spot where the fair form had disappeared in the cold waters,—not a ripple now marked the place, and to the gazers a peculiarly solemn silence seemed to pervade all nature.

"The Lieutenant was the first to speak:—

"'We had better, mate, say nothing of it. Would to God I had seized that form as it passed me at the door, and tested it as Thomas did of old. Had it aught of flesh and blood? My whole being craves for an answer! And it is too late! Too late now! Give me your cross, man, and 'fore God, now, while my mind is clear, I'll swear—. No—horrid doubt!—something passed me; I saw her face, her form, I heard her voice—aye, that I swear to, most solemnly—*I heard the words.*'

"'Heaven help us, sir,' broke in the boatman, 'I hope it bodes us no ill, but it is an uncanny thing to see a spirit. I'll sleep with you to-night, sir, if you will. I could not rest with that pool of water ever in my sight.'

"And boy," continued the speaker, "both men spoke not of that night for years, the Lieutenant only shortly before his untimely loss at sea, and then only to a friend in confidence, as he had a foreboding that a like death awaited him. Now, Sam, what do you say to that ghost story?"

"I say I'll sit up to-night," answered the boy.

All hands sauntered up to the tents ruminating over Racine and her fate; Sam wondering what he would have done if he had seen the ghost? how it looked? and what a queer feeling a fellow would have if he could only touch one! and would he see one if he sat up to-night? The older men thought of how little we know where to draw the line between the tangible and the spiritual.

"I wonder," said Uncle Fitz, speaking as if thinking aloud, "whether there ever will come a time in man's

future development when a clearer vision will be vouchsafed to him of things unseen, and a glimmer of the great mystery of the future life be seen—though in a glass darkly. Did Swedenborg live in a different environment from John Stuart Mill? Why did one see nothing of the spiritual life, and the other know of nothing else, living a life almost apart from his fellow-man, communing with the mystical, and like St. John at Patmos, seeing visions of the realms above?"

"Who can tell;" I broke in, "but did God make two orders of mankind, yet both to be judged alike? These men lived conscientious lives—of a higher order, and more sternly resolute than the vast majority of mankind—but how unlike? Would the same Heaven be a place of happiness to two such different beings? Or was Swedenborg right when he pictured the future life as but a continuation of the present one in the immediate presence of the mighty God, each soul being allotted the place in the everlasting life to which it had prepared itself on this earthly tabernacle?"

Sam's voice, however, broke in on the conversation, "Will you sit up to-night, Uncle?"

"Come up and let us talk it over in the camp, boy, and we will see what the general voice will decide," answered the man, rather relieved, perhaps, from a further continuation of his own thoughts.

We were met by most of our party half way up the hill.

"Have you seen a ghost?" broke out Sam's younger brother, a boy whose pertinacity in asking questions would sooner or later make him a great store-house of knowledge, if he remembered but half the answers given him. "You look so awful solemn."

"No," answered his brother, 'but we are going to see one to-night, maybe," and the boy put on a solemn knowable look that almost silenced the questioner.

"Ah-h-h," half stammered Dartmouth, a nickname for a boy whose enormous appetite necessitated his aunt putting lock and key upon the pantry—an inverted packing-case—to save the camp from starvation, "who's been stuffing you, Sam? You're a-a-a green one, you-u-u are."

"Whist, kids," thundered out Stanley (a name given to a son of Anak in camp on a visit). "It's near grub time for you, Dartmouth, so cheer up. I would not trust you with Sam's ghost before tea, for I believe you'd eat it."

"Poor food," chimed in the doctor of the party, who with a fair appetite himself always encouraged a good table stayer, "unless it were one of Ingoldsby's ghosts; they were always substantial."

Chatting, and chaffing one another, the "camp" moved up towards the tea-table, or rather tables, for two were required to afford seating room for all. At tea the story was repeated for the general benefit. The oldest man of the party sat at Uncle Fitz's table. He rarely spoke at meal times, indeed, rarely at any time, but his thoughts were worth the proverbial penny, or his face belied him. Stanley, turning to him, said, "What do you say, D.C., to sitting up to-night?"

"What do the ladies say?" answered the man from whom an opinion was at all times a pretty difficult thing to get.

"Bosh, I say," said a young lady, just throwing over her shoulder a long red toboggan coat handed to her by a fresh arrival, whose manner in handling the garment betokened a right to take care of its owner, "I'd sooner sit round the camp-fire and have some good hot lemonade than stay in that cellar all night. We had enough of the damp of Racine's ghost in our tent last night. I was soaked through. I had shivers enough without seeing your ghost."

"I hung out all my children to dry only a few hours ago," broke in ma-

dam, the doctor's wife. "The 'palace' (a nickname for her tent) is a failure in a rainstorm."

"I should say so," added the young lady who first spoke. "The waterproof sheet over me had more of the drip, drip, drip, from it than ever came from Racine's ghost."

"Cease babbling," thundered Stanley. "I'll sit up with D. C. He is as silent as a ghost, and a splendid watcher—for the left bower. We'll see any ghosts there are from our tent door between deals."

"Mose," the oldest lad of the party, sitting to his left, said "Humph." But "humph" with Mose meant nothing serious, as he always said "humph" on the slightest provocation.

"Well," said mother—the mater familias of the party, "I think it would be rather good fun. I'll be one of the watchers."

Tea over, the party broke up, each following the bent of his or her inclination—one or two interested parties to watch for the coming of a small sail boat with a visitor for our camp, the men to their pipes, and the ladies to their books.

The evening sped rapidly by, and about ten, all were gathered round the camp-fire, built on the edge of the cliff; the dry spruce brushes making a grand blaze, lighting up the faces of the group. The subject of the ghost was apparently avoided by all, though an occasional peep at a watch betokened an anxiety not so well concealed as to prevent a smile running round the circle. After a short "social" the party quickly dissolved, and the candle lights in the tents showed that some, at least, were preparing to retire for the night. It was as dark as pitch: not a breath of air, and the tide had nearly reached its highest flow.

Strange to say, at ten minutes to twelve every tent was alight, even the children's tent. I warrant, had you asked, you would have found that the occupants of each would have had a ready excuse to offer for being so late awake, and the warmness of the evening was, perhaps, the reason why the doors were all a trifle open on the side facing the old cellar. Only Sam had courage to admit that he was on the watch. He stood out boldly in front of the men's tent, with one hand on a tent rope not forty feet from the cellar.

It is always so, there are Mills and Swedenborgs in every camp, though you cannot always pick them out.

A cry from Sam broke the almost painful silence, and when quick Uncle Fitz reached the tent door he saw the boy, with blanched face, pointing to the edge of the cliff.

"There! there! Oh, Uncle, I saw it! I saw it!" cried out the boy, as he crept close to his uncle as if for shelter.

Almost at the same instant a smothered cry came from one of the tents higher up—a lady's tent. Its door was quickly closed. Evidently some one in it was as much disturbed as Sam. A call for the doctor soon followed. He returned in a few moments, but no amount of coaxing could draw from him anything further than that one of the ladies had a slight hysterical attack. To all questions as to who, or why, he remained as dumb as an oyster.

The men, however, had a patient of their own in Sam, and as soon as he had partly recovered he was plied with questions. The boy's answers the men might believe or not as they liked; but the expression of his eyes was so peculiar that all were struck with it—a far-away, painful, strained look, more as if looking inward than outward. He described what he had seen as a woman's form, tall and clad in sombre garb, stealing away from the mouth of the cellar towards the edge of the cliff, and that he had lost it just as it appeared to be passing over the water; then he cried out and could not look further. There was no volubility in his tale. On him the apparition had left an indellible impression; real or unreal, the outward or mental vision of the boy had photographed on it



FROM A PAINTING.

"A cry from Sam broke the almost painful silence."

what he described. Perhaps those who know better than I, can explain it all. I leave it to them.

You can readily fancy the conversation which followed. The skeptic laughed, but yet at times looked curiously at Sam. The doctor vouchsafed no opinion, but gave Sam a soothing draught, wrapped him warmly in his bag, and bade him sleep "and not think any more of the ghost."

Dartmouth laughed and said, "Poor Sam has overfed himself, and has had a standing nightmare."

Next norning at breakfast great was the curiosity shown, and many the questions put to Sam by the younger members of the party. He was the hero of the hour. He was, perhaps, a trifle more full in his description than he was in his first recital; but now he was himself again, and his tongue was loosed, and well he told how with his own eyes he had actually seen the "Ghost of Holland Cove."

One gentleman of the party hazarded a question as to the cause of commotion in the ladies' tent. He still regrets it, I should judge. An ominous silence was all he got for his pains, and the look he got from one pair of bright eyes would have annihilated any man of fewer inches.

The old cellar is still there, and probably will be there, at least in part, on the 14th of July for many a year to come.

I do not wish to thrust this ghost story on an unbelieving world without giving the most skeptical an opportunity of testing its truthfulness. The genial proprietor of the farm, I am certain, will willingly allow any searchers after truth to visit it, and if they do not see the ghost of Holland Cove, why, it's only because they have not Sam's second sight and his ghostly perceptions. Alas, to how few are these things given.

F. Gerald.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

BE it understood that this paper is by no means meant as a criticism of the charming type of feminine humanity, whose "local habitation and name" stands at the beginning of this article.

It is simply an attempt to set down the more salient and obvious traits of "ces étoilles du nord," (as an enthusiastic French friend of mine once called Canadian girls in my presence) just as they present themselves to an average masculine observer.

No man, that has not a great deal of a fool in his composition, ever attempts to probe, in his writings, deeply into the feminine character; or to generalize rashly on its nature, inner promptings, and future development. He wisely now-a-days leaves this to the feminine pen; and the feminine pen, though fluent enough on the subject, is sometimes slightly contradictory. But the male writer remembers that deep saying of Goëthe—"There are depths in the nature of the simplest peasant girl, that the wisest philosopher cannot fathom." He remembers the dictum of the ancient fisherman in Charles Read's "Christie Johnson"—"When a man has grown auld and grey wi' years, an' wisdom, an' experience, he's just about fit to go to skule to a lassie o' seventeen." With the almost single exception of "the thousand-souled Shakespeare," the heroines of a masculine writer are the worst described, and the most weakly drawn, of all his characters. He can seize on the more trivial, more amusing, or more passionate traits of his feminine character well enough; but her deeper and nobler self, the fragrance so to speak of a good woman's nature, escapes his full expression, not withstanding his keen appreciation of it. Dickens could draw inimitably a Sarah Gamp, or a Mrs. Nickleby;—but his Agnes,—with her inveterate habit of pointing upwards, was an unreal, and what's worse, a palpably and obviously unreal puppet. Thackeray's Becky Sharp, is a terribly life-like picture of "the woman of intellect, without virtue or principle"; but his Amelia!

With the exception now and then, of some character drawn by one of what Bret Harte most truly and aptly called, "the double-natured poets," all male writers' attemps at delineating the higher types of women, are failures. Scott, except perhaps in the case of Effie Deans, and Di. Vernon, kept his heroine in the background. So did Dickens and Thackeray. Robert Louis Stevenson, as much as possible, shirks her altogether. On the other hand, the gifted woman's hero presents a queer aspect to masculine eyes. Put George Eliot's Felix Holt, (meant to be her strongest male character) beside Maggie Tulliver, or contrast her Danial Deronda with even Gwendolin Harleth—how vast the difference!

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Canadian Girl. Much—at least, as regards the scope of this article. The Canadian Girl of this epoch presents the promise, at least, of developing into one of the highest types of womanhood,—the highest known to this writer,—and as such, can only have her more obvious and superficial qualities, those which appear on the surface, presented by his masculine pen. Be it premised too, that in writing even in this superficial way on the Canadian Girl, as she appears in the last decade of the century, I refer to the specimens of her

that a man of average social position, would be apt to meet in society or in the walks of business, or in every-day life.

I will pass over the girl of the lower classes, with two remarks. First: In Canada, as in America, the domestic servant and the girls generally engaged in menial occupations, are seldom of native birth. There are reasons for this, some good, some bad, to go into which would require the writing of a separate article. Second: That it is not fair, and would convey a wrong impression, to class the daughters and sisters of our frontier people, our backwoods' men, and our farmers of the remote rural districts, with the lower classes,—as the term is understood in Europe and in the great cities of America. It is true that a life of wearing toil, of hardships sometimes that their sisters in the cities can hardly even realize, has had its lowering, almost crushing effect on both the mind and the body of some of them. It is true that in the backwoods can be found a type of girl with sallow complexion, angular form, teeth that depart early, and above all a voice which, when raised, reminds one unpleasantly of the blue jay of her native forests or the peacock of more luxurious domains. It detracts somewhat from the charms of the feminine members in the vast body of the lower middle class, to which a great many Canadian Girls belong. But in most instances, the superb vitality of the healthy, vigourous race from which she springs, enables the Canadian Girl of the backwoods to triumph over hardships and toils that would crush,—or at any rate degrade—the daughter of a less vigourous stock.

Fine eyes, good complexions, and magnificent hair, are the ordinary every-day possessions of the Canadians of the backwoods. You may add to these material gifts of Providence a frank kindliness of manner, an innocent self respect, and the remarkable equipoise and common sense which is to be found in her as well as in her more cultured sister. This manner is so marked, that it may be called a characteristic of the whole race—from the daughter of the Cabinet Minister or the Supreme Court Judge, to the child of the small village store-keeper or the settler on the forty or fifty acre clearing just hacked out of the dense bush. Add to this an intense desire for self-improvement, and for such culture as she can grasp. The first sign of prosperity on the far away bush farm is the purchase and conveyance thither, often with great difficulty, of some parlor organ or a cheap piano, referred to by the family and less fortunate neighbors with reverence and bated breath as the "Insterment." The girls in frontier places read more than all the rest of the family put together, and often amazingly good books. I have seen letters from some outlying district like Algoma, in which farmers' daughters (who had probably never seen a larger collection of their kind than could be found at some "social" or concert in their village or county town, and to whom either Toronto or Montreal would seem like a vast metropolis) would quote George Eliot, Scott, Tennyson, Macaulay, and even Browning, with a zest and appreciation not always found in those who have more opportunities and more time to cultivate such authors. Art, unfortunately, in these rural or rather frontier districts, is almost entirely represented by gaudy, not to say flashy, chromos of vile colouring and no particular meaning. "Moonlight Scene": The moon, a large white plate in the midst of masses of clotted gravy, misrepresenting clouds. "Happy Days": Two fat, idiotic looking children, sitting on a very green bank, "thinking of nothing." But one should not laugh at the "Insterment," or even at the dreadful chromos, They are the first signs of a desire to rise superior to coarse and sordid surroundings. They are, as Tennyson says,

"Sketches rude and faint,

"But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lies hidden, as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

It should be remembered that in most other lands "the desire's self is wanting," when toil and harsh environment combine to hinder self development.

When we come to the Canadian girl of the upper and generally more favored classes, we can indeed say that Canada has reason to be proud of her; for taking her on her own merits, she has no reason to fear on the whole a comparison with even the refined and cultured woman of England—the culminating product of centuries of civilization, the bright and intellectual woman of the northern and western States of America, or the gracious daughter of the southern States, with her unique, ineffable charm.

The Canadian society girl is both charming and (to use a word that seems exactly suited to express her, *tout ensemble*) genuine. There is no mistake about her beauty, for instance. It is a beauty that will stand the open air and a strong light; that strikes you at first, and grows on you afterwards. She is the flower of this strong, beautiful, northern land, and a full share of its vigour and the best of its beauty is concentrated in her. Her beauty is indisputable, and unlike the tropical evanescent loveliness of her Australian sister, is not a mere gift for her youth, to be lost before she is thirty, but is, like her other qualities, meant to last.

Leave out the large cities altogether, and let a stranger go at random to any of the country towns—say of Ontario, or the West—and stroll for a few hours about the streets; he will see more beauty, of higher type, more pretty, and what's better, intellectual faces, than he will see in the same time in any place of similar size in any part of Europe. In saying this, I do not think I am influenced by any feeling of pseudo-patriotism, but honestly consider that I am but stating a simple fact.

It has been said with a good deal of truth, that in physical type, manner, tone of voice, culture, and even prejudices, there is the strongest possible resemblance between the women and girls of the upper classes, in all those countries inhabited by the great Anglo-Saxon race. The national distinctions begin lower down. By women of the upper classes I do not mean the women of the English parvenu, or the American plutocrat class. The physical type, manners and tones of voices, of both of these classes leave much, almost everything, to be desired. The woman of birth and culture in England, the heiress of the refinement and culture of past ages, has a mixture of strength and grace in her nature that places her far above the other women of Europe, which puts her on another plane altogether. She is destined to do much for England; and in many ways "England has need of her." The cultured, bright and intellectual woman of America, another of the world's hopes, has many points in common with her English sister, but is decidedly more emotional, and swifter to jump at conclusions. She is the real, the typical "advanced woman" of the world, in the true sense of the words; and probably will be the one to deal the *coup de grâce*, to those terrible enemies of the really advanced woman: —the "new woman," and the "platform woman,"—"the aggressive woman" who "*will* be noticed," and whose idea of progress and liberty is to do as she individually pleases.

Partaking of the nature of these two highest types of womanhood, but having certain marked characteristics of her own, the Canadian woman and the Canadian girl is also a hope of her land, and has duties, aspirations, and a great future before her, and there is every sign that she will prove equal to her destinies. It should be remembered, that the vast majority of the upper and middle classes of western or English Canada are descended from two lines of ancestors; both of a very

high grade as regards birth, social position, courage, honour, endurance, fine physique, and other great qualities that go to build up a great nation.

Their ancestors are: First, the U.E. Loyalists, or the "Tories" of the United States, who took the side of the king in the Revolutionary war. Most of these were people of culture and position, being the Government officials, judges, etc., of the old regime; men who had the courage and the manliness to adhere to a fallen cause because they thought it a right one, and to leave wealth and luxury for a home in the northern wilderness rather than be disloyal to their flag and king. Second, the old army officers of Wellington, who settled in great numbers in Canada after 1815, and whose trained valour, and high sense of honour, were of incalculable benefit to the country. The sons and daughters of these men are not likely to be either fools or weaklings. It should not be forgotten either, that some of the best blood of France is to be found in the Province of Quebec. The French-Canadian of to-day is stronger and sturdier than the average Frenchman of old France, and I will hazzard the assertion that, bearing in mind the numerical difference population, you will find ten pretty French girls in Montreal, for one that you will find in Paris.

The qualities mental and physical of these ancestors may be distinctly seen in the Canadian girl to-day. The ingenuousness and straightforwardness of her character, the traits which I have before endeavored to express by the word "genuine" as applied to her, are legacies from them.

An English lady novelist some years ago, in a book whose scenes were laid in Canada, speaks, meaning I fear to convey thereby a shade of patronizing disparagement, of the heroine's "Canadian directness," She thereby paid the said heroine a great, if unintended, compliment; for the context shows that she meant by "directness"—straight-forward truthfulness. The Canadienne has, as a rule, magnificent health, the reward (as is much of her beauty) of her fondness for the open air. She is as happy on the tennis or golf ground, as in the ball room; as much at home in the canoe, or in the saddle, as in the opera box or at the five o'clock tea. She is charming in society, and is the only girl in the world that can hold her own against the flirting married lady, and that still more dangerous enemy of the debutante—the vivacious and piratical young widow. While conscious of the sad fact, that "there is nothing so trying to a daughter, as an unruly, or a disobedient parent"; she is always kind and considerate to hers, and quite often does what they tell her to do, which is very high praise indeed, considering the example set her by what she sees and reads of the recent rapid emancipation of youth from paternal and other restraint in foreign lands.

The intellectual power of the Canadian girl is great and, what is more to the point, is backed up by fine physique, firm nerves and, as a rule, by remarkable common sense. These qualities help to make what knowledge and culture she may acquire, real and valuable, and preserves her to a great extent from the "Sham Culture," which is one of the greatest features—and dangers—of the age. Education is universal in Canada, and leaves a firm basis on which to place culture and art.

Occasionally, in Canada, you may encounter the fair wife or daughters of some prominent official suddenly transplanted from swamp, or forest, or small country store, by one of those sudden rises one sees in all new countries—and in most old ones now-a-days—who says "ben" for been, making it rhyme with pen after the manner of the poet Whittier in Maud Müller, and who talks of "military balls" and "solitary walks;" who

wishes sometimes to know at an afternoon five o'clock "function," if a guest's tea is to her liking, and who laments the necessity of "going to the hotel," while their new home in being "fixed up." Other lands have similar examples, and more of them; for it can be said that, even considering her relatively small population and comparative poverty, Canada suffers less from the "nouveau riche" and the "pluocrat," than does the mother country or the United States.

In literature, when we remember that Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus"), Jean Blewett, and Miss Dougall are Canadians, we have no reason to feel ashamed of what the Canadian girl has done. Mrs. Watkins (Kit), is I believe, an Irishwoman, but most, if not all, of her literary work has been done in Canada. The great singer Albani was born in Montreal. The famous actress, Julia Arthur, is a Hamilton girl. Besides these noted ones, there are hundreds of cultured, brilliant and charming women and girls in the cities and towns of our broad Dominion, to "know whom" in the words of Steele, "is a liberal education."

With these gifts, physical and mental, it may be left to the candid reader to decide, if the Canadian girl is not the equal in all the qualities that go to make womanhood attractive, of any of her sex on earth.

Reginald Gourlay.

THE NEPIGON INDIANS TO CANADA.*

YOU have grasped our dying tribes
In the hold of your great, smooth hand,
But we swiftly slip and dribble and drip
Through your clutch to the Hunting Land.

You dipped your pen in our blood,
And, drawing with rule and line,
Said—safe in the right of a strong arm's might—
"From here unto here is mine!"

You bragged of your schools and came
Aswoop on the young brown brood;
While the laugh was stilled and the wigwam filled
With the sob of motherhood.

You prisoned a liquid fire,
And opened its hellish doors
Till it burst the flood of our old, wild blood—
Was the doing ours or yours?

Your gun in our forest wilds
Has silenced the singing bird,
Has slain the bear in his hidden lair,
And scattered the startled herd.

And now will your long hand reach
To grasp in its finger tips—
By a senseless clause of the "Fishing Laws"—
The food from our hungry lips?

Let fools from the west and east
Still dangle their long-stringed flies;
For the white man plays through the summer days—
While the Red Man starves and dies.

Well, chain if you will our streams,
Set fines on the beasts of land,
Our pitiful race with its sad brown face
Still fawns on your smooth white hand.

Faint, faint on our deadened ear
The name of your God falls low;
Oh, no God is he, for he cannot see
That his children use us so.

But still if you chance to turn
In the glare of coming might—
But a careless glance on the Shadow Dance
We foot on the skirts of Night—

Then we pray you take our tribes
Full soft in your strong white hand,
For we swiftly slip and dribble and drip
Through your hold to the Hunting Land.

KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

* These verses were suggested by a recent speech delivered at an Indian Council, by Osh-kap-kuh-da, a chief at Grand Bay on Lake Nepigon. That the effect of the fishing laws is not exaggerated, the writer can testify, having in August met a party of Indians on the Nepigon River, who were literally starving through inability to procure their only food—fish—by any other means than those of the forbidden nets.



SPENCER GRANGE, NEAR THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

A LITERARY RENDEZVOUS OF QUEBEC.

JOHN A. COOPER.

SINCE J. M. LeMoine published "L'Ornithologie du Canada," in 1860-1, and "Maple Leaves," in 1863-4-5, 73-89-94, he has been an energetic leader in literary matters in Quebec, and his picturesque home, Spencer Grange, has been a prized literary rendezvous.

In 1864, while the Fathers of Confederation were laying, in the Quebec Parliament Buildings, the foundation of the present union of provinces, there was a merry gathering just outside the city. At Spencer Grange, Mr. LeMoine was entertaining George Augustus Sala, the distinguished journalist-author; François X. Garneau, Quebec's greatest historian; Abbé J. B. Ferland, historiographer, and others of more or less repute in the world of literature. This was the first "Grape Festival" at Spencer Grange, and each succeeding autumn has witnessed a similar gathering, the faces changing as time changes the generations of men. At the latest festival there were gathered judges, diplomats, politicians, military men, educationists, publicists, and litterateurs, all pleased to be the guest of a man who has contributed a score of books to the English literature of Canada, and even more to the French literature of his beloved province.

Of the versatile historian and ex-President of the Royal Society of Canada, the poet Kirby has written: "Few have had such opportunities as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old province of Quebec. His early training, social *entourage*—love of books, antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the English as well as with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province, and far beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein."

Only those who have had the pleasure of a few hours in Mr. LeMoine's

bow-windowed library, with its numerous shelves of rare volumes, first editions and presentation copies, with its portfolios of rare sketches and prints, and with its collection of everything to delight the heart of a Canadian bibliographer, can appreciate the above remarks of the author of "Chien d'Or." Among the distinguished visitors who have favored Spencer Grange, are Francis Parkman, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, Gilbert Parker, Sandford Fleming, L. H. Frechette, and scores of lesser lights in the realm of thought and of art creation, as well as many persons of higher social standing, and even princes and princesses of royal blood.

But there is one who has visited this present domain who must be mentioned, and that is the famous Audubon. When this great naturalist came to Quebec he brought with him a copy of his great work, "Ornithological Biography," and a portfolio containing the engravings to be embodied in his projected work, "The Quadrupeds of America." Audubon Avenue in Spencer Grange commemorates this famous visit.

Even for its own sake, Spencer Grange is a delightful place to visit. It is situated just outside Quebec on the St. Louis Road, and adjoining Spencerwood, the residence of Quebec's Lieutenant-Governor. Originally both properties were known as Powell Place, being the property of General Powell, in 1790-6, stationed at Quebec. In 1810 it was the residence of Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada, and received from Hon. H. M. Percival, in 1815, the name of Spencer Wood. In 1833 a merchant of Quebec, Henry Atkinson, obtained possession of it, and in 1850, he parted with the portion now known as Spencerwood, for Lord Elgin's official residence, retaining the forty acres now designated Spencer Grange. Mr. LeMoine married a niece of Mr. Atkinson and afterwards purchased the property.

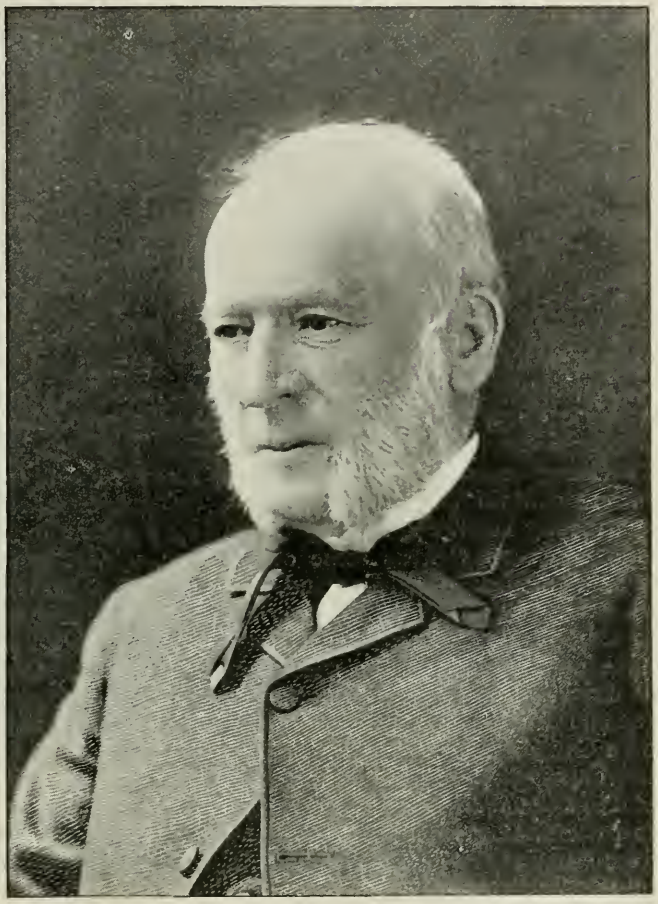


STONES FROM THE OLD GATES OF QUEBEC.

Some majestic old trees have been left here and there about the lawns. The cleared space, in the centre of which stands the house and its graperies, is girt about with a zone of tall pine, beech and maple. Among these are rustic walks and winding avenues, which invite one to partake of the calm beauty of syl-

van nature. It is a delightful spot, and from the southern boundary one looks out over the broad St. Lawrence with its panoramic view of the creations and activities of both man and nature.

In a romantic corner of the southern lawn may be seen such trophies as the neatly trimmed monuments made out of the corner stones and inscriptions of some of the old gateways of Quebec. These were presented to Mr. LeMoine in 1871 by the City Council of Quebec, in recognition of his literary efforts to make known the old attractiveness of Quebec. In the picture of the Grange given herewith may be seen a Dominion flag. This was presented to Mr. LeMoine in November, 1882, by some of the leading citizens of Quebec as a memento of the gratitude they felt towards him for his unselfish historical labors.



FROM A PHOTO. J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.

Here also may be seen a rugged old cannon which was fished up at English point on the St. Lawrence, near the site of the shipwreck of Admiral Walker's boat in 1811. Its rusty appearance and corroded sides betoken its age, and one's fancy may carry him back to the olden struggles and the stern battles of days that are gone. Here is also a row of English shot and a shell, all gathered up from Wolfe's camp at Montmorency. A honey-combed tablet, presenting a well-defined profile of Montcalm's successful opponent, enshrined amid flags and symbols of war, and encircled with the inscription, "In memory of Major-General James Wolfe, the Conqueror of Quebec, 13th Sept., 1759," must be very old as the workmanship is very crude, and no duplicates of it are known. It is probably one of the oldest specimens of the Canadian moulder's art. Here also is a broken basaltic column from the Giant's Causeway.

Another point of interest is Mr. LeMoine's Museum which has been luminously described in the *Antiquarian Journal*, by Benjamin Sultè. The learned writer says:—

"One of the greatest attractions for us, in visiting Spencer Grange, was its museum of Canadian birds, comprising two-thirds of the feathered tribe of the Dominion, with a fair sprinkling of foreign specimens, and a collection of bird's eggs. Each class of birds has its own corner, or judging by the label, 'a habitation and a name.' The thrushes and flycatchers are particularly conspicuous from their bright tints and delicate arrow-shaped markings. The olive-grey cuckoo, a quaint and graceful minstrel in our green hedges in July, the oriole, blue jay, officer-bird, indigo-bird, and golden-winged wood-pecker form a group of striking beauty. A succession of drawers contain the nests and eggs, scientifically labelled, of many Canadian species, as well as some of the songsters of France and England, pre-eminent among such being those of the European nightingale. Of some of the more curious of the specimens we naturally took special notice, of such as the tiny nest of a West Indian and a Canadian humming-bird, made out of a piece of sponge, and the cubiculum of the red-headed wood-pecker scooped out of the decayed heart of a silver birch tree, with the eggs within, and the bird's head peering from the orifice in the bark."

Among other oddities to be seen in this quaint spot, may be enumerated the legendry white robin of nursery rhymes, in actual fact—a specimen shot at Deschambault; a white crow; specimens of grouse, ptarmigan, and capercailzie sent from Scotland by the Hon. Adam Ferguson Blair; a silver gull killed at Niagara Falls; and a Florida ibis shot at Grondines; a Bird of Paradise; and a magnificent specimen of the great owl of the Pyrenees, *le Grand Duc.*

Among other curiosities, Indian, French and English, to be found about this romantic habitation is a collection of canes. One is called General I. Brock's cane—a curiously carved and worm-eaten bludgeon, presented to the past president of the Literary and Historical Society, in 1872, by Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, owners of the antique tenement occupied for years by the firm in Fabrique Street, Quebec, where, it is said, the chivalrous soldier, Brock, resided when commanding his regiment, the 49th, at Quebec, in 1806. Several others are made from the wood of historical wrecks, and some have been brought from such distant lands as Japan and the West Indies.

To enumerate all the attractions of Spencer Grange would require a great deal of space. It is redolent of history and scholarly antiquity, yet throbbing with the life of nature which is ever new. The visitor is treated most hospitably by Mr. LeMoine, who is possessed of a charm and grace of manner which betoken the man of culture and refinement.

John A. Cooper.

BIRTH.

Down swept the travail-clouds of mortal pain:
Anon in flowing beauty were they furled;
The Angel of Life sped back again:
Lo! tenderly a white soul faced the world.

Reuben Butchart.



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.

EVE BRODLIQUE.

EVE BRODLIQUE.

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD (MEG).

IT was 10 o'clock at night, the 24th of May, and the Sabbath. A succession of sharp, rifle-like reports disturbed the quiet of a Chicago boulevard. The neighborhood, being an exclusive one and quite unused to an affray, was immediately in a state of excitement. But peering from behind half-closed blinds the neighbors saw, instead of an army of "strikers", the small figure of a young woman, squatting on the wide stone steps, enthusiastically setting off bunch after bunch of noisy firecrackers.

"What in the world are you doing?" cried one friend in horror. "You! a strict Sabbatarian." And they say she came indoors with a glow in her eyes and a shocking odor of gunpowder about her small person, and straightening herself to her fullest height, with all the dignity of her English forefathers, she said: "You know—but of course you don't know, that this is the Queen's birthday, the 24th of May, and I've been celebrating it all by myself, since there is not another Canadian or Britisher in the square 'God save our gracious Queen!' I'd sing the whole national anthem only that I'm just—a—little —homesick." The subject of that pretty story which Chicagoans tell is the subject of this sketch, Miss Eve Brodlique, one of the several Canadian girls who have made enviable

reputations among the litterati of the United States. I am sure I now have your attention, and that you are as anxious to hear anything more there is to be told of your patriotic little countrywoman as I am to tell it.

Eve Brodlique, a Canadian by birth, is a daughter of the Union by adoption. Both countries are alike proud of her. Born of English-Canadian parents, she combines in her own volatile, energetic and beautiful character the best traits of her forefathers. In personality she has the grace of manner, ready wit and genial temperament of women on this side the Atlantic; together with the repose, good common sense and "that most excellent thing in woman," the sweet, low voice peculiar to English women.

Certainly a happy mixture, and the happier for the absence of any incongruities, and for the felicities and the harmony of her mental make-up. A newspaper woman by profession, one having filled every position from reporter to editor, having, as she says, "done almost everything about a newspaper office except to clean the presses and run the elevator," she yet unquestionably belongs to what may be called the school of literary journalists, since by her rhymes and stories for such leading American magazines as *The Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, *Frank Leslie's*, and *McClure's*, she has built up a national reputation.

Her professional career began while she was yet a school girl at her home in London, Ontario, from which place she sent occasional specials to the Toronto papers. Beginning when she was but 17 years old, she was the special representative for the London *Advertiser* at the House of Commons at Ottawa, being the first woman, and, so far as the writer knows, the only woman who has done regular telegraphic political work from the Dominion Parliament. But she displayed great aptitude for the task, and, contrary to the common belief in regard to women with "views," it is said of Miss Brodlique that although holding decided political opinions of her own, she made unbiased reports, and was equally popular with the representatives of both parties. She still numbers among her personal friends some of the most prominent statesmen of the Dominion, and never loses interest in the course of Canadian affairs.

Speaking of her beginning in journalism in Canada and her subsequent migration to the States, Miss Brodlique said:

"The hour and the woman finally arrived in the Canadian newspaper world, but not together—the hour was a little late in coming. There has not been in Canadian journalism, even approximately, the same influx of women that there has been in the States. There are several good reasons for this. First: that receptacle for manuscript, varied and sundry, that convenient vehicle for trundling ideas feminine, the Sunday newspaper, is not a Canadian product; it did not obtain in my day, and does not now. Nor was there then a 'Woman's Page,' nothing more than that now despised column bearing the heading: 'Things of Interest to Women.' The papers of the United States seem to have been the first to discover that there is no sex in brains, and that women could be educated to an interest as wide as that enjoyed by men. The change in American journalism, which made a place for women, came rapidly, while in Canada the taint of old-time conservatism clung persistently, and the change came slowly.

"And so at the time I decided to make journalism my profession, few of my countrywomen had been daring enough to defy a popular idea, or a lingering English prejudice, against women developing the strong personality which journalism does develop. Although my work was being accepted by my home papers, and I was reasonably sure of ultimate success, yet the

fact that in the States journalism was everywhere recognized as a profession as dignified and worthy as that of a teacher of mathematics or of morals; as equally dignified and honorable for women as for men, and not jeopardizing to her womanliness, decided me to go into the Union and cross swords, or rather pens, with the newspaper women of the States.

"At first I thought only of New York as the wheel of fortune I was to play, but almost before I knew it I was *en route* for Chicago, travelling with a friend who was going to the western metropolis, also on a still hunt for fame and fortune. I know now, that only through a courage born of ignorance could I ever have been so brave, for my friend had no more influence than I had, and neither of us had so much as a line of introduction to anyone; and what was still more to our disadvantage we were wholly unacquainted with the ways of an American city. You know the rest."

The rest is that Miss Brodlique has become one of the most successful newspaper women in Chicago; that she is to-day one of the staff writers in that leading daily, *The Times-Herald*; that her specials, poems and magazine stories find a ready market; that by her sweet womanliness as well as cleverness she has for her personal friends the best social element of her adopted city; that she is considered one of the most valuable members of that greatest of all philanthropic organizations, the Chicago Woman's Club, and that she has the honor to be President of the Woman's Press Club. By this brief summing up it will be seen that Miss Brodlique is a very busy woman. Everyone wonders how it is possible for her to keep so many irons in the fire and let none of them burn. The out-put of her brain is something to marvel at, not only as to quantity, which one would think left no time for club duties or social enjoyment, but for the varied character of her literary productions. She juggles with editorials, specials, poems, romances and plays as a Hindoo does with glass balls, and as successfully, keeping all up and to the fore.

Her latest triumph has been in the line of a play which she had brought out in Chicago first by local talent, and which immediately afterward became the property of Gustave Frohman, and secured her the contract for another—a four-act play.

A well-known critic commenting upon her first attempt at dramatics has said:—

"Miss Brodlique's play is a graceful one-act presentation of a theme as old as love itself—the story of one woman's sacrifice of her heart's desire to secure the happiness of another woman. However her treatment is original and exhales a fragrance all its own. The caressing, literary grace which distinguishes her rondeaux is here, and the fine sense of dramatic contrasts, of lights and shades, the chiaroscuro of artistic work which marks the more recent short stories from her pen. "A Training School for Lovers" is the title. It is not too much to say that the author does not strike a false note. The three characters are drawn with truth, naturalness and humanness. The pathos of the whole thing is the product of the author's sensibilities. Woven into the fabric here and there is a strand of comedy—like red dashing a soft-gray."

But Miss Brodlique with characteristic modesty reminds her biographers that the production of one play does not make her a play-wright any more than one swallow makes a summer, and begs us to wait until she has accomplished something more praiseworthy.

Neither newspaper work nor writing plays is the work nearest her heart, "I would rather be a poet than anything else in the world," she says, "and if I could have my heart's desire it would be to live on the top of a mountain over-looking the sea, and

enclosed in a pine forest, like the old fairy-tale heroines. Then I would have lots of cats and dogs and horses, would dream and read all I wanted to, and get away from the noise and grime, and the chatter of words."

Going back for a few moments more to her ambitions in verse making, it can be safely set down, that she is a poet and one of the variety "born, not made." Her poems have always a simplicity and directness of feeling, a faculty of reaching the heart of the subject with epigramatic concision. Every line is replete with heart throbs, and not one could be spared, and this we know is the highest praise for poetry. There is an under-current of sadness in her verses that seems unnatural in one so young until we learn that Miss Brodlique has suffered; that she is the last of her name; that she has buried everyone nearest and dearest and to-day finds herself alone in the world. Small wonder that there are a saddening number of hints in her sweet rhymes of memories, of dead days, buried hopes, of tombs hung thick with immortelles and garlanded with tear-wet flowers. We feel that her thoughts, which move all hearts attuned to catch the thrill of human, passionate pain ringing in her poems, come from her heart rather than her head, and this brings us up to the forever unsettled question; can a man or a woman paint, or sing, or write, or act in a manner to touch human hearts until his or her own heart has been touched?

There is also a volume of short stories to be given us after something she considers more consequential in the way of a long romance has been published. Of her short stories the most popular have been her quaint representations of life among the homely fisher-folk of rock-girt Cornwall. Of these charming stories, commenting with the utmost truthfulnes and cleverness, your own Jean Blewett has said:—

"No one can hope to master Cornish humor or Cornish sentiment, to say nothing of Cornish dialect, who has not the birthright to a knowledge of these difficult things as has Eve Brodlique. In her stories there is the beat of the surge and the salt of its breath about the fishing scenes—the nets spread along the beach; the sails flying between two gray worlds; the shopping fish-wives singing glibly off the words so full of 'burrs,' that our tongue trips over each syllable; the shrill calling; the laughter, the love-making, the watching, the gossiping, the heart-aches—the everything that goes to make up human existence. Eve Brodlique united true to real life."

But over all, and before being written as a journalist, romancer, poet, play-wright or philanthropist this clever little namesake of our first mother is a Canadian and one extremely fond and proud of her country, a fact of which anyone who followed her writings during the World's Fair, must be convinced. Belonging at that time to the editorial staff of the *Chicago Post* she had opportunities which she never lost, to keep to the fore the Canadian exhibit and the people from her own, her dear, her native land who attended the fair.

The half of this versatile young Canadian's achievements in a strange land has not been told nor could not be within the limits of a magazine article. I shall close with a quotation from one of her poems entitled "Sweet Briar."

And what it means I neither know nor care,
Since you, I feel, so well will comprehend,
Knowing the thorny sweetness which must bear
Our friendship company to the end.

I might send you a rose of love's own hue,
Or regal poppy in its flower complete,
Nay, love nor death may come from me to you,
I send you this because it is so sweet.

Mary Temple Bayard.

WHERE SILENCE LIVES.

I STOOD beside the everlasting hills,
Bathed in the silver of the midnight moon,
And mused of life, its many mysteries,
Its triumphs, failings, and its final aim.
And as I watched the summit of a lofty peak,
Crowned with a crown, so white, a god might wear,
I saw a cloud in playful humor kiss
Its brow inviolate, then vanish—where?
And soon a larger cloud, more lovely still,
Enveloped in its flowing-fleecy folds
The frozen throne where slumb'rous Silence lives.
Therefrom, perchance, the word unspoken oft
On Angels' wings hath wandered, winnowing
The souls of men, white for the sheaf of Death—
The dark-robed messenger of mournfulness.
Then all was still, as through the silence stole
The last faint vestige of that foam-like cloud.
Where now the gathered glory from that throne?
All vanquished, vanished into vapourous night!
Alone, in lonely grandeur, cold and white,
The mountain stood, watched over by the moon,
So calm and pale, methought all life had ceased,
And God looked on the world which he had made.

Thus fancy followed fancy, and I mused;
How oft in varied walks of art, man's life
Doth soar to god-like heights, and dwell with God,
A season, lingering lovingly in ligh',
To mirror for a moment here on earth
The image of the life Immaculate:—
A moment, then a moment's memory.

And all the beauty which within the soul
Lies slumbering, waiting for the breath Divine
To blossom forth in fragrant flowers and fill
With sweetest incense, life's deep loneliness;
Shall this then wake from death-in-life to light,
And kiss the feet of God, but to resolve
In shadow and a moment's memory!
Nay: all the beauty which hath been, shall be,
And greater, when hereafter, God and man,
And man as God, in ceaseless harmony,
Upon the summit of the mount shall dwell.
Then Time, and Place, and Life's great mystery,
Dissolving as the clouds, shall pass and leave
The throne of God inviolate; while man,
Part of the beauty which hath been, shall be
The glory of that throne perpetually.

ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY.

DID LORD DURHAM WRITE HIS OWN REPORT ?

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARIAN.

THAT the Report of Lord Durham on the Affairs of British North America, is one of the most important documents in our history, there is no need to prove. But by some most unfortunate combination of opinions and circumstances it has come to be necessary to prove, or at least to re-assert, that he wrote it. It has now become a generally accepted tradition that not Lord Durham but Mr. Charles Buller, was the author of the famous Report. Writers on our history and compilers of biographies, have accepted, one from another, the same story; and now it will require an effort to defend the memory of a very able man from the charge of obtaining credit under false pretences, of passing as the author of a document he never composed.

An examination of some of the witnesses in the case may afford some degree of amusement to persons who take a interest in the side-lights of history.

The charge that Lord Durham did not write his own report seems to have originated with Lord Brougham. Walking with Macaulay in February 1839, Brougham gave way to one of his fits of critical animosity. "He was," says Macaulay, "in extraordinary force, bodily and mental. He declared vehemently against the usage which Lord Glenelg has experienced, and said that it was a case for pistoling, an infamous league of eleven men to ruin one. It will be long enough before he takes to the remedy which he recommends to others. He talked well and bitterly of Lord Durham's report. It was, he said, a second rate article for the *Edinburgh Review*. "The matter came from a swindler; the style from a coxcomb; and the dictator only furnished six letters, D.—U.—R.—H.—A.—M." Now, at this time Macaulay was of opinion that Brougham was a malignant maniac. On September 15th, 1838, he had written to Ellis. "I do not think it possible for human nature, in an educated, civilized man,—a man too of great intellect—to have become so depraved," as Lord Brougham. Brougham had introduced the Bill of indemnity in the Lords,—for which Lord John Russell made himself responsible in the commons—to relieve Durham from the penalties of his illegal banishments, etc. in Canada; but he hated him personally, as we have seen; and therefore we must dismiss Lord Brougham as a witness against the authenticity of Durham's claim to his own report. Even Lord Brougham does not set up any claim on behalf of Charles Buller.

That the report discrediting Lord Durham was current among his enemies at this time, there is further evidence. A month later, (in March) an anonymous writer, of marked ability but equally marked malignity, wrote as follows: "On the 9th of October, (1838), Lord Durham issued the proclamation of Disallowance at Quebec and announced his determination to resign his office. In the beginning of November he was on his way home. In the beginning of February he had prepared and sent in a 'Report on the Affairs of British North America,' of 119 folio pages with an appendex of documents of 62 pages on the concoction of all which were employed, as confidently stated, along with his Lordship himself, his two secretaries Messrs. Buller and Turton, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield (Private Secretary) and sixteen clerks." Clearly, if there were twenty people employed, the

work could not have been wholly done by Mr. Charles Buller. Even this inimical witness sets up no claim for Buller, but does admit, by inference, that Lord Durham presided over the work, which we can well believe required the co-operation of many persons under one directing head. The appendices contain some twenty-eight separate reports, commissions, evidence, and statistical compilations from a variety of sources; and experience teaches that the sixteen clerks were fully occupied in preparing for publication these hundreds of pages of printed matter.

Mr. Charles Greville is the next witness against Lord Durham. The Diary and the notes are inimical. The Diary states that the Report is "enormously long." It is nothing of the sort, a hundred and nineteen pages of large type form indeed a marvellously short and concise account of a difficult situation in a country consisting of several provinces and extending over a vast area, and of the remedies proposed for the existing evils. The Diary states that Lord Durham was giving his report away in print "to anybody who came to see him" and that it was no wonder it found its way into the *Times*, before it was given to Parliament. The notes by the editor make it clear that the *Times* copy was sent by a Mr. Hanson, one of the secretaries in order to prevent some changes to which Lord Durham had consented, and to which Mr. Wakefield was opposed. The notes also say that the report was written by Mr. Charles Buller and the editor, and writer of the notes, alleges as his sole authority that he had it from a gentleman to whom Sir Richard Hanson related it! In substance, Sir Richard Hanson, who was a traitor to Lord Durham in sending his report to the *Times*, told somebody who told Mr. Reeve, who puts the story as a note to the journal of Charles Greville, whose own story is contradicted by the evidence of Hanson. Chas Greville was a slanderer of such fine instinct for his trade that when he is unable to slander a man, he does his best to slander his wife, as a rule. But he may be called down as a witness against Lord Durham's authorship of his own report.

This disposes, so far as we are aware, of all the "evidence" in regard to the case against Durham. We may now turn to the probabilities of the affair and see how far they justify any suspicion of Lord Durham's *bona fides*. What was the general character of Lord Durham? We have overwhelming testimony that he was a very able, and in public, a very modest man; his fondness of his own wealth and a too exalted notion of his political influence, being his weakness. He was so strong with the Whigs and so popular with the Radicals, that he was looked upon as a probable Prime Minister. His speeches were eloquent and always able; he was especially a close reasoner. And that he was greatly feared, alike by opponents and by cautious friends, we have only to look into Melbourne's Life to see. He wrote, for example, the first Reform Bill of Earl Gray. His speeches and his report have the same general characteristics of style and reasoning—of reasoning in the grand style. In 1834, Brougham's only objection to him was that he had too much influence over Earl Grey, his father-in-law, and Lord Grey was the head of his party. And in his autobiography, written in his old age, Broughman refers to Durham's "able and useful report to which we really owed the establishment of constitutional and responsible government there, and perhaps the preservation of the colony." Not a word here about the report having been written by Mr. Buller. Lord Brougham adds that Lord John Russell was desirious of throwing out in the Commons the Indemnity Bill which Brougham had introduced in the Lords, but that he was persuaded to accept it and be re-

sponsible for it, by the law officers, who said that if it were not accepted Durham would be ruined by the actions at law which Canadians would bring against him for his illegal ordinances. But in Lord John Russell's Life, it is made to appear that the acceptance of the Bill was Lord John's own generous act, and that he was the only friend of Durham. So difficult is it to get accurate views of historical transactions.

It seems obvious enough, 1st, That the evidence on which Lord Durham has been denied the credit of his own report, is not evidence at all but the merest gossip and slander; and 2nd, That Lord Durham's abilities were more than sufficient to justify the assumption that his work was his own. Men of capacity, in the position of Private Secretaries are apt to obtain the reputation of contributing an undue amount of assistance to their Chiefs. The truth is, that a man of capacity, in such a position, obtains from his chief a thousand times more than he contributes. The atmosphere surrounding a great public man in Great Britain is full of suggestion and information, and the quicker the brain of a Secretary is, the greater is his means of obtaining knowledge and quickening his own capacity for usefulness.

Now, let us turn to Mr. Charles Buller and examine briefly what his probable claims are to the honour of having written that Report. That he was a man of ability and character we know. That he was a friend and conversational rival of Macaulay we are aware. When he died, in 1848, Macaulay wrote on his diary, "I could almost cry for him," but he didn't; he found his history on the table and read that instead. In Parliament Mr. Buller's character was that of a clever *farceur*. Sir Robert Peel was forced to give him a rebuke for his levity, which seems to have had a good effect. The writer of a friendly notice of him, in 1840, asserts, with regrets, that his exalted speeches on the Ballot, on Church Rates, etc., "have hardly convinced the House that he is fit for more than to cut jokes, or tackle legislators with points of wit," and again "all Mr. Buller's efforts in the House have been exposed by this unlucky reputation." Greville, who is quoted as the witness against Durham, yet says of Buller: "He was reduced by his keen perception of the ridiculous and an irresistible propensity to banter, into an everlasting mockery of everything and everybody, which not only often became tiresome and provoking, but gave an appearance of levity to his character that largely deducted from the estimation in which he would have otherwise been held." His early death prevented him from curing himself of this shocking defect in a public man. Now, we may assume that the dignified, grave, learned and statesmanlike "Report on the affairs of British North America," did not proceed from this gentleman.

The opinion that was entertained of him in England, by his own friends and fellow-workers, was not favourably altered by his career in Canada. In expressing his regret at the departure of Lord Durham, Hon. Mr. Draper thus refers to Charles Buller. "I have not the same regret at the loss of his Secretary, Mr. Buller, for I do not entertain any favourable expectation from him, He states (as I hear) his opinion that nine-tenths of the people of Upper Canada are disloyal. The mode in which he has acquired the information upon which this opinion is based is somewhat unique. He was taken ill during Lord Durham's visit to the Falls and was left behind at Niagara. While so detained he sent his servant out to converse with everybody he could meet, and from his report he had formed his judgment. This statement as to the mode of ascertaining the opinions of the people, Mr. Buller has himself made to several individuals, one of whom repeated it to me as coming direct from Mr.

Buller." This evidence is second-hand, indeed, but it indicates very clearly the characteristic levity of Mr. Buller's disposition and is not to be lightly rejected.

Circumstances, as well as evidence, seem to be against the theory that Buller was the writer of Lord Durham's report. For example, Lord Melbourne writing on December 8th, 1838, states to Lord John Russell, that that morning Lord Durham had been seen and that he had left Charles Buller in Canada to collect and digest information." The report itself is dated 31st January, 1839, and in the intervening period it was not possible for Mr. Buller to have returned to England and prepared the paper. The information which he was engaged in collecting and digesting was no doubt that contained in Appendex B. on "Public Lands and Emigration," which was of itself sufficient for one man's attention. Mr. Buller having written this minor report and having been so busily engaged in collecting the information, was easily credited by his admiring friends with having written the chief report. One is disposed to think that he was himself a contributing party to this rumour. Lord Melbourne in writing to Lord Durham in August, 1838, warns him that Mr. Charles Buller and others of his staff had been writing indiscreet letters home, some of which had got into the newspapers, much to the annoyance of the ministry.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be, that the story of Charles Buller's authorship of the report is untrue; that Lord Durham wrote his own report; and that he received no more assistance in the preparation of it than a production of that kind, consisting of many parts, and requiring much purely clerical work, would necessarily demand.



A SUMMER'S DREAM.

THE night is hushed and moonbeams stream
In softly through the window-pane,
And I sit here alone and dream
I am a child at home again;
The wide old house, the maple tree,
With my initials on each limb;
And like a picture old and dim
Dear faces smile again on me.

Once more at eventide I sit
With mother's soft white hand in mine;
And through departed years comes yet
The cadence of an olden rhyme.
And waking breezes sing it low,
Till shadowed faces bend to weep;
"Lord, now I lay me down to sleep,"
The prayer I learned so long ago.

I cannot say the dream brings joy,
For through it all I seem to see
That I am not the little boy
Who prattled once at mother's knee.
Old-fashioned flowers close entwine
Their tendrils on a far-off mound;
She sleeps beneath the cold, cold ground;
No more I'll hold her hand in mine.

No more I'll hear her chant that prayer,
Feel her warm kisses on my brow;
For voices whisper everywhere:
"You have no little mother now."
When shadows come, I just repeat
The rhyme she taught me long ago,
All reverently soft and low:
"Lord, now I lay me down to sleep."

A. P. McKishnie.



PHOTO. BY DR. MATHEWS.

SPOILS OF THE HUNT ON AN INDIAN RAFT.

THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.

J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S.

IV.—FROM REINDEER CAMP TO ABERDEEN LAKE.

UPON the 2nd of August our journey was resumed, and during the day, on the north shore of Carey Lake, in latitude 62° 15′ north, a very remarkable grove was found. As a whole, the country was now a treeless wilderness, but here in the valley of a little brook grew a clump of white spruce trees—perhaps thirty in all—of which the largest measured eight feet in circumference two feet above the ground. Such a trunk would be considered large in a forest a thousand miles to the south, but here it and its associates stood far out in the Barren Grounds, with thin, gnarly, storm-beaten tops, like veritable "Druids of Eld." In this grove many varieties of plants were also found, and amongst the others wood-violets, which were here seen for the last time on our trip. Not the least enjoyable feature of this little oasis was, that it afforded an opportunity of having a good camp-fire, which had of late been a rare luxury.

After descending the river a distance of about eighteen miles from Carey Lake, another body of water, which has been named Markham Lake (in honor of Admiral A. H. Markham, the noted Arctic explorer,), was discovered, found to be about twenty miles long, and the river again entered. It now flowed through a deeper channel, and was for the most part very rapid.

The weather, which had been wet and cold ever since reaching the Barren Lands, was now becoming colder, and patches of snow were beginning to appear here and there upon the hill sides, bearing testimony to the fact that we were getting far to the northward.

Upon the 7th of August we reached a great lake (probably Samuel Hearne's Doobaunt or Tobaunt Lake) which was then, as it must ever be, covered by a field of heavy ice. We were able to travel in our canoes without much obstruction, in an open channel formed by the rivers, along the shore, though sometimes we were blocked and had to portage past the ice, which in several places I measured and found to be as much as seven feet in thickness. The weather continued

to be very cold and wet, and in consequence we were unable to burn the moss, the only fuel of the country. Sometimes we made tea or warmed a little meat over an alcohol lamp which we had, but at other times we had to be contented with dried meat and water.



PHOTO. BY AUTHOR.

EXPLORING TOBAUNT LAKE.

What contributed more to our discomfort, however, than anything else, was the want of shelter. Of course we were provided with tents, but such were the storms of this open country, that the rains were constantly driven through them, and our clothing and blankets soaked. It was thus impossible to get our camp dry for days together.

On the 10th of August, the weather turning slightly colder, the storm programme was varied by a fall of snow. Out of the twelve days that we spent upon "Tobaunt Lake," seven were so stormy that we could not travel, our only alternative being to lie in camp and shiver beneath our wet or frozen blankets.

One evening, after a long day's struggle with the opposing elements, as we were hauling our canoes ashore towards the shelter of some rocky cliffs for the night, we were suddenly set upon by a pack of huge, hungry wolves. One, apparently the largest of the pack, led the attack, but our rifles being in hand, he was promptly perforated, whereupon the others withdrew and contented themselves with howling at us from the surrounding hills.

After traversing the shore of this great icy lake for just one hundred miles, under many difficulties and discomforts, our river was again discovered. It was not obstructed by ice as we had feared it would be, but, as before, its clear cold waters rushed on to the northward.

Two or three miles below the lake we came upon the first signs of the recent habitation of Eskimos, and a little later we reached the head of a wild rapid, where the broad river is contracted to a narrow rocky gorge, not more than fifty yards in width, and which is nearly three miles in length. For this entire distance the river forms one continuous, boiling, tumbling stream of foaming water, which at every rock in its course is dashed high in air into myriad particles of spray.

At the foot of the rapid the river again widened out beyond its usual width into a little lake, which was still more than half covered by the last winter's ice. Past this rapid a portage had of course to be made. At the lower end of it we saw some bones of musk oxen,* and towards evening, upon the opposite side of the rapid, two of the animals—the only ones we met with on our trip—were seen by one of the party.

Farther down the river more signs of native camps were observed, and on the evening of the 19th of August, as our little fleet glided down with the strong, swift stream, upon the right

*See Frontispiece.

bank, some distance ahead, we sighted the solitary lodge of an Eskimo.

Before the tent or "topick" stood the old native himself, intently gazing upon us, whilst behind him excited women and children were seen scuttling into the lodge, and securing the doorway. He alone remained outside, resolved no doubt to guard his own to the utmost, for coming from the south as we were (the land of his hereditary enemies—the Indians), no good was expected from our coming. Through our glasses we could see that the poor man was nervous and shaking; so as soon as we had approached sufficiently near, I stood up in my canoe and shouted "Chimo'. Kudloona uvagut Pee-a-we-unga tacko Enuit." (Halloo! We are white men. Glad to see the Eskimos.)

Before my words were finished the doorway of the topick was torn open, and, with great rejoicing and excited gestures, all scrambled out and down to the shore to meet us.

The Eskimo himself was a tall, well built, stalwart fellow, with a shrewd intelligent face, wearing the good-natured characteristic grin of his race. Beside him stood his two wives and five children, and all joined in giving us a hearty welcome.

Their lodge or "topick" was a large, well formed, clean looking one of the "tepee" shape, made of deerskin parchment, and supported by stout spruce poles, which must have been brought from some very distant place. Into this dwelling we were escorted and received most hospitably. Seats of deerskin were offered us, whilst the finest of venison (raw of course) was placed before us, but none of us appeared to be hungry just then.

We secured, however, much interesting information regarding the country and the course of our river to the sea, as well as a sketch map of the river, which indicated clearly that it flowed into Chesterfield Inlet. This was most encouraging information, as judging from our geographical position and general course of travel, the Great Fish River, and thence the Arctic Ocean appeared to be our more probable destination,

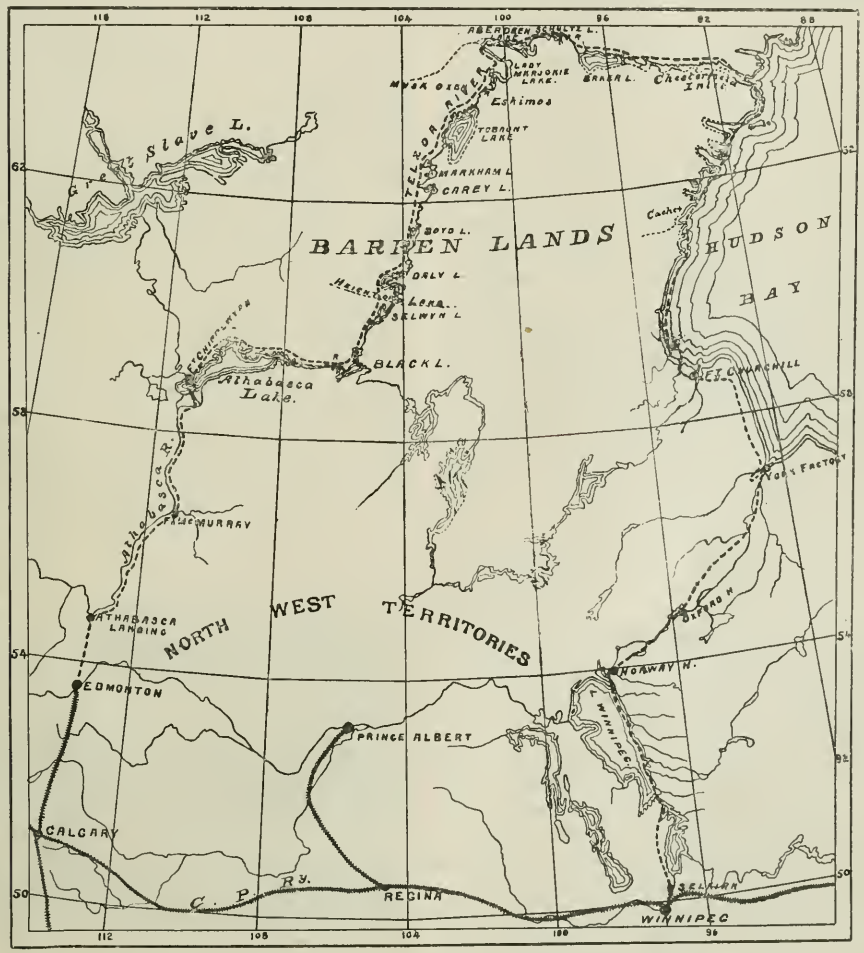
After a very enjoyable and profitable, but brief visit of less than one hour, with many hearty "tabow-e-tings" (farewells) we parted with our new friends. They had informed me that we were still twenty days journey from the "Great Salt Water" (Hudson Bay), and though we thought we could likely make the distance in somewhat less time we were impressed by the knowledge of the facts that the season was already far advanced, the game was again becoming scarce, and we were many hundreds of miles by our route from the nearest other source of provisions—which was the Hudson Bay Company's post at Fort Churchill.

Soon after leaving the Eskimo camp, we discovered a lake, twenty miles long, which has been honored by the name of Whiteaves—one of the assistant directors of the Geological Survey. This lake was almost completely circumferated in our search for the outlet, which was at length found on the east side, at the base of a very remarkable looking mountain of white quartzite. It was very much obscured by a number of islands; but observing a slight indication of current in one of the channels, it was followed with successful results, and we were soon again hurrying down to the northward. Lady Marjorie Lake caused the next interruption, but the exit from it was found without difficulty at its northern extremity. The course of the river from here appeared to be westerly and northwesterly, and this being the opposite direction to that which we were desirous of travelling, we followed it somewhat reluctantly. The whole appearence of the river was different from what it had been higher up. It was now a noble stream, broad, deep, and swift, with a well defined channel and high banks of rock or

sand; whilst near the right or north bank there extended for miles a high range of dark snow-capped trappian hills of about five hundred feet in height.

On and on we were borne in a general north-westerly direction, until we began to doubt the Eskimo's report regarding the river flowing to Hudson Bay. We had already passed the latitude of Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake, and were heading from them straight for the Great Fish River, which was now distant only two days travel. Should this be our destination instead of Hudson Bay, the chances of making our way out of the country during the open season would be very much against us. Whilst contemplating these prospects, on the evening of the 25th of August, a change took place in the character of our surroundings.

The river banks became low and composed of soft coarse-grained sandstone. The water became shallower, and the channel widened out into the form of a lake, which was full of shoals and sandbars. But this was not all; the surprising and most delightful feature of the locality was, that upon the shores there was strewn an abundance of driftwood. At first sight its occurrence seemed unaccountable, for



ROUTE OF THE TYRREL EXPEDITION OF 1893 THROUGH NORTHERN CANADA.



THE TELZOA RIVER.

we had not seen a stick for hundreds of miles back.

The mystery was readily solved, however, by finding that we had reached the confluence of another large river flowing in from the west. Much of the driftwood was of large size, and judging from the slightly battered condition, one would infer that it had come no very great distance, or at any rate through very few rapids. A great roaring camp fire made from it afforded us such pleasure as we had not enjoyed for many a day; and in leaving the place our canoes were loaded with as much as they would conveniently carry.

From the confluence, the course of the river bore to the north and then to the eastward, and ere long brought us to the entrance of a great lake, which extended as far in an easterly direction as the eye could reach from the highest elevation of the shore. It was a lovely calm evening when the track of our canoes first rippled the waters of this lake. They were the first canoes, as we were the first white men who had ever floated upon its lonely bosom, and as we stood and gazed over the solitary but beautiful scene a feeling of enchantment came over us. Two days were occupied in exploring this lake, which was found to be fifty miles in length. It has been given the name of Aberdeen Lake in honor of His Excellency our Governor-General, and his most estimable companion.

V. — FROM ABERDEEN LAKE TO BAKER LAKE.

As on many former occasions, much more difficulty was experienced in getting out of this lake than in getting into it. Many hours were spent in searching in bays and coves with barren results; but at length by climbing a mountain on the north shore, our serpentine way was revealed, winding many miles among the hills to the north-eastward.

On the morning of the 29th we entered the river, though enshrouded in such a dense fog that we could see neither bank for a time. At noon, however, the sun appeared and enabled us to obtain an excellent latitude observation, which determined our position as 64° 45′ north. The afternoon of the same day found us traversing



RUNNING A RAPID.

the shore of Schultz Lake (named in honor of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba). Both shores of this lake were bold and rocky, and some little distance back on the north side extended a long range of snow-clad mountains. No further traces of drift-wood were to be found in this lake; and, as not even moss could be found for fuel, its shores seemed most inhospitable. For several days past we had been enjoying fine, calm weather, but now a change was foreshadowed. Light cumulus clouds were observed scudding across the sky, and soon black Nimbus made his appearance upon the horizon and came rolling on before the wind, like a solid wall of darkness. We were far out on the lake in our canoes, and seeing the coming storm we pulled with redoubled energy for the outlet—towards which we were steering and which again we had located from a mountain top. We reached the river in safety, but none too soon, for we were scarcely within the channel when a blinding storm of wind and rain burst upon us; but upon the river we were able to obtain shelter from the fierceness of the gale, if not from the pelting rain.

At the entrance to the river, a large area of highly glaciated porpharitic granite was observed, and the channel was found to be well formed and deep, with a strong swift current and high rocky banks.

Despite the weather our canoes were kept in the stream; though it was with much difficulty that I was able to carry on the survey. Two rapids were met with, but thanks to our Iroquois, little time was spent in descending them. If a rapid could be run at all, Pierre was the man to do it. During the scores of times that he piloted our little fleet through foaming waters, I think I am correct in stating that his canoe never once touched a rock; though the same could not be said of those who followed him.

As we sped on with the current at a rate of about eight miles an hour, and the cold wind beat the rain and the spray from the waves into our faces, our only consolation was that we were making miles on our journey. The shores continued to be bare inhospitable walls of rock, without a shrub to be seen.

At length about night-fall, beside a high bluff of rock at a bend in the river a low flat shore was discovered. Here it was decided to camp; so canoes were unloaded and things made as secure as possible under tarpaulins upon the rocks. Tents were pitched and within them our soaked and shivering party in vain sought comfort. The wind which continued to increase in violence drove the rain through our canvas—saturating our blankets as well as ourselves. During the night our tents were nearly blown away, and to prevent them from going we had to crawl out in the rain and darkness and secure them with additional guy ropes and piles of stones. The morning brought no improvement in the condition of things.

There was no possibility of making a fire supposing moss or other fuel could have been found, for they would have been saturated with water; but a little alcohol still remaining—tea was made with it, and this with dried venison composed our "menu." As those who have used it very well know, this description of meat is not the most palatable, though it is undoubtedly good *strong* food, so strong that it may well be compared to sole leather.

By the morning of the 2nd of September, but not until then, the storm had sufficiently abated to allow us to again launch our canoes. With a clearing sky, though with a strong head wind blowing, we then resumed our descent of the river.

It flowed in a southeasterly direction, and the channel continued to be deep; but a marked change had taken place in the character of the banks, that upon the south side being composed of hard water-gullied clay,

whilst to the north the formations were those of the Huronian schists, dipping at high angles. Four or five miles to the northeast of the river a conspicuous range of hills, probably six hundred feet in height, extended, and between them and the river bank there appeared to be a broad, elevated plain or plateau; but without delaying to more closely examine these and many other features which attracted attention, we pulled on with the stream, and for a while made good progress.

Late on the afternoon of this day, as we were rounding a bend in the river, an Eskimo in his kyack (canoe) was sighted ahead. Seeing our fleet of canoes, and being alone himself, he evidently believed in discretion being the better part of valor, and fled with such speed that we were soon left far behind, although we made every effort to catch him. I shouted to him in his native tongue, but he did not hear me; or, at all events, he did not slacken his speed until, some distance down the river, he reached an encampment of several "topicks."

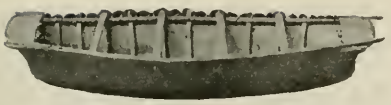
There he landed and hauled out his canoe. At a word, the whole village was astir with excitement. Many eyes were at once turned towards us, but upon this occasion there was no exhibition of fear; and as soon as we made ourselves known as white men, we were received with shouts and great rejoicing. None showed the least signs of hostility, but rather the reverse, some of the fair ones exhibiting an embarrassing amount of cordiality, so much so that some of us thought it best to make our visit as brief as possible. We were glad to learn from the natives that we were now close to the mouth of our river, where it empties into Baker Lake, and also to get a sketch made of its course to the sea. There was no doubt left as to our destination. We were to reach Hudson Bay through Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet, and at this assurance we felt much encouraged. Besides this information, several skins were obtained from the natives, also some fur clothing and a few curiosities.

One very old man of the camp, who claimed to be chief, asked to be given a passage with us down the river a few miles to another Eskimo village, and accordingly, placing him in the centre of our third or freighting canoe, with many salutes and an escort of three kyacks, we departed.

We were pleased to learn from the natives that there were no more rapids or obstructions in the river ahead of us, although the current proved to be very swift and pretty rough in some places.

As we had treated the native Indian canoemen on the Athabasca River, just so did these sturdy little fellows use us. In their long, slender boats, made of skins of the reindeer, they were able to play all around us in the water, and they appeared to appreciate the pleasure of doing so. At noon, as we halted for our lunch of venison, hard tack and tea, an opportunity was afforded for mutual entertainment. Proceeding to work, as was our custom, with the use of tinplates, cups, knives and forks, we caused the natives endless amusement. They had never seen such tools before, and they appreciated them as great curiosities. Thinking they might also be ready to lunch, I offered them some venison on a plate; but to my surprise they declined to accept, stating that they had plenty of meat; which fact they presently demonstrated by fishing out from the bottom of one of their kyacks a greenish-looking lump of flesh, which was in an advanced stage of decomposition. From this, with the use of such instruments as nature had provided, they partook of their meal, at the same time quenching their thirsts at the brink of the river.

Before re-embarking, I secured some good photographs of the Eskimos. At first they were not willing



OOMIACK.

to be shot by the camera, but after explaining what I wished to do, they were very much pleased and amused to have their pictures taken, and changed their positions when I asked them to do so.

By the time we had paddled eight or ten miles down the river, our escorts commenced cheering, hallooing, and acting in a most hilarious manner. At first we wondered what had possessed them, but the cause of their strange actions was soon disclosed as we switched around a bend in the river, and found ourselves close upon a large Eskimo village. As we pulled ashore at this place there was no need of introducing ourselves. Our coming and our characters had already been lustily proclaimed from half a mile or so up the river until the time of our landing, so we were received with great demonstrations

One of the first objects which took my attention upon the shore was a "topick" constructed of no less than the most beautiful musk ox robes. At first I felt inclined to doubt my own eyes. It seemed such a strange waste of luxury. To this princely dwelling I wended my way, and finding the owners — three young brothers—entered into negotiations with them for its purchase. The value asked in exchange for the robes being *moderate*, they were secured and made into a snug little bale.

Next, my attention was drawn to a pile of skins lying on the rocks, but as I proceeded towards them several Eskimos deliberately sat on the pile, telling me as they did so, that the owner of them was away hunting and, therefore, I could not buy them. I said "very well," but asked to be allowed to look at them. Even this, however, was stoutly refused, as the owner was not present. Though I would not have interfered with the skins in any way, I could not help admiring these fellows for the way in which they guarded the property of one of their number.

Half an hour or so was then spent in collecting information about the country and our route to the sea, and during this time the owner of the skins returned from his hunt. He at once proceeded to show me his furs, which, with the exception of a few white wolf and fox skins, consisted of musk ox robes. Of them he picked out the four choicest skins, laid them aside and offered to dicker for the rest. I told him that it was the best skins I wanted to buy, but for a time he re-



PHOTO. BY AUTHOR.

PARTY OF ESKIMOS AT BAKER LAKE.

fused to trade in that way. He wanted to dispose of his poorer stock first, on the pretext of wanting the four selected robes for some special purpose. After a great deal of discussion, however, the old fellow concluded that he wanted a tin kettle and some gun caps (for he had an old gun) and offered me one of the skins for those articles. Happening to have a small spare kettle in which we had carried grease, and an ample supply of gun caps for trading, I agreed, with some apparent reluctance, to make the exchange. Thus far successful, I then determined to make him an irresistible offer for the remaining three robes. To this end I produced a spyglass, an old shirt, and a jackknife; whereupon the skins were at once handed over, and my extravagant price received with many expressions of gratitude.

It was now time to be making camp for the night, and though very pressing invitations were extended to us to remain at the village, it was thought best for the moral well being of our party to go to some place on the other side of the river, so parting with our new and warm-hearted friends, and followed by many a "ta-bow-a-tee" (farewell), we pushed out into the stream.

As we had been informed by the natives, so we soon found that we were at last at the mouth of our great river, and gradually as we passed into the broad shallow delta and gazed over the deep blue limitless waters beyond, the gratifying fact forced itself upon us that we had accomplished what we had started out to do, viz., explore a route through the heart of the Barren Lands where, certainly, no other white men, if indeed Indians or Eskimos, had ever passed. We were still a long way from being out of the barren land country, but once on the waters of Baker Lake, as we now were, the remainder of our road was to some extent known to us. Others had visited here and we were now to benefit by their experience.

VI.—FROM BAKER LAKE TO HUDSON BAY.

Baker Lake, about seventy miles long and perhaps thirty wide, was originally discovered and rudely mapped by Captain Christopher about the year 1770. He, in searching for the long looked for Northwest passage, sailed into it with two small vessels from Hudson Bay, passing *en route* through Chesterfield Inlet and the two rivers flowing from Baker Lake into it. Having a copy of Captain Christopher's map with us, though of a very sketchy character, it afforded us some information as to our future course.

Since leaving the shores of Black Lake, we had traversed a distance of just eight hundred and ten miles through an entirely unknown country. We had occupied more time in doing so than we had expected, on account of the extraordinary character of weather, but thus on the evening of the 2nd of September we found ourselves at the mouth of "the great river flowing to the northward," as described by the Chippewayan Indians.

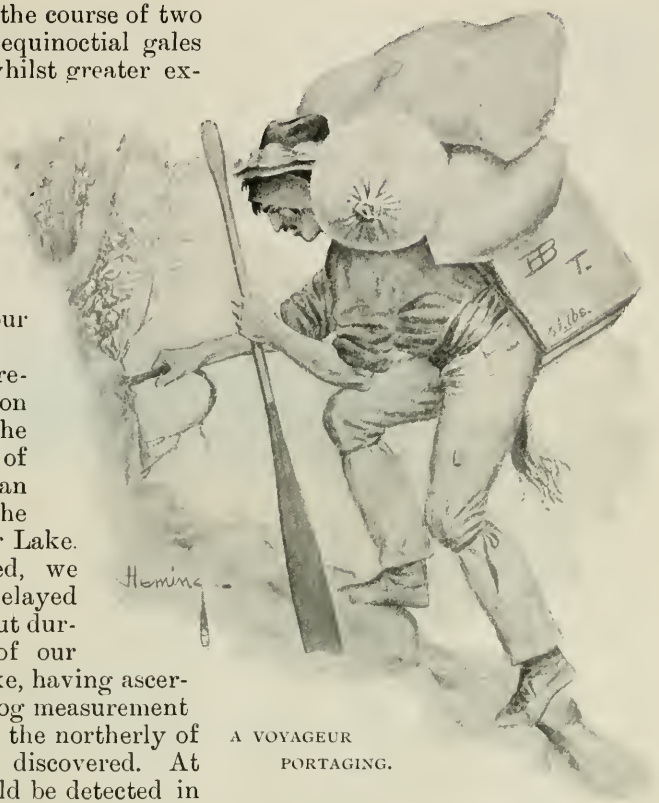
No comfortable camping ground could be discovered, but after following the north shore for some little distance, a landing was made, and with difficulty tents were pitched on the stones.

From this camp at the head of Baker Lake we were to begin a new stage of our journey. According to our maps we were still about two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet; and thence down the shore of Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill—the nearest source of supplies—measured five hundred more, so that seven hundred and fifty miles was the least distance we had to figure on travelling in our canoes before the close of navigation, which, for such crafts as ours, might be looked for within four or five weeks.

The weather had been very adverse all summer, but it was now likely to

be more so. Within the course of two or three weeks the equinoctial gales might be expected, whilst greater exposure to the winds and the tides would be new features of difficulty. Of late very few deer had been seen, and we had not more than two weeks provision in our canoes.

Thus with a keen realization of our position and prospects, on the morning of the 3rd of September, we began the traverse of the north shore of Baker Lake. As we had expected, we were considerably delayed by rough weather; but during the afternoon of our fourth day on the lake, having ascertained its length by log measurement to be seventy miles, the northerly of the two outlets was discovered. At first no current could be detected in the river, but when we had followed its course a distance of about two miles, a stiff current, almost approaching a rapid, was met with, but it was flowing against us. Could it be possible that we were ascending a large river thus flowing in from the eastward? The canoemen were all confident that we were, and wished to turn back with the stream; but thinking it possible that we had already reached tide water, they were persuaded to continue on, and were soon rewarded by being permitted to witness the seemingly strange occurrence of a river changing its direction of flow. We were not ascending a river, but for the first time on our journey had encountered the flowing tide. The shore of this river, (or more properly, narrow fiord) as well indeed as those throughout the entire length of Chesterfield Inlet, were bold and high, and composed of highly glaciated



A VOYAGEUR PORTAGING.

Laurentian gneiss. In this locality our magnetic compasses were found to be of very little use to us, because of the proximity of the magnetic pole; but for a time I was able to work by the sun with my solar instrument.

On the 10th instant we met a large party of Eskimos going up the inlet from the coast, but beyond getting some directions from them as to our best route, we could make no use of them. Though inducements were offered them, they refused, on account of the lateness of the season, to return with us as guides to the coast, much less to Fort Churchill. Neither had they any meat that they could dispose of. Our own supply was running very low, and we had seen no game since entering the inlet.

Two days later we obtained our first view of the "big sea water." The first Eskimo we had met had given

us twenty days in which to make the coast, and we had now exceeded his estimate by only two days.

We were now surrounded by new conditions and confronted by new difficulties. We were exposed to the sweep of eight hundred miles of open sea, would be largely dependent upon the condition of the tide as to when we could travel, would be obliged to find other water than that in which we floated for drinking purposes, and worst of all, after proceeding a short distance down the shore it would be found to be so low, and the water so shallow for a great distance out, that it would be next to impossible to launch or get ashore.

(To be concluded in next issue.)



HYMN TO CANADA.

OH, Canada! thy regal head
Lift higher to the skies.
Pride with humility be wed
Deep in thy tender eyes;
Stand forth to a more honored place,
Fair though thy past hath been;
Stand forth and vindicate thy race,
Thou Daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean
In living beauty sprang,
And stood without emotion
While heaven with plaudits rang!
So thou, my own dear land, arose
Far on the western sea,
A hope to glad the hearts of those
Who dream of Liberty!

Think what thy storied past hath been,
Thy guarded, ancient lore;
The deeds thy former years have seen
Remembered evermore!
For thee, a babe of nations,
The best of blood was spilt,
And firmly thy foundations
On heroes' bones were built.

O Canada, unworthy
Of them thou shalt not be!
All noble ends to further
The constant aim of thee;
Till, in the van of nations,
Thyself a star shall shine
'Midst those fair constellations
Led by the Voice Divine.

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

JEAN BLEWETT.

"THERE'S no nonsense about my Nan, not a bit—the most practical girl alive," is what Adam Forester tells all his friends There is solace in the fact. His brother Richard, just over the way, has four stalwart sons to inherit his name and property, while he has only this slender bit of a lass. It doesn't seem quite fair. Always when the wealthy old farmer gets to this point in his cogitations he stops to comfort himself with the assurance that Nan is the most practical woman alive.

There are no "notions" in her head. She wouldn't spend his money foolishly after the manner of some pretty girls; she wouldn't neglect her cookbook for all the novels in the world. Adam Forester is glad enough that Nan is the girl she is, for in the depths of his mind is stowed away the sure and certain knowledge that if Nan were otherwise he would be as wax in her hands, that he would untie his leathern money bag as often as she willed it.

Coming up the pathway from the orchard on this September morning he glances in at the open kitchen door for a moment, then goes on with the look of a man well content.

"The most practical woman in the world," he says with unction, "washing her frocks and petticoats as old-fashioned as you please, and John Somers waiting to say good-bye to her. John doesn't appreciate her good qualities, I fancy. Looks as though he wanted to hang himself. Poor lad!"

The "poor lad" is having a bad time of it in the farmhouse kitchen. Not a glance hardly has Nan vouchsafed him since he came in hot, tired and miserable, half-an-hour ago. He has the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and this is saying a great deal. There he sits looking sometimes at Nan, but oftener at his boots splashed generously with the soil of the marsh-land pasture at the back of the farm, which until yesterday was his own. Through this pasture he has gone this morning with the purchaser of his fine herd of cattle. He has raced and run till even his great body is weary, for the tall steers—resenting the call to leave the place where the grass kept soft and green instead of withering up as in other spots, where the alders showed first their wealth of creamy-white blossom, then their wide bunches of black-red berries, where the spice-wood sent its breath everywhere, where wild grapevines spread themselves out grandly to make a shelter and a shade, where the blackbird sang its earliest and latest song, and the frogs croaked noisily all night through, —had refused to obey. Instead of coming through the gap, away they had galloped helter-skelter down narrow paths, hidden in ideal hiding-places, and generally misbehaved. Finally they had gone off with their purchaser leaving John standing in the middle of the road. How sleek and fat they looked, the finest lot of cattle in the neighborhood! Sold—gone. He made a queer grimace as they turned the corner. He struck his closed hand against the rail fence.

"I didn't think I'd care so much," he muttered. "Let me see, everything is gone now. I'll go and say good-bye to Nan." He is waiting now for her to grant him a few moments, waiting with ill-concealed impatience.

"You're working hard," he says at length. "This must be your busy day."

"Oh, the work is nothing!" she makes answer without looking around, "a labor of love."

A homely, late sunflower thrusts its face up to the open window, and nods to John in a knowing way. "Look at her," it seems to say, "look at her; she is worth the watching."

So she is. Her cambric gown is maybe a bit old-fashioned—in truth 'tis one of her school-day gowns, but it fits the slim body to perfection, is a trifle low at the neck where the soft lace falls, and is guiltless of sleeves from the elbows to the wrists. As for length, well, you see Nan has grown some inches taller since the skirt was made. It is short, decidedly short; half an inch of white embroidery shows beneath it, as Nan very well knows, for Sarah, the hired girl, passing through the kitchen awhile ago, called out:

"Your father loves you better than your mother, Miss Nan; sure your petticoat is longer nor your frock."

But Nan is not consumed with bashfulness at the thought of John finding her in so short a gown. She has on a pretty pair of tan stockings, number three tan Oxford ties, and her ankles are the neatest in the neighborhood.

As for John he has carried her shoes and stockings many a time along the warm, dusty road, and helped her put them on at the school-house gate. Of course all this was ever and ever so long ago.

"Nan," he says, "why don't you let Sarah do that? I want to talk to you."

"Sarah!" with fine scorn. "Do you know what I am doing? I am washing my blue organdie, and my striped dimity, to say nothing of a few fancy waists. A likely thing I'd let Sarah try her hand on my very best finery. Now don't kick that stool, and don't sit and scowl at the back of my head, please. Can't you smoke?"

"Never mind me," says John, moodily (when has she minded him, indeed?), "I don't want to smoke."

"Just as you like. I won't be long now," bending over the tub in a way that the yellow sunflower seems to admire, for it thrusts its big face yet further in. There is that about Nan which makes whatever she does seem the right and proper thing. That the washing of her own pretty gowns is a labor of love is obvious. No hireling could lift each piece with such solicitude from its foamy bed, rub it, wring it, flirt it in air, plunge it into the crystal depths of the rinsing bucket with such care.

"The most practical woman alive." John recalled her father's oft-repeated assertion with growing irritation as he watches her. Practical! Did she not tell him the other day that she liked the sturdy, tall sunflowers at the window a great deal better than the morning-glory vine which all summer long swung its bells in the sunshine.

"There!" with a look of pride at the rinsing-backet beside her, "not a color has run. I was afraid of the dimity—mortal afraid of it. You remember the mauve muslin I had last summer, the one —"

"No, I don't," he interrupts, "never mind about the muslin. You surely can think of something besides finery."

"You're cross," she complains, "and all because I wouldn't leave my dresses in the soapsuds and talk to you. You needn't scowl so, John. I know you detest the practical woman and love the other one."

"What other one? Explain yourself."

"Why the sentimental, do-cherish-me one. But you musn't blame me. I'm what nature made me." She glances in the little mirror and sees a fair flushed face, damp curling hair, a decided chin, nose fairly well-shaped, red smiling lips, and two grave dark eyes that seem too big for the face. She is not vain at all, but—well, anyone with half an eye can see that the face is a pretty one.

"I'm not half so nice as Barbara, eh? She wouldn't have kept you in the steam and heat all this time, not she; and all for the sake of a fluted waist and ruffled skirt. But then she has so many more pretty things than I. John," looking at his boots, "you've been to marshland. Are the wild grapes ripe?"

For answer he takes a glossy dark-blue cluster from his coat pocket and hands it to her.

"Oh, the pretty, sour things! Let us go and gather some to-morrow. I've promised father some of the kind of wine his mother used to make. He has the recipe. We'll go early. I declare I'm lonesome for a look at the old place."



DRAWN BY BRIGDEN.

"NAN."

"And I expect to be lonesome for a look at it many a time; Marshlands isn't mine any longer." He speaks carelessly, but Nan, looking at him, is shocked at the pallor of his face.

"I wish I hadn't been washing when you came in," she says, "stand up and let me scrape the clay off your coat. If it dries on it will leave a stain. My father has all but ruined his Sunday trousers tramping down to see how well the new ditch drains the meadow. He won't take the time on a week-day, and the state he gets his good clothes in is dreadful."

"Nan," says John wistfully, "are you as heartless as you seem?" The yellow sunflower stops nodding to listen.

"My, how can I tell?" lifting her brows; "men ask such foolish questions, and expect us to find wise answers for them. What is it you mean?"

"I mean nothing at all."

"Yes you do," she insists; "you want to quarrel with me to-day. What have I done?"

"Nan," pushing the brush impatiently away, "tell me the truth, are you really as much in love with handsome things—dresses, trinkets, furniture, a carriage, and all the rest of it, as you make out? There's such a difference in girls, you know. Some are happy if they can only make others happy ——"

"That's Barbara," she interrupts, I'd know the description anywhere."

"While others," paying no attention to her rudeness, "can't be happy unless they've got everything."

"Ah! that's Nan Forester. Now look here, John, I'm not going to pretend—I leave that," with a saucy smile, "for the other girl to do. I'm worldly-minded, I'm selfish, and I'm very fond of nice things, especially of the "finery" you so despise. I'm one of the girls that want all the good things of earth."

"And I can never offer them to you." John moves farther from her. "Curious, isn't it? Blake's over ears in love with you and getting richer every day. He's a decent fellow, too, is Blake: square, if a little hard. He's got all I had—my farm, Marshlands, the house I was born in, every acre of the dear old place, the big orchard I planted, my chestnut mare—she knows your step and your voice, Nan. He's got everything."

Nan's face is sober enough now. "I am sorry," she says, laying one small hand, pink and funnily puckered with soap-suds, on his big brown one, "very sorry. How did it happen?"

"It is the old mortgage, you see. If I hadn't been the stubbornest fool on earth, it would have gone before. But I just couldn't let go. Father left it on me in a way. The day he died—it will likely seem foolishness to you—I told him what I meant to do. You remember him, the big, kind fellow, the best man that ever lived, Nan. If ever you hear anybody trying to make out that he left too much on me, tell them—no, you needn't do that; but remember that you heard me say, he was the best man that ever lived. The day he was buried I was eighteen. Folks were kind of blaming him for getting so in debt. Men that weren't good enough to wipe his shoes were whispering together. 'A fine old place,' I heard one say, 'but mortgaged for all it's worth. What a foolish trick for a man to do!' I hated to see him lying helpless in his coffin, but I went in. There was only me, and I shut the door, and—and I talked to him I told him I'd pay off the debt if I could; told him I was so strong the mortgage didn't scare me an atom."

He stops here, and presently she gently prompts him, "Yes, John?"

"I've worked hard enough, heaven knows; worked, and scrimped, and saved; but—well, I'm no whiner. I was licked long ago, but didn't know it. Never mind, I know it now. I'm down flat. Not that I'm hankering for sympathy, mind you. Blessed is nothing! The world is big, and there's some things—health for one—the law can't touch, thank God! The happiest man I ever met was a beggar, lived a beggar, and died a beggar." He stands up, a big broad-shouldered giant, and stretches out his right arm, the arm of an athlete. "Jasper Blake, gentleman; John Somers, beggar. Good-bye, little girl; good-bye, Nannie."

The old childish name, outgrown with other childish things! If his young face did not bear the unmistakable print of anguish, one might think he did not care. But John, with all his hatred of scenes, with his sense of fairness which forbids him to appeal to her sympathy, cannot quite hide that his heart is breaking.

"How much am I worth, John?" The sunflower seems to stand with its yellow head perked to listen, as Nan, in the prosaic farm-house kitchen, asks the weighty question, a question no scholar on this green earth has been able to answer since Adam wandered through

"Hill, dale and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring stream"

in the garden of Eden, a lone and a lonesome man. *How much am I worth?*

The September sunshine kissing her soft brown locks, her tender brow and eyes, her cheeks, her bare round arms, seems stamping a value of mighty worth on youth, and love, and the bloom of health. John looks at her, looks till he is fain to pull the torn brim of his straw hat over his eyes to hide what he would shame to have her see—the mist in their deep blue depths.

"You're just worth the whole world, little girl," he says huskily.

"Am I?" She steps close to him, a certain proud surrender in her air, and holds out both hands. "Then you are no beggar, John—stupid John—you're the whole world richer than anybody else."

Now a royal precedent has Nan for her boldness, but I doubt if any prince ever felt quite so proud, quite so overcome, as this farmer lad. He raised her hands to his lips, and if they smell of soap he heeds it not. Bankruptcy! What does the word mean anyhow?

"Do you mean it, Nan?" he whispers.

"I generally do mean what I say," retorts this exceedingly practical woman.

There is only an innocent looking sunflower looking on, so John draws her very close to him, and kisses her lips for the first time.

"Now do go," she says at length, "and let me get those things out to dry. I'm afraid my father will cease to think me the most practical woman alive, if he finds me dallying over such important work as washing a dimity dress."

"I'm afraid he will anyway when he knows about us, Nan; what's the good of you pretending to be practical when——"

"When I look about and find the things of value, eh? Listen to me, John—'tis seldom I talk sentiment—but I want to say that there is nothing of such value for life and for death as love that is real and true. Now go."

As he passes out at the front gate, a fine-looking young fellow is tying the chestnut mare, which until yesterday was John's own. The two men look at each other. Jasper Blake turns and looks at the broad acres he has won from John.

"Poor beggar!" he murmurs compassionately, as he goes up the path to the farm-house.

John thinks of the girl he has won from this prosperous rival, and "You poor, *poor* beggar!" he exclaims out of the fulness of his heart.

Jean Blewett.

A REPLY.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

IF some coarse and acrimonious writer in a low journal instead of answering my arguments in a manly and well-bred way, were to seek to hurt my feelings and insult me personally by saying that I was cynical by nature and had made myself more cynical than nature made me; that my original defects had been aggravated by a bad education, and that my opinions were the offspring of dyspepsia or disappointment, with other amenities of that kind, I should know very well what to make of it. I do not know so well what to make of it when the writer is the Principal of a University, a Doctor of Divinity, and one who just before had been approaching me in the attitude of friendship.

In the article on "Canada and the Empire," in the English *National Review* to which I refer, Dr. Grant incidentally admits that my opinions are the same as those which were once held by Mr. Huskisson, then Colonial Minister, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Brougham, Lord Ashburton, Lord St. Vincent, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, John Bright, and Mr. Disraeli, I could add from personal knowledge to the list. With the opinions, when they were held by those men, Principal Grant would have felt it incumbent upon him to deal on their merits without personal offensiveness. Why should he not deal with them in the same manner when they are held by me? *

As an excuse for personal offensiveness, it is alleged that I am "about the only writer on Canadian topics who ever reaches the British politician." The excuse is hollow. Plenty of articles on the side opposed to mine have appeared in British reviews and journals. If anyone has difficulty in getting a hearing over there at present, it is not the jingo. In the all-powerful *Times* there was a series of articles by a Canadian correspondent understood to have been an orator of the Imperial Federation movement. More than this, there has been all the time in England, as High Commissioner, the very man who was designated by Principal Grant for the Premiership of Canada, and who has not allowed himself to be restrained by the ordinary rules of the public service, from propagating by all the means in his power, Principal Grant's sentiments and his own.

Principal Grant's knowledge of me must have been chiefly gained during two days which he spent as a guest under my roof, when I was considerably past middle age. Yet he knows all about my moral and mental history, and is able to say how my natural narrowness of mind was increased by education at Oxford, by study of history, and by many years of intercourse with public men and general society in England.

"A cynicism which is partly natural and partly cultivated, accentuated the defects of his Oxford training, and rendered him incapable of sympathizing with popular feeling. Nowhere is that John Bullism which was expressed in Dr. Johnson's serene conclusion, 'It seems to me that all foreigners are fools,' so securely entrenched as in Oxford. There, too, we find that 'condescension towards foreigners,' which Mr. Lowell has marked united with an ignorance of affairs, and of that part of the world summed up in the one word, 'abroad,' which is at times appalling. The late accomplished Master of Balliol, for instance, was never able to get it out of his head that a friend of mine, a graduate of the University of Toronto, who subsequently

*Principal Grant is right in referring to the Duke of Newcastle as a strenuous upholder of the present Colonial system. I found the other day among some old papers a note written by the Duke to a friend. It said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow; I shall have two or three Colonists to roast you." Such is the temper in which a British statesman treats, socially, differences of political opinion.

spent four years in Balliol, had come from Newfoundland. 'So you have determined to return to Newfoundland!' was his persistent greeting to the Canadian. Another of my friends, who had been on duty in Hong Kong for some years, was asked by a distinguished scholar on his return how he had managed to live under Chinese law! Recently a letter of enquiry from the Secretary of a Royal Commission was addressed to me—at the instance of another Oxford authority—'Kingston, Ontario, U.S.A.'!" *

Oxford, which Principal Grant knows so well and so greatly despises for its narrowness of mind and want of knowledge of affairs, has a body of Resident Masters, including Heads of Colleges, Professors, teachers of various grades, and others, numbering considerably upwards of four hundred. This body includes men of the most various pursuits, connections, and opinions. The vacations, during which the men mingle with the world without or travel, extend over half the year. In no place is there more social life or more active interchange of ideas. Oxford being within easy reach of London is the constant resort of eminent men of the world. The Master of Balliol's house especially used to be filled with London visitors from the Saturday to the Monday, while the Master himself was a man of the largest mind, and had been engaged not only in academical affairs but in the reorganization of the Indian Civil Service. If the outcome of all this, so far as Canada is concerned, is an ignorance of her interests and of the feelings of her people not only crass, but so invincible that in my case it has not been cured by twenty-six years of residence in the country, what benefit can Canada possibly derive from being under the political tutelage of the British nation?

It is assumed by Principal Grant that I brought here a confirmed and unreasoning prejudice in favor of my present opinions. He is mistaken. My first impression was strongly in favor of Canadian nationality. I was intimately connected with "Canada First" and wrote in its organ, *The Nation*. The "Canada First" men knew, I suppose, not less about the "deeper feelings" of Canadians than Principal Grant. It was by sympathy with the aspirations of these men that I was first led to take interest in Canadian politics, which at first I regarded as a stranger.

When "Canada First" was abandoned by its leader and disbanded, I was led to consider the situation, which had itself considerably opened out, especially in regard to the effect produced on territorial and economical unity by extension to the Pacific. I was then brought to the conclusion that the reunion of the English-speaking race upon this continent, the two sections of which had been severed from each other a century ago by a wretched quarrel, was the dictate of nature and would ultimately be fulfilled. Thenceforth, it seemed to me that true patriotism would lie in helping to fit Canada for the exercise of a powerful and beneficent influence in the councils of her own continent, and for playing a worthy part in the great human drama of which that continent was the destined scene. Right or wrong, there was surely nothing mean or degrading in the contemplation of the ampler field.

Dr. Grant seems to think that unless I see eye to eye with him I can have no soul for the greatness of my country. What have I said to make him believe that I regard the Empire as a myth? What have I said to make him believe that I undervalue colonies? A colony remains a colony and equally a glory to its mother country when it has become politically independent.

The only way in which I could possibly contribute to Canadian eminence was by playing my part in the effort to make the centre of British Canada a literary and intellectual centre. This I have done, and if with little or no success, without stint of labor or any other means at my command. A Uni-

*How much do Canadians know about Australia or South Africa? Why should we expect Englishmen to know more about us?

versity worthy of the name was another requisite; and it was attainable only by means of University Confederation, which, for a series of years, I continued to advocate and promote to the utmost of my power.

To keep Canadians at home seemed another point of patriotism. The exodus of which Principal Grant and his party so seldom speak, is a social and political depletion as well as a material drain. It can be averted only by enabling the people to enjoy the full fruits of their industry here. Enjoy the full fruits of their industry here they cannot without access to their natural market. I have always striven with my pen and all the means of influence I possessed to assist in bringing about free trade between Canada and the United States. Dr. Grant tells us once more that man does not live by bread alone. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread that he may live; and it is to be observed that those who impress upon us this sentiment have always themselves plenty of bread.

If I have been false, or to use the gracious epithet constantly hurled at me, a "traitor" to England, Englishmen do not know it. When the United Kingdom, the heart and keystone of the Empire, was threatened with dismemberment, I did my best for the preservation of its integrity both in England and in Canada. In Canada I did my best, while zealous loyalists, who now denounce me as a traitor to England, were either standing discreetly aloof or angling by Home Rule subscriptions and resolutions for the Irish vote. It was with this, I believe, and the protectionist duties on British goods in my mind that I made the allusion, which offends Principal Grant, to the daughters of Lear. I left England too late for a change of of affection. Her honor and interest must always be uppermost in my heart, and I have not the shadow of a doubt that reunion of her offspring on this continent, with her goodwill and benediction, would conduce both to her real interest and her honor.

Much harm will never be done to national character by a man who, when he is convinced of the soundness of his opinions, shows that he can stand on his own feet and if necessary stand alone. Such is the political tradition of England. Not that I am really alone in my views. Abundant proof could be given that there exists among the people a great amount of repressed opinion and not a little of repressed desire for free discussion. There is, I am persuaded, more of class division, of sentiment, and of consequent misunderstanding on this subject than is commonly supposed. In the course of two campaigns, one for commercial union, another against the Scott Act, as well as through intercourse with a great variety of acquaintances, I think I have had fair opportunities of looking into the mind of the people.

I should have failed in loyalty to liberty of opinion, to which a public writer's special allegiance is due, had I not come forward to uphold it when it was assailed by official intolerance in the person of one whose opinions were identical with my own.

More than once I have expressed the pain which I most sincerely feel in finding myself at variance on these questions with many with whom I should desire to be at one and who form for the most part my social circle. Of opponents who treated me with common decency I hope I have never spoken a discourteous or disrespectful word. Attempts at social persecution, personal insults, and anonymous threats I have passed over as far as possible in silence. Dr. Grant knows to what a series of these his article is the sequel. He once felt called upon himself to express disapprobation of an outrage committed by a journal of which he was supposed to be a proprietor.

Anyone who wishes to disparage me probably has in his favour notions re-

specting my character and history propagated by hostile writers in a country where I was unknown. For several years I was the subject of attacks on the part of our two leading journals. Many people were probably impressed with the belief that I had left England because I had quarrelled with my political party, and Cornell University because I had quarrelled with the Americans. When I left England I had before me an offer from my party of a nomination for a constituency in which the Liberal majority was sure. A similar offer was made me when I had been some years resident here. Some years later still, during the struggle about Home Rule, I was again welcomed to the ranks, and again offered a nomination. As the constituency in each of the first two cases was large and popular, it seems that my estrangement from popular sympathy was not, in the eyes of those who knew me best what Principal Grant assumes it to be. Cornell has just made me an Emeritus Professor; and I do not think I have quarrelled with the Americans. To say these things about one's self is not graceful, but fiction can only be dispelled by fact.

Dr. Grant represents me as having, on my arrival in this country, provoked dislike by arrogant dogmatism about public affairs. I had been some little time in the country before I wrote or spoke about public affairs at all. I declined to write on politics, when for a few weeks I wrote on literary subjects for the *Globe*. When the *Canadian Monthly* was started, I joined it at first on the condition that there should be no politics. That restriction being found impracticable, I wrote a series of neutral articles on Current Events. I am not aware that any body complained of dogmatism. I had been trained in a high school of English journalism, and, I hope, knew how to address with propriety an educated and self-respecting public.

The Principal goes somewhat out of the way to impugn my diligence as a historical writer. Knowing all about me, he tells his readers that I have nervous energy, but not the power of continuous work. The power of continuous work, I must own, begins to flag at seventy-five. The sources of early Canadian history, Principal Grant admits, were not accessible in Toronto. But he undertakes to say that if the archives had existed I should not have taken the trouble to consult them. My last trip to England was partly for the purpose of examining Canadian papers in the British Record office, and I had appropriated a month to that work; though, as it happened, on going to the office, I found that the papers were already being transcribed for the printer.

As an instance of my superficiality Dr. Grant says I have missed the Gallican element in the Church of Quebec. "Till lately, however, the Church of Quebec remained a true daughter of the Church of Monarchical France, and kept her Gallican tradition, giving Caesar his due and living at peace with the civil power." (*Canada and the Canadian Question*, pp. 17, 18, Canadian ed.) Is it to such a passage as this that Principal Grant refers?

I have not the slightest weight, Principal Grant tells me. I have not the slightest pretension to any influence, or jealousy of those who possess it. What influence facts disseminated through books and journals may have had, neither my critic nor I can exactly tell.

What Principal Grant or anyone else can mean by ascribing my view of the Canadian question to disappointment I really do not know. What is it that I have sought and failed to attain? Certainly nothing here. If any suspicion of that kind has told against me, it was unfounded. To use Burke's phrase, I knew the map of the country and what line to take if I wanted to obtain anything at the hands of its governing class. I

have not taken that line and have no ground for repining at the result. The only drawback, so far as I know, to the satisfactoriness of my lot is the painful contrast between it and what I have often been called upon to witness elsewhere. I have come to the close of a long and not uninteresting life. I have borne a part in important movements of opinion, the result of which, as I look back, seems to me on the whole to have been good. I look forward with confidence to the realization of my hope for the re-union of my race, though I have no expectation of living to see it. As a Liberal I have seen the world go, on the whole, in the way which Liberals desire. I have enjoyed noble friendships, the warmth of which no difference of opinion has chilled. In the biographies of my friends, which are multiplying apace, and warning me that my own thread is spun, I find glimpses of a portrait different from that presented by Principal Grant, and drawn at all events by more familiar hands. Regrets, and even bitter regrets, all mortals have. Dissappointment I have none.

Even here I have had good friends who have stood by me in all weathers. It is for their satisfaction rather than my own that I have written this reply.

Goldwin Smith

THE POLAR SEA.

(Supposed to have been spoken by Morton, of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, in sight of an open Polar Sea.)

MID post-built palaces of icy rocks
I gaze with silent wondering awe
Upon this nameless sea, which winter locks
In walls that never thaw.

To mortal eye was ne'er unveiled before
An earthly vision so sublime ;
Stern Nature marks not on this lifeless shore
The steps of fleeting Time.

Here Spring comes not with buds of hope and song,
Nor Summer fair with blossoms crown'd ;
Save wintry gales that fiercely sweep along,
Thou hear'st no other sound.

These winds that moan o'er snowy plains of ice
Bear not upon their freezing wings
The scent of flowers, the sound of living voice,
Or note of bird that sings.

So full of mystery and strangely wrought,
The peerless scene here spread to view,
That those who measure all things by their thought
May deem my words untrue.

And Earth has hearts like thee, O Sea ! on whom
The light of love has never shone,
Who bear their burdens through a life of gloom,
Companionless—alone.

Lone, melancholy Sea, thy doleful wail,
So full of agony and strife,
Has sung itself into my heart, and shall
Forever haunt my life.

E. H. Dewart.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XVII.

SMOULDERING FIRES.

IT is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not compelled to condemnation. "There wes naething wrang wi' the text," affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheepmichtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he wes a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-bye, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by-and-by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a working man, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael, juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gude man by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and stacked the corn for market, and had driven a gude wife's churn. After which honourable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His ad-

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"Would gossip with him by the hour."

ventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dried at the next farmhouse—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a gamekeeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snow-storm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie—I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theatre, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirk man who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously? On which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat, opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying "Awa wi' ye."

So it came to pass that notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Biblical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon his coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish

into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochty Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochty Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

"It wesna that he sat sae lang as a've heard o'him daein' in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam'," Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, "maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o' comin' through Tochty Wood—the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an' jumpin' the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel' through the field that year. A' wudna say," she used to add in a casual tone, "but that he micht hae gi'en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin' the door."

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business of one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General's help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General's opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter's reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the "Pleasaunce," or accompany him to Janet's cottage to have a taste of that original woman's conversation together. It came upon Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air — for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarrelled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumours to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last verse of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

"Has service begun?" whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. "I'm so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won't you, and we shall be as quiet as mice."

"'A'll open the door," and Archie explained the geography of the situation, "an' ye 'ill juist slip intae the manse pew; its in the corner, wi' curtains roond it, and naebody 'ill see ye, neither minister nor people;" and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his sermon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair, flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affectation in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervour and high hope, a flavour also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in

Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged,—but those things could be easily put right: then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would find only material for raillery. He tugged his moustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience, They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skilfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wiles, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the supreme success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalized the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that un-

compromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she choose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war Psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and besides was full of a historical parallel, which after a scientific illustration is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse housekeeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary, he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness of Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practised flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well "Puir lassie, she hed naebody tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon wes a graund discoorse the day, gude wife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister wes a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she wes a papist, an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd."

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither; there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth with much relish. "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she had been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what wud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna eneuch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She was fidgettin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she was in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wul hae pleased them the day, an'noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspeckit the cause?"

"It's maist michty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103rd Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was just above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel: I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, dryly, and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such an . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is just one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk Manse that evening, and left without an answer.

TOCHTY LODGE.

SIR:—Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self-control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.—Yours truly,

CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lunching with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muirtown Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? It is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE SICKNESS.

COLLEGE friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread cart. Those were exasperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilisation, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station, he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the



"The driver stops to exchange views."

familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city, and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his laborers."

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go. In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes people praise the varied flower beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is," pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revellers singing a music hall song, a heavy odour from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashen boughs dipping into the water.

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilspindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study and to stuff the room with bookshelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defence of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how gray and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness? They were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen labouring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods except when the men took snuff audibly. Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character,

then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighboring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular travellers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitues of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagrants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Urtach to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms, in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher



"Two tramps held conference."

walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had only worn three times.

"You have done kindly by me in calling"—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—"and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now labouring in iron—did you say? and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

"You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for indeed, it is my privilege to see many travellers, and

there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you ; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days ago most insufficiently clad and . . . but I should not have alluded to that ; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by an excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience ; you might put the matter before her.

" Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold," catching sight of Carmichael in the passage, " This is a Providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity."

" Do not be angry with me, John " —after the tramp had departed with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face— " nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

" Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, " as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a poor sinful man, some day, and lo it be . . . the Lord Himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

" Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, " you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening."

" Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed, for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

" Receive you, John ? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your faces, and we shall have much converse together —there are some points I would like your opinion on—but, first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains ; behold the aid to memory I have designed,"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with " Farewell, George Pitillo, 3 o'clock." " He is the son's son of my benefactor and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea ; I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

" There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

" George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, " we shall not meet again in

this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them.'

"And George Pitillo?"

"'Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the warld and made a great fortune.'"

"How does it go with his soul, Andrew."

"'Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releegion yet, but nae doot he 'ill be turnin' his mind that wy soon.'"

"Poor George, that I baptized and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved: exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red color, fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?"

"Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld."

"And his soul Andrew?"

"Oo, that's a' richt; gin we a' hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo we micht be satisfied."

"That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound."

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dogcart, and the Rabbi saying "God be with you, George, and as your father's father received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dogcart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to . . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvellous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman who was indeed at the time little more than girl did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . friends?

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a wrong reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle, but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereat my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth, the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-bye at Tochty woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drumtochty sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day and so Burnbrae started early on the Saturday with his dogcart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It was juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his housekeeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he micht be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the parish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, freends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochty.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me,

'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loath to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleasantly in the wood and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void, It is little that can be said on sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall praetermit certain notes on doctrine; for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savoury meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the bookshelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all his truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first and leave in one heart lifelong regret.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER.

JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND," ETC.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.—Holy Writ.

SHE lived in a country village, on a river between Canada and the United States. She was unlovely of feature, rubicund of visage, blind of one eye, and lame. Her ordinary attire was a 'Dutch blue' print dress and a checked gingham apron, one corner of which was usually tucked up diagonally in its belt.

She was a washerwoman—and had the pleasing task of supporting a drunken husband and an equally worthless son. The latter was handsome and useless, his character being a bad combination the ingredients of which were dare deviltry, moral weakness, indolence and conceit.

He had been in gaol many times, and at each trial, his mother, her thin lips quivering piteously, her face crimsoned and shining from many tears, her one eye bloodshot and swollen, her toil-stiffened old hands clasping and unclasping nervously, her bonnet perched on the very back of her head and holding on precariously by its stringy ribbons, had plead for him—and to such purpose that his sentences were always light. But each time her task was harder—judge and jury sterner. Nevertheless, she always found some extenuating circumstance for him.

"He was just up to it for fun, being full of the divil," or "He was that reckless! he'd no thought of harm, poor lad," or, darkly, "There was others had a bigger hand in them doin's than poor Bob"—and if all these excuses were untenable, then, simply and unanswerably, "The drink was in him."

She was pious enough in her own way, and thanked God familiarly and sociably for any extra washing or a windfall of old clothes. But she was not right in her theology; she inclined too much to the "doctrine of works." This beam in the spiritual eye led her to regard Mrs. Bethney, who, to say the truth, did not trouble much about her soul, as a far better christian than Mrs. Ward, for the former bestowed upon Mrs. Reddy many a bundle of half-worn clothes, whilst the latter never gave her anything but two tracts, one entitled "The Sins of Luxury," and the other "The Perils of Wealth."

Mrs. Reddy had once, in the far-off days of her youth, separated from her now by oceans of soap suds, lived in her own house and helped to till her own little farm. But with the death of her first husband she had fallen upon evil days, and when she married her second husband, tall, good-looking, and "in the millingtary," she effectually shut herself out from the places of Hope. Yet she went withal cheerily on her way. But, as time after time, Bob was mixed up with disgraceful affairs, or escaped the effects of some mad escapade narrowly, "as by the skin of his teeth," her smiles grew fewer and her gossip less light-hearted.

She was day after day oppressed by an increasing nervousness. There were strange whisperings hissing about the village. She acquired the habit of suddenly arresting herself in the midst of work or speech to listen apprehensively—for what? She did not know.

Mysterious waggons came to the sheds of the one hotel, canvas-covered waggons such as those from which rural butchers peddle their meat.

Their tired horses certainly had need of refreshment, but rumor had it that the hotel keeper took out tea and bread and boiled rice in covered baskets to his barn. Now, surely the horses did not eat this? The horses and waggons always went away after nightfall, and long ere dawn noiseless boats stole out from the silent shore of the boundary river.

At this time, too, Bob Reddy had money and to spare. He tippled continuously, and treated the village loafers to many a keg of smuggled beer. He swaggered about, singing derisively, and with idle hands jingled the money in his pockets. At last people began to say that at this point Chinamen were being smuggled across the river into Uncle Sam's domains, and when the villagers and farmers spoke of this they added with a significant *addendum* of nods that the hotel man and Bob Reddy "knew more'n they'd tell about this Chinee business——"

So matters stood one bitter night in earliest spring, when the river's swift current bore an unruly burden of broken ice from the great lakes. Mrs. Reddy had early retired to rest—she had been washing all day, the cold was intense, and she had no fire. Her husband snored in a drunken sleep before the kitchen fire. The air was full of the mysterious complaints and murmurs which the night evokes from an old house. Bob was abroad.

A loud knock echoed from the door. She gave a sigh of relief. "Bob," she said to herself, so she called without stirring:

"What is it? Come in, Bob."

"Is Bob in, Mrs. Reddy?" asked the voice of the village constable.

"No," she answered. For Heaven's sake, what do you want him for?"

"Do you know where he is?" asked the man outside.

"No; I've no notion at all," she said, hopelessly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, I'm quite sure. No good ever came o' lying. What's he 'cused of now?"

But the man outside moved away. Another man's voice came to her faintly. There were two of them evidently. Then she heard their voices clearly. They had stepped to the lea of the house, and directly outside her window paused to arrange their route.

"Well—where is he then?" said the constable's voice, irascibly.

"I'm tellin' ye as fast's I kin," said the other, doggedly. "I knowed it were no use comin' here; he's down in the 'cave' at the fishin' machine, and he's settin' em up for the boys like a new elected council man."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to go by the river edge. They'd see the light."

"Supposin' they do? The path is covered in ice. It would be crazy for a sober man to try it to-night. I'll be bound they're too full by this time to notice half-a-dozen lights, let alone one. Gosh! How bitter, bitin' cold it is."

"Well, come on. You're going to get a square half of the reward, so you needn't kick. This Chinee business—"

Their steps crunched off on the frozen snow; their voices failed in the distance. She heard no more, but it was enough. All the holy mother instinct, so divine in its self-abnegation, so unerring in its divination, was alive in her. She rose, and taking by habit her old silk bonnet, tied it on. Her apron she assumed instinctively. It is the washerwoman's insignia. Her other clothes she had not removed. It is truly deplorable that the poor continue to prefer heat to hygiene.

She opened the door and went out.

She heeded neither the cold, which was paralyzing, nor the wind, whose breath congealed her own. The atmosphere was rarefied by the intense frost, her quivering lips parted with each inhalation, but she heeded not.

She had but one thought. If she could go diagonally up through the cedars, then down the cliff path, she

could warn Bob before the constable and the informer could reach the cave by the more circuitous river path.

She toiled up the steep ascent and her thoughts fled before her. Already she had warned Bob; they had retraced their steps up the cliff together to the road; he had kissed her, called her a 'brave old gal,' damned himself for a brute and a beast (as he did after each of his trials), and started upon his six miles walk to the town, from whence, in early morning, he could conveniently cross the river and be safe with hospitable Uncle Sam.

"If he dassn't come back I'll mend up his cloes and Jim Baine will take 'em to him. He's owin' me, Jim Baine is, for tendin' Kit when she was took. Bob 'll soon git work—a likely young fellar like him—poor Bob."

She fell.

The hill was a mass of ice, and she was not certain where the descent of the cliff path began. She rose and struggled on, and presently she found she had gone too far up the road. She turned with nervous haste and once more fell. She hit her head this time, and cut it, and though she knew it not was some time in rising.

But she struggled up again. Her hands instinctively tucked up the corner of her apron in its belt; it was thus she girded her loins to attack a hard day's work. Once more she started on her search for the leaning tree, which marked the beginning of the descent. A rain, colder than snow, keener than frost, was falling, and was being instantly converted into a sheathing of ice upon everything. She was growing confused, uncertain, when she fell again.

"I must have a pane of glass put in that window," she murmured, "there's a draught— — — poor Bob."

The rain still continued, congealing as it fell. The wind still blew, freezing with its breath. But she did not rise.

Some hundreds of feet below, a choice selection of boon companions were enjoying beer and tobacco. The beer had been put on tap by Bob Reddy, and he was the hero of the hour.

The banqueting place was unique and warm. In the bank of the river was a deep cleft, widening into a narrow ravine at the summit, narrowing to an angle of a few feet at the base, extending between rocky walls into the bank. Some genius had put a plank flooring from side to side, and roofed it with logs covered with fir branches and sods. The result was a long cavern-like room, wider at the roof than at the floor, with no windows, and closed by one heavy door. It was completely sheltered from storms, and had witnessed many a drunken orgie.

Upon this occasion it was illumined by many lanterns, whose lights strove with the tobacco smoke. The men were seated on empty boxes or short segments of tree trunks. Bob Reddy astride of the cask was a beery Bacchus. The men were talking loudly and boastfully. Vulgar and brutal egotism paraded, naked and not ashamed.

One of them stepped to the door to see what manner of atmospheric visitor it was. A gleam of light, thrown on the river from the shore, caught his eyes. He called the attention of the others to it. They elbowed each other about the door, watching it with interest; now it glowed broadly on the water, then shaded off to an uncertain glimmer again. It drew nearer, nearer. Presently they heard a well known voice shout,

"Which of these two turns do we take?"

All, or nearly all, the men in the cave knew from personal experience the unpleasant authority behind that voice. Each asked of himself, "Is the summons for me?" But as they had given Bob Reddy the chief seat in their synagogue all evening, they felt the ingratitude of depriving him of

the leading role now. With one accord they rushed to the barrel of beer, and secreted it in a place cunningly contrived beneath the flooring; then they turned to Bob.

"He's after you," said one, and the rest assented with superfluous oaths.

"Then I'll git out," said Bob, with drunken nonchalance.

"Which way kin ye slope? Its a pity the cables is no use."

"Who says they're no good?" demanded Bob surlily. "Yez all know I can cross them if I want to."

"Git out! Not in this weather," said the man who had first seen the light. "Try the cliff"

"I'm goin' by the cables," said Bob, with emphasis, "and I'm goin' now."

The men looked at each other. The light, wavering upon the water in consonance with the winding of the path, drew even nearer. They were anxious to be rid of Reddy, who was muddled with drink and decidedly indifferent as to whether he fell or not.

So with an unsteady gait Bob Reddy went along the fifty feet up the river bank to where, from low stone piers, the old cables of the blown-down suspension bridge swayed in the wind. Stretching, like filaments in the gigantic spider's web, across the river to the United States, they were lost to the eye in the night's dusky distance ere half their length.

As he went those fifty paces the keen air brought back all his bravado. "Not cross!" he muttered to himself, "I've crawled across afore now, and I'll just show them fellars what I *kin* do."——

He seized the cable with his hands —and hand over hand made his way along the few feet they stretched over *terra firma*. It was the madness of a drunken brain. As soon as his feet dangled clear of the bank he realized his madness, but did not turn back. He thought only of the terrible gulf before, and beneath him; he forgot the short return journey to safety. Hand over hand he went, already he could feel the cable oscillate as his hands clutched it.

Hand over hand—away from the over-hanging branches of the trees. The rain had coated the cable with ice. It was now a question of seconds.

At that moment, the moon, obscured before by rain and wind clouds, shone out effulgently. It showed alike to the watchers at the mouth of the "cave" and to the two men creeping up the uncertain pathway, a black figure, clutching in desperate silence, hand over hand at the icy cable. A shout of horror and of warning broke from the men. At that moment the figure shot downward. It struck the water flat, and for an appreciable instant floated stationary in the hopeless outspread fashion of a fly when it falls into boiling liquid. The next moment the current had it—and the moon was hid.

Next morning the sun rose serenely to smile upon the awakened world. It shone upon the village roof trees, upon the river hurrying by with its burden of ice, on the great boulders beside the river path, on the old cables athwart the water. It shone far up the hill on the leaning tree which marks the descent of the cliff path and upon a grotesque heap at the tree's foot. The heap was awkward, stiff, coated with ice. From it there protruded a frozen corner of blue gingham, and upon this perch a snow bird sat singing—revelling in the sunshine, its throat feathers ruffled as its crystal flutings floated out upon the still morning air. And the same sun which shone on the grotesque heap at the tree's foot and waked the snow birds joyous thrilling. shone also far down the river, where the silent grey gulls, wheeled in ever varying circles above a black *something* caught in the embrance of the current and the ice, and hurrying with them to the wider waters and oblivion.

LIFE AND TIMES OF HON. JOSEPH HOWE.*

A Review.

JOHN A. COOPER.

. . . . If fitly you'd aspire,
Honour the dead, and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in their vestal hours;
Gather their ashes; higher still and higher
Nourish the patriot flames that history dow'rs,
And o'er old men's graves go strew your choicest flowers.

—HOWE.

CANADA has been blessed with many noble citizens whose greatest aim has been their country's good. By such noble men has her history been made, and by their hallowed memory must that history be preserved and guarded. The country without heroes is a country without sympathy, without fellowship, without sentiment, without progress—a desert in which only barren stalks may flourish.

To-day, this happy Confederation of provinces enjoys a government which, considered from the standpoint of executive, legislative or judicial excellence, is most excellently suited to the needs of its people, and which for general merit is unsurpassed by that of any other nation in the world. But the men who have given their lives to the erection of some part—some small part perhaps—of this magnificent structure must not be forgotten. The basal principles were obtained from Great Britain—a priceless gift for which Canadians must ever be grateful. But the finer and more local parts of this governmental structure have been secured only by persistent effort on the part of our own colonial statesmen, and it is the graves of these men which we must keep green and on which we must "strew our choicest flowers."



BY THE KINDNESS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

G. E. FENETY.

No history of Canada, especially of Nova Scotia, could be written without a mention of Joseph Howe, journalist, litterateur, parliamentarian, and administrator. When the people of that fair province by

* Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe, the great Nova Scotian, by G. E. Fenety. Cloth, 376 pp. E. S. Carter, publisher, St. John, N.B.



BY KINDNESS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

the Atlantic were struggling for responsible government, an executive responsible to the lower house, an upper house devoid of dogmatic aristocracy, and a legislative control of the provincial administration and expenditure, Joseph Howe was their champion. He led the fight against the personal rule of the Governor, and led it more mildly, more loyally, and more constitutionally than did McKenzie in Upper Canada, or Papineau and Nelson in Lower Canada. He recognized the genius of the British Constitution, and countenanced neither "Independence" nor "Annexation." In his own words, he saw "the superiority of British to American institutions, making, as they do, the will of the nation superior to that even of the chief magistrate," for the Queen of England must accept as her chief adviser the choice of her people, no matter what her personal feelings or opinions may be, and a Governor-General of Canada must accept as his Privy Councillors those men in whose hands the people desire to vest their powers.

In 1851, Mr. Howe spoke of the magnificent unsettled portion of country lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific, and predicted the growth of five or six noble provinces in that region. Speaking of this to Nova Scotians, he said: "God has planted your country in the front of this boundless region; see that you comprehend its destiny and resources; see that you discharge with energy and elevation of soul the duties which devolve upon you in virtue of your position." If one might express a wish, it would be that Nova Scotia had followed more closely the advice of her noblest son, that she might be more enthusiastic in the Union which alone can make the British provinces in North America great and powerful.

Of the patriot Howe, the highest compliment which his biographer pays him is that "HE DIED POOR." In these days of degenerate politicians, in the times of rich trusts and powerful corporations, in the period of speculation and financial magic, in an age of low public morality, the compliment grows greater. When the future historian shall tell our posterity of a Macdonald, a Thompson and a Howe, the compliment may be even greater.

While there is much in Mr. Fenety's book, "The Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe," to admire, much to please and much to arouse thought, one finds also a great deal to regret. Many things are left unsaid which we would like to have known and which a careful and skilled biographer would have recorded. But worst of all, Mr. Fenety has used such careless English that one can scarcely excuse him. Let me give a few quotations:

"If one of them died, another was put in his place having the most influence."

"It required a journalist of most undaunted courage to dare the lions in their dens, mostly from this want of public sympathy and encouragement."

"There were no steel pens in those days—blood letting was done by the old style goose quill, just as effective."

"If a man falls down on a slippery sidewalk it is almost published before he has time to get up again."

"In due time Mr. Cunard became wealthy and popular in England, and was created a Baronet of the Empire, which at his death passed to his son Edward, and is now worn by Edward's son."

"The Hotel, if not its owners, at once took sick and languished, and hobbled along and finally succumbed for want of patronage."

It is to be regretted that many interesting personal reminiscences are spoiled by such carelessness. Surely the author could have discovered in St. John some person who might have supplied this deficiency in his literary abilities. Canadian books will never be a success until Canadian authors recognize that their work is valuable only when it may be compared successfully with that of the best British and American writers. Canadians are afraid to spare the years of careful preparation which is necessary to every one who hopes to succeed in literature. And too many Canadian literary productions have so much of the "diamond in the rough" character, that they cannot be distinguished from common pebbles. Great thoughts or cogent facts clothed in tattered or misfitting garments are not literature.

Yet Mr. Fenety's book is worth perusal. He is a successful publisher in St. John, N.B., and in early life was engaged on the *Novascotian* in Halifax, a journal then owned by Mr. Howe. Since then Mr. Fenety has taken a strong interest in the political and social matters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and has had ample opportunity to judge of the worth and merit of Nova Scotia's honored statesman, whose friendship Mr. Fenety retained so long as Mr. Howe lived.

The book is strongly, though not handsomely, bound and contains some twenty-five illustrations.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

HER MAJESTY'S SIXTY YEARS SOVEREIGNTY.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

AMONG the English monarchs there have been many who have occupied the throne for lengthy periods of time; among them, Henry I. for more than 35 years, Henry II. for nearly the same period, Henry III. for just over 56 years, Edward III. for rather more than half a century, Henry VI. for nearly 39 years, Henry VIII. for the same length of time, Elizabeth for 45 years, and George III. for 59 years three months and four days.

George III., the last named sovereign, enjoyed, until September 23rd just passed, the distinction of having reigned longer than any of his predecessors. It has remained for his granddaughter, Victoria, to surpass him, not yet in her length of days, but in her period of sovereignty, her reign having commenced June 30th, 1837.

There have been only two other cases in either European or Asiatic history, so far as is known, where the monarch has reigned for sixty years, or has even entered upon the sixtieth year of power. The one is Christian IV. of Denmark, who ascended the throne in 1588 and reigned uninterruptedly until 1648. The other is Keen Lung, Emperor of China, whose reign extended from 1736 to 1795.

When we come to compare the sixty years of George III's. reign with the same period covered by Her Majesty's, and note the wonderful changes that have occurred in the latter from what

obtained in the former, we may be thankful, as an American humorist expressed it, that "we were born so late." Life is, in this year of grace, 1896, a very different thing to what it was a century since!

During almost the entire period of George III's. occupancy of the throne of England were there "wars and rumors of wars."

First came the war with France for the possession of Canada, which was ended by the Treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763. At the same time, India was the scene of frightful conflicts; not until 1765 was that country in any degree tranquilized, notwithstanding the heroic efforts and great capacity of Lord Clive. The truce though was short lived, and war reigned again in India almost uninterruptedly until the defeat of Scindiah the Mahratta chief in 1805. Peace was then concluded and was not again seriously disturbed in India during the Georgian era.

From 1775 until 1782 the American War of Revolution continued, we all know how it ended. Scarcely had the last echoes of the conflict died away when, in 1792, began the war with France, which finally ended at Waterloo in 1815, with the victory of the allied armies under Wellington.

From 1812 until 1814 England was also at war with the United States, the object of the latter power being the conquest of Canada. That object was not attained, nor is it ever likely to be.

England's army and navy were never more powerful, no greater victories were ever achieved, the bravery of her soldiers and sailors was never more conspicuously manifested than in the reign of George III. But there is another side to the picture, for while England was victorious by land and sea she made no progress in any other way. The names of great soldiers, sailors and statesmen abound, but we look in vain for many men eminent in the Church, Science or Art.

There is no sadder page in the history of the Anglican Church than her condition from 1760 to 1820. Had it not been for the efforts of Wesley and Whitfield, religion might almost have died out.

In the field of Literature and of Art in that period, it is true, we find the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Copley, West, Herschel, Watt, Sir Richard Westmacott Chantrey and two or three others. They, however, owe some of their celebrity to the mediocrity of their contemporaries.

Commercially and financially, all through the reign of George III., England's fortunes were at low tide. In 1763, the national debt was £132,716,049. In 1820, it amounted to £834,900,960. In 1780 occurred the Gordon Riots, when Newgate Gaol was burned and hundreds of lives were lost. In 1794, and again in 1798, was the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, as it also was in 1801 and again in 1817. Cash payments were suspended by the Bank of England in 1797, and not resumed until 1817. The country was governed, not by the people, but by the House of Lords and the landed gentry; the House of Commons was a mere caricature of a Representative Assembly. Old Sarum with one elector, Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, with a score, and many other places with less than fifty electors sent one and two members to Parliament, while Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and other centres of industry and population sent none!

As for popular education, there was practically none. The children of the working classes, both in town and country, could rarely either read or write. The vast majority of our soldiers and sailors signed their pay rolls with a cross, and the state of morality was about equal to the state of education.

The laws regarding property were nothing less than brutal, and were administered brutally. Side by side with murderers of the deepest dye,

men were hanged for forgery, for burglary and for petty thefts. Debtors were incarcerated in the debtors' prisons all over England, not because they would not, but because they could not pay their debts; death oftentime was the only release that ever reached them.

Such was the state of society in "Good King George's glorious days."

Let us turn to a pleasanter picture. When our present Queen succeeded her uncle William IV., a state of affairs much better than had been the case throughout the reigns of her grandfather or of her two uncles was in its commencement.

In 1832, the power of the House of Lords had been in a great degree destroyed by the measure of Reform passed, against the will of the Peers, in the representation of the people. The House of Commons was no longer a close corporation but had become in a marked degree a representative institution, and thirty years later, when the Ballot Act was passed, actually became the most truly representative body in the world. True, in 1837, the franchise was greatly restricted, but by successive Acts, passed in 1867-68 and in 1884-85, these restrictions were fully removed.

Sixty years since, railways in England were in their infancy; in Canada they were only contemplated as something that might be obtained in "the dim and distant future." In 1837, a journey from Toronto to Halifax was an affair of weeks, now it is accomplished in two days. At the same date the vast majority of people leaving England for Canada came by sailing vessels, and were well pleased if they accomplished their journey in six weeks. Now-a-days, a commercial man goes to London, Liverpool and Manchester from Toronto or Montreal, makes all his purchases in the former cities, and is back again in his office and at his club within 28 days.

Sixty years ago, here in Canada, we were without Responsible Government; we had local Houses of Parliament it is true, but the will of the people could be over-ridden by the caprices or whims of the lieutenant-governor. That state of things came to an end about 1841, and now is only remembered as an unpleasant portion of Canadian history.

At the Queen's accession and for many years afterwards, though there was complete religious liberty in Canada, there was not religious equality. The Anglican Church was connected here as in the Motherland with the State, without the justification which exists in England, where the majority of the inhabitants are at any rate nominal adherents of that body. However, that injustice also came to an end in 1854, and no one now regrets its abolition as a State church less than the Anglican body themselves.

Of material progress in Canada during the Victorian era the evidences surround us on every side. Our cities and towns are as well paved, equally well lighted and far cleaner than the majority of places of similar population, either in the United States or in Great Britain, while our people are as well fed, clothed and housed as any in the world.

At the beginning of the present reign the poverty which existed in the great cities of England was appalling in its intensity, and in the rural districts it was equally severe. That state of things has, in the past six decades, been much ameliorated, and is gradually growing less, but the indigence which still exists in the United Empire in her great centres of population is almost the only blot upon the social condition of English society in the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. It is the one great social problem which perplexed Lord Shaftesbury, which baffled Cobden, Bright and Villiers when they had obtained the repeal of the corn laws and for which successive generations of statesmen, from Peel to Palmerston, from Gladstone in 1865, to Lord Salisbury in

1896, have as yet failed to find a remedy.

Of course there are those Canadians who say that the reports of poverty in England "are very greatly exaggerated." The people who make such assertions are beneath serious notice; they are generally dogmatic writers or speakers who know nothing of English life, excepting from casual reading or from a sojourn there, as a visitor, for a month or so. The value of their assertions may be judged from the fact that one of the noisiest of these dogmatists was never in England in his life for more than two months!

From abject poverty such as just referred to Canada has ever been free. It may be part of her mission in the future to help to alleviate that which exists in England, by providing homes and work for the surplus population across the sea.

In the earlier portion of this article has been sketched the condition of England from 1760 to 1820. That period had seen great conquests by sea and land, but with no corresponding material or social progress. The population had increased, so had crime pauperism and national debt.

What a contrast between 1820, the 60th year of George III's. reign, and 1896, the 60th year of his granddaughter's!

Crime has diminished in a marvellous degree, there being 3,000 convictions less in 1894 than even 20 years previously, with, let it be noted, a greatly increased population. Let us turn to the state of education. In 1873, when the Education Act had been three years in operation, there were in Great Britain 2,963,000 children at school; in 1893, 6,500,000. Deposits in savings banks in England, Ireland and Scotland exceed those of twenty years since by some millions of pounds sterling, while there has been a steady decrease in actual pauperism. The national debt during the Queen's reign has been reduced by more than £100,000,000 sterling, or nearly $500,000,000.

Churches have been built far and wide as one result of the last sixty years. Would they have so extended had the religious disabilities which obtained in George III's. reign not been abolished in that of his granddaughter?

In conclusion, I can but express what is the wish, the earnest prayer, the heartfelt desire, of men, women and children throughout the British Dominions, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, that yet for many years to come, may our Queen be preserved in health and strength to reign over a united and prosperous Empire.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.

THE discussion now proceeding in Parliament and in the Press regarding the dismissal of partizan employees from the public service, is clearly a battle between the ins and the outs. The anxiety of the one party to turn out offenders, replacing them with friends of their own, is equalled by the anxiety of the other side to save as many of their appointees as possible from the consequences of political activity. The idea that the people at large may have interests which are not identical with the interests of either party cuts no great figure in the discussion. It is assumed that we all belong to one side or the other, and sympathize with the disputants according to our political bias.

There is some basis for this assumption. The Civil Service has been the subject of Commissions, of Acts of Parliament, of solemn debates, and of recommendations not a few since the union of the Provinces in 1867. The whole question has been gone into pretty thoroughly on more than one occasion. Witnesses have been examined, their evidence recorded at length, and reports based on this evidence presented to Parliament. The system of political appointment, which lies at the root of the evil now so hotly discussed, has twice at least been dealt with in formal fashion by Commissions. The suggestions have been printed and laid before Parliament. But no Government, no Opposition, no public man with a following in the legislature or the country, has been tempted to persist in the demand for reform until it was accomplished. The consequence is that we are face to face with a further extension of the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils." Perhaps the nature of the remedy proposed may account for the general reluctance to adopt it. Two Civil Service Commissions, that of 1880 and that of 1891, have recommended (1) open competitive examination as the basis of appointment, and (2) promotion by merit—the degree of merit being determined likewise by examination. The competitive system has many enemies even in the sphere to which it is adapted as a test of efficiency. One cannot be surprised, therefore, that a proposal to apply it as the absolute test for appointments to the Civil Service should invariably meet with vehement protest,

The first official inquiry into the condition of the Canadian Civil Service took place in 1868. This was shortly after union, when consolidation and reconstruction were necessary. The Commission was composed largely of deputy heads of departments, and its report laid a basis of fact for future legislation. Many of its recommendations regarding the regulation and classification of the inside Service were subsequently embodied into law. In 1877 a committee of the House of Commons heard evidence on the condition of the Service, but no legislation followed. The Commission appointed in June, 1880, consisted of Messrs. Donald McInnes, E. J. Barbeau, J. C. Taché, Alfred Brunel, William White, John Tilton, and W. R. Mingaye, with Mr. Martin J. Griffin as secretary. The inquiry was thorough, and on the questions of appointment and promotion resulted, as has been stated in a recommendation of the competitive examination system. But there was a minority report, the importance of which was not diminished by the fact that those who prepared it were themselves members of the Civil Service, familiar

with the working and defects of the existing system and capable of judging the kind of remedy to be applied. This minority, consisting of Messrs. Taché and Tilton, opposed open competition. They believed that "Beyond having relieved, to a degree, members of the Administration and of Parliament from the annoyance caused by applicants for office, it is difficult to discover what public interest has been served by the experiment now being made (in England.)" The outcome of these reports was, amongst other things, the establishment of an educational standard for applicants to the Service, and the selection of a board of examiners to conduct the examinations. But the real problem remained untouched, because appointments and promotions continued to be determined by the usual political scramble in which the most energetic, who occasionally happened to be the best qualified, won.

Ten years went by, and the revelation of irregularities in the administration of the inside Service, aired before the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, led to another Commission. The Government promised that it would be a small, businesslike body of able men, and that its work would be promptly performed. These promises were fulfilled. The members selected were Messrs. George Hague, J. M. Courtney, E. J. Barbeau and Mr. Justice Burbidge. Their labours are embodied in a ponderous volume. But no legislative result followed the report. The recommendation of a permanent Civil Service Commission and the adoption of the principle of appointment by open competition shared the fate of previous similar suggestions. The politicians were not ready to part with even a share of their patronage, and the country betrayed no marked inclination to press for a change. Other questions came to the front, and Civil Service Reform stood aside. The Government of the day showed no intense anxiety to carry out the proposed measures, and the Opposition considerately refrained from goading the ministers into action. In truth the competitive system has no very ardent admirers. It is difficult to pronounce upon its merits until the entire scope of the proposition is presented. A man may write a creditable paper on the reign of Elizabeth, and still be a very inefficient clerk. He may be a prodigy of learning in the matter of Greek verbs, and remain slovenly and inaccurate in departmental work. Many positions in the Service could never be filled satisfactorily by any written examination that the wit of man might devise. The Executive must always retain extensive powers in choosing the best men for responsible posts. But there may be a host of minor offices where the competitive system could safely be applied. The Prime Minister at that time, Sir John Abbott, was asked for his opinion by a journalist, and answered in these terms: "There is, of course, the danger that under competitive examination the Civil Service might suffer by being largely recruited from the ranks of prigs. This no light objection, but the Commission has supplied some check to such a tendency by providing that the superior officials may continue to be chosen by the Executive, thus ensuring that men with the proper qualities shall preside over the departments. It must also be borne in mind that politicians generally would be glad to get rid of the responsibility of recommending appointments and promotions. It is often an intolerable burden, and is seldom satisfactory either to themselves or to the Service." There is reason to suppose that if Sir John Abbott had lived to occupy the Premiership for a longer term than his health permitted him to do, more would have been heard of the proposals of the Commission. But they were soon buried in oblivion, and the Ministry of Mr. Laurier is left to make its own record on the subject.

The present controversy takes a

wide range, since it includes the conduct of all sorts of officials, both permanent and temporary in the outside and inside Services, and the precedent now about to be set cannot fail to have deep and lasting effects upon the whole system of patronage. It will be admitted that an official who displays what is termed "offensive" partizanship must, to some degree, neglect the impartial discharge of the duties of his office. There may be cases where his removal becomes expedient. But will it be seriously argued that a reform is effected when he is replaced by another partizan, whose chief merit will consist of his activity on behalf of a different set of politicians? If the present Government intend to make extensive, or indeed any changes in the composition of the Civil Service, surely the friends of good administration in Canada are numerous enough to insist that the reconstruction shall take place at the instance of some impartial body —that a wise principle shall govern the new policy, and that it shall not be dictated by a mere demand for plunder.

If there is any force of independent opinion in Canada—and sometimes this appears more than doubtful—it should exert all its influence at this juncture to put the Civil Service on a strictly non-partizan basis, rather than to submit passively to the inauguration of a system of grab which must ultimately demoralize officialdom and lower the tone of political life. Although the relegation of vexed issues to Commissions is not popular in Canada from previous attempts in this direction, the present question could be better dealt with by a body of this kind than by a Government at the mercy of importunate friends, and prevented, perhaps, from carrying out, as we may assume it wishes to do, a sound, progressive policy in a fair statesmanlike spirit.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

"WHO DID SIN, THIS MAN OR HIS PARENTS?"

RECTA.

THE Doctor's office was a cosy little room, arranged so as to invite the confidence of his numerous patients. After years of experience he had concluded that a lavish display of surgical instruments, medicine bottles and human remains had an intimidating effect upon most people.

Just at present, in the centre of the large flat desk, a well worn case-book lay open at a page that was closely covered with fine neat writing, and at the end nearest the fireplace some letters had been pushed aside to make way for a decanter and glasses.

The old physician and a dear friend were having their Saturday evening smoke. With these two men, it had been a case of "shoulder to shoulder and blade to blade" since their boyhood. Through thick and thin in fair and foul they had stuck by each other. The hard struggle was passed, but this weekly smoke—a dear relic of the past—had never been given up.

"Justifiable homicide? Well, Doctor did you ever hear of such a verdict? It is preposterous."

"If you had been at the inquest," replied the old physician, "and had listened attentively to the evidence submitted to the Coroner's jury, you, too, old man, would have returned a similiar verdict."

"Oh, yes, it is all very well to talk; Bob was one of your favorites. But did you see that the newspapers are simply raving over it; state that the

jury was packed; pitch into the Coroner for receiving such a verdict; in short they do not hesitate to assert that the whole affair was a put-up job to shield the cloth."

"Tut, tut. Nothing of the kind. You ought to know how that fool of a Coroner gathers in his twelve intelligent jurors. Old Jones or his clerk, on arriving at the scene, lays hold in the name of Her Majesty of the first twelve able-bodied Christians that are handy, hurries through with the witnesses, and takes the verdict with as little loss of time as possible. In this case, a number of Bob's friends were in the house at the time, friends not mere acquaintances—men who knew the old chap to the core—and the Coroner delighted at finding his men without trouble swore them in. They gave their verdict only after the careful consideration of the testimony as to the poor fellow's life and the remote and immediate causes of death."

"But, Doctor, what a disgrace to his people!"

"No, Sir. If his people had not disgraced themselves by sowing the seeds of the terrible afflictions that he went through, Bob would be alive to-day and one of the most promising of young men. Do you think that a man is damned because after a brave fight he is overwhelmed by a series of misfortunes, and in order to free others from the burden of supporting him he takes his life?"

"Draw up your chair closer to the fire, fill up that pipe of yours, and I will give you something to smoke over—the tale of Bob's life. I don't intend to argue the case out with you; I will give you the facts as I know them."

"Bob Barrington was born about the year '61 at Toronto. He was the eleventh child of a large family of nineteen. Most of these children, thank goodness, did not long survive their birth. His father, of good parentage, was a North of England man; his mother was a Kentish girl of undoubted beauty. They were married young, and as I said before the children came in too rapid succession, not only to their detriment, but the poor mother became a wreck. I tell you, old man, that our neighboring Province of Quebec, in lieu of encouraging large families by the hundred-acre bribe, ought to place a fine on such atrocities.

"Bob's father used to be in very comfortable circumstances, so the sickly child was placed in the hands of nurses, and somehow or other pulled through his infancy, taking in due course all the ills that children are heirs to and a number of others At school the knocking about did him a great deal of good. There he was a great success: he not only carried off most of his class prizes, but he captained the lacrosse team, and was the valued 'quarter' on the football fifteen.

"His parents were Protestants of the ultra-evangelical type. They went in wholesale for 'saving souls.' To superintend a large household and look after one's social duties give the ordinary woman quite enough to do, but when she has also to attend meetings at churches and associations, oftentimes several on every day of the week, something must be neglected. In this, as in similar cases, the children were regarded as a secondary consideration while the parents went forth to save souls. They always saw their offspring once a day at family prayers, and occasionally, when the blessed youngsters would be making too much noise, a visit would be paid to the third storey, and the taws or slipper dealt out with unsparing hand.

"Mr. Barrington was startled into wondering what that boy had been doing, when one morning Bob came hesitatingly into his sanctum sanctorum and said that there was something troubling his eyes, the nurse had bathed them for several nights, but he could not see properly.

"By the end of the following sum-

mer the poor boy was apparently all right. His school career closed brilliantly and he promised well at college until his sight again left him, this time for nearly two years.

"His father was a large-hearted man, but according to my lights, so to speak, his energies were misdirected. You know that I believe that a man ought to look after his own children, guard, guide and tend them and them alone, leaving the saving of outsiders to the clergy, old maids, and crusty bachelors. His duty is to his family first and after he has brought them up, let him do what he likes, but until then his duty lies at home. A man who spends his evenings away from home, gadding about "saving souls" is no better than the married club habitue.

"After Bob had taken his degree, his father gave him a year at Oxford. The boy would have nothing to do with the sect to which his parents belonged and ultimately became a priest of the Church of England. He was then appointed curate of St. George's, the High Church of St. Augustine, and during his first months' stay there he became slightly deaf. Care overcame this trouble and for a couple of years he worked on and was universally liked in and outside of the parish. He was a noble, hard-working fellow, an excellent priest, but above all, a man. No namby-pambyism about him. He was with the foremost in every sport. His manliness gained many additional members to St. George's and its Men's Guild.

"Nearly four years ago Bob noticed that at times, when preaching, a thickness seemed to almost fill up his throat. He put it down to 'Parson's throat' trouble and took a little more care of himself, but it was some months before he went to see one of our best specialists. Dr. S. found that there was a bad grape-like growth on the vocal chords, and for eighteen months tried several operations and every known treatment to get rid of it. Nothing seemed to do it any good. He got rather worse than better, and eventually had to relinquish his curacy. This was a sad blow; the good Bishop of Niagara, however, came to the rescue, giving him the place of of Secretary of that Diocese.

"Bob, I said, was a hard worker, he kept at it incessantly. The poor fellow has often told me that it was the keeping constantly occupied that gave him the courage to live on. He tried to so fill up his time that he would not have an opportunity for considering his hard lot. Hardly thirty and his life's work already a failure. To all appearances he was one of the jolliest of men, but every now and again his heart of hearts would show itself and he would go utterly to pieces. Few ever saw him in this terribly despondent, desperate condition.

"And now let me tell you of the last affliction that killed him. It is almost six months since he came into this office. He had a tired, worn-out, nervous look.

"'Doctor,' he whispered, 'have a look at my eyes; they have been troubling me of late; I have been keeping hard at it night and day to finish off some writing.'

"I glanced at them for a moment, and seeing it was a very serious case I darkened the room, sat him down by the gas jet there, and made a close examination. He must have read my face. His poor eyes asked me for their doom.

"My dear Bob, I began, I have known you since your infancy; you have been afflicted as few have; have suffered much; you have shown great patience, and then I blurted out, you will be blind within a month.

"'I half thought it,' he replied. What does it all mean? My parents were pure and good. I have kept myself straight. Why should I be thus afflicted? What are the causes of it?'

"I told him that his troubles were constitutional and hereditary, and that as far as I could determine he

could not be blamed. That it was one of nature's mysterious judgments for sins done by past generations.

"I can remember the half-bitter smile as he said: 'I am to be the scape-goat; I am to bear the sins of some of my careless ancestors. If I did not feel that the shock and disgrace would shorten my dear parents' days, I would give up the struggle. You know that they are very fond of me. I must keep on playing the old game, and try not to be beaten. For years past I have given up praying for my recovery, and have endeavored to reconcile myself to my fate, asking God to give me the pluck and the patience to stand whatever may befall me.'

"I was right; in less than a fortnight he was helplessly blind. We consulted every specialist of note only to receive the same doleful opinion that there was no chance of restoration.

"Blind, almost dumb, he did not yet give in, struggling bravely to be patient, bright and cheerful. His helpless condition must have made him desperate. He could do nothing whereby he could earn a livelihood. It was too much for even brave Bob.

"Last Sunday, it was touching to see a friend leading him, arrayed in black cassock and white surplice, up to the chancel stalls of St. George's. That was his last Communion on this earth. About midnight of that day he went to his room, lay down on the sofa and honourably gave up the fight. He could not stand being one of the 'eat-alls and do-nothings' of Tom Carlyle."

"It was exceedingly sad," said his friend, "but still I am not convinced."

Recta.

THE TROOPER'S SONG.

SWING to the saddle and ride away,
No more laughter and no more wine,
No more songs to the gay guitar—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

Sabre and breast plate and roweled spur—
Foot in stirrup and sabre in line:
No more love 'neath the cherry tree—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

No more kisses and no more mirth,
No more leisure to dance and dine,
No more vowing with lip on lip—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

No more rest from the weary ride,
Till we lie in the ditch and our bones outshine;
No more love and no more life—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine

Foot in stirrup—farewell sweet love—
Passion and blood and death are mine:
No more pressing of hand in hand—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

So now I pledge you a stirrup cup;
Touch first your lips to the ruby wine.
My kiss on your brow, your name on my heart—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

THEODORE ROBERTS.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

PARLIAMENT.

DURING the past month the Canadian Parliament has been deliberating, one may hardly say legislating. This first session of a new parliament was called to pass supplies for the current year. This is being slowly done, and only one lesson can be drawn here, and that is that the Liberals are just as conservative as the Opposition, and there will be little reduction in expenditure this year.

There has been a great deal of after-election talk in the House. The new government has been settling down into its new duties, and quietly and carefully feeling its way. The new Opposition have endeavored to draw themselves together by a constant seeking to make the Government place itself on record on every possible political question. The subject of raising money on governor-general's warrants was the means of bringing on the first division, and the Government which had used these warrants was sustained by a majority of thirty-four. The question as to whether His Excellency had the right to refuse to sign orders-in-council passed by the old ministry in the short period which intervened between its defeat at the polls and its resignation, was dropped after a great deal of talk in and out of the house. At the present moment, Lord Aberdeen seems to have been justified in his action, the Laurier Ministry having accepted the responsibility of his conduct. However it remains to be seen whether the people will or will not justify his action, or whether his usefulness has been impaired.

Mr. Taylor introduced an Alien Labor Bill, which would prevent aliens coming into this country under contract for their services. The principle was exactly the same as in the United States Alien Law which prevents Canadians in border towns going across the border to do pre-arranged work of any kind. The movement to have such a law in Canada is retaliatory in its character. At the request of Mr. Laurier, Mr. Taylor withdrew his Bill for this session, and in the meantime the Canadian Government will endeavor to induce the United States Government to modify its attitude to alien Canadian labor.

The civil service has come in for a great deal of criticism, and the outcome of the whole discussion would seem to be that the provincial and the Dominion services need re-organizing. There can be little doubt that the Provincial Legislative buildings are hives for party heelers—men who draw government pay and devote most of their time to back-street and side-line work for their particular party. A certain percentage of them are contemptible curs, unblushing leeches. There can be as little doubt that the Buildings at Ottawa were filled under the late Government with time-servers and salary-drawers. They got their positions by a pull, kept them by cool nerve, and used them to fill their own pockets or serve their own private purposes. If the discussion that has taken place will remove partisans and place-fillers from the civil service, much good will have been done.

The political events, speeches, and revelations of the past three months have shown that Canadian politics are fast drifting away from English to United States standards. That "to the victor belongs the spoils," is a doctrine adhered

to by both parties and approved of by both parties, has been more plainly demonstrated. That constituencies and classes can only be secured and held in one way—by paying them a monetary *quid pro quo*—has been shown to be the conviction of both Liberals and Conservatives. That the people of a country should countenance, uphold and dignify politicians who are possessed of such debasing principles, shows that political morality is at a very low ebb in this Canada of ours. It will be a sorry day for Canada when our politics shall have degenerated to the position they occupy in the Land of Liberty to the south.

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC.

There seems to be a prospect that one of the chief issues in the approaching provincial contest in Quebec will be the subject of education. The Montreal *Herald* some time ago made a comparison of the educational status of Ontario and Quebec, based upon the census figures of 1891. A table was published, showing the percentage of persons able to read and write at certain ages:—

	Ontario.	Quebec.
Under 10	24.1	12.8
10 to 19	94.2	77.7
20 to 29	94.8	75.7
30 to 39	92.6	68.2
40 to 59	88.5	59.1
60 and over	79.5	37.8
Age not given	47.2	30.3

Following this lead, the Quebec Liberal papers have been advocating a thorough reform. And it would seem that such is urgently needed, although it is to be regretted that it is made a political question.

On the other hand, the Conservative Premier will not admit that the system is faulty or defective. He states, however, that his government intend to contribute to a greater extent towards the promotion of public instruction.

The real trouble would seem to be that the Quebec clergy have spent too much money on unb-coming presbyteries and costly churches, and too little on good schoolmasters and roomy and properly ventilated schoolhouses. The churches and appurtenances of Quebec are the most costly, the most striking, the most beautiful in Canada. But if this result has been obtained at the cost of having the people remain ignorant for lack of instruction, have not the people of Quebec paid too much for their whistle?

CANADIAN WOMEN WRITERS.

Thomas O'Hagan has a worthy article on "Some Canadian Women Writers," in the September *Catholic World*. A score and a half of photographs are used to illustrate this very thorough piece of work. I quote the first two paragraphs:

"A remarkable feature of the Canadian literature of to-day is the strength of its women writers. Especially is this notable within the domain of poetry. Some of the sweetest and truest notes heard in the academic groves of Canadian song come from our full-throated sopranos. Nor does the general literature of our country lack enrichment from the female pen. History, biography, fiction, science, and art—all these testify to the gift and grace of Canadian women writers, and the widening possibilities of literary culture in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people.

"England has grown, perhaps but one first-rate female novelist, and it need, therefore, be no great disappointment or wonder that none of her colonies have as yet furnished the name of any woman eminent in fiction. The truth is, the literary expression of Canada to day is poetic, and the literary genius of her sons and daughters for the present is growing verseward. Canada has produced more genuine poetry during the past decade of years than any other country of the same population in the world. What other eight young writers whose work in poetry will rank in quality and technique with that of Roberts, Lampman, Scott, Campbell, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Harrison? It is enough to say that these gifted singers have won an audience on both sides of the Atlantic."

CANADA'S CHAMPIONSHIPS.

That Canada is producing a race of men which is physically the best in the world—strength backed up by nerve, common sense, science and intellect—has been abundantly proven during the present

year. The Sporting Championships that have come to Canada this year were never more numerous or more representative, and the world is wondering how such results have been obtained. Look at this list.

Jake Gaudaur, of Orillia, Ont., has won the sculling championship of the world.

At Bisley the Canadian Militia team won the Kolapore cup.

At Shoeburyness the Canadian Artillerymen won the Queen's prize.

The yacht *Canada* defeated the yacht *Vencedor* at Toledo in the international race for the championship of the Great Lakes.

The *Glencairn* in the race at New York won the championship in her class.

J. K. McCollough, of Winnipeg, won the skating championship of America at St. Paul.

The Winnipeg four-oared crew at Saratoga won the amateur championship of America.

In the international cricket match at Philadelphia, Canada defeated the United States by 40 runs.

This is a record of which Canada may well be proud Her citizens have not been so carried away by the pursuit of the almighty dollar that they have neglected the development of a sound body and a healthy mental power. Perhaps this little nation with its five million inhabitants may not be the champion in the race to accumulate wealth, but it is the nurse of generations which shall some day play a not unimportant or minor part in the directing and regulating of this world's advancing civilization. The foundations are being laid broad and firm and deep, and the national building will stand imperious and grand when the eph meral structures of other nations shall have crumbled into insignificant and forgotten ruins. There is a time coming, no doubt, when the foundations will be assailed by a strength equal to their own, but in the words of the Poet Kernigan:

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
In the seas where the north star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.
We never will bend the knee;
We'll always and aye be free:
For Liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
Our brothers are round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Shall the mothers that love us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast
Defying the coming blast,
For Canada's sons are true as steel
Their mettle is muscle and bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT.

Great Britain's population has doubled since 1817 and the wealth of its people has increased enormously. Now the complaint has arisen that there is too little opportunity for a safe investment of that wealth. In 1817 there was three times the amount per head of Government stock available for investment that there is now. The amount of Government stock available for investment in 1817, with a population of twenty millions, was £822,526,114—or nearly £40. 11s. per head. The amount in 1896 with a population of thirty-nine millions, is £572,422,000,—or £14. 12s. per head.

A writer in the September *National Review* says the root of this diminution in the supply of Government stocks is in the dwindling of the National Debt. He gives the following table to show this reduction in the Debt:

1817	£879,564,028
1827	859,819,882
1837	846,174,174
1847	833,003,888
1857	831,532,535
1867	799,839,663
1877	772,151,725
1887	705,575,073
1895-6	648,341,000

In the last thirty years the total National Debt of Great Britain has been reduced by 151 millions of pounds, or nearly 750 millions of dollars. At this rate the debt would be paid off altogether within the next eighty or ninety years. To the casual observer this would seem to be a desirable state of affairs, and that Great Britain is to be congratulated upon her debt-paying power. But the difficulty is presented as follows:—

"A very serious problem is already facing the Government. In its capacity as banker, operating in the Savings Banks moneys, it is obliged to invest the money

of depositors in Government securities. At present the difficulty has already arisen that with Consols at 110 the Government loses by paying 2½ per cent to depositors, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach is expected to reduce this interest on deposits. But the difficulty does not stop there. The Savings Banks deposits have lately been increasing at the rate of a million a month, and the question is, what will the Government do when they have exhausted the Stocks, which alone are legal investments for Savings Banks money? You cannot eat your cake and have it. Such a process is suicidal. If the independent investor alone were concerned, the State might insist upon cancelling his favorite stock. But the State is an investor, too, and as such it is depriving itself, not merely of the best security available for its money, but of the only legal one. Things cannot go on like that. Is it not obvious that one of two things must happen—either we must 'slow down' in paying off a stock which, as an investment, is vital, and, as a national burden, is inconsiderable (the annual charge per head being 11s. 8d., and the capital value £16 11s.), or else, if this rate of payment is maintained, some other national stock, carrying the national credit, and safe as British solvency, must be brought into existence and added to the present fund?"

VICTORIA DAY.

On the 20th day of June, 1897, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, will have completed the sixtieth year of her reign, making it the longest reign of any British sovereign. English history records no period in which there have been such great strides made in discovery, invention and art, in the development of trade and extension of British possessions, and in its legislative reforms as in that from 1837 to the present time. In so far as the example of a Christian woman, a loving wife and mother, a constitutional ruler winning the love and devotion of her subjects, can influence a nation, to that extent, has Queen Victoria influenced the British Empire during her reign.

Our Canadian nation will, doubtless, give expression to some form of congratulation on the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. May we not do so by celebrating the 24th of May not only as the Queen's Birthday, but as a memorial of the Victorian era, by making it a statutory holiday as Dominion Day is now?

It will commemorate the transition of Canada from the pioneer stage with sparse population, limited facilities for travel and few educational advantages, its government directed largely from Downing Street and locally administered by the Family Compact, to a nation with Responsible Government and almost exclusive control of its own affairs, occupying rather the relation of an ally to the Mother country than that of a colony, and enjoying all the advantages which the education and enterprise of the nineteenth century can give.

We have not too many national holidays. If anything there are too few in the first half of the year. From New Year's Day to the First of July—excluding the 24th of May—there is only Good Friday, and this is essentially a religious holiday. In the same time our neighbours in the United States have Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, and Decoration Day. Easter Monday is a bank holiday with us, but is not generally observed by the public. In a climate such as ours, with short springtime, the 24th of May has come to be regarded as the beginning of summer. It is a mile-post in the domestic economy of many a farm and household, the beginning of summer travel and the opening of passenger traffic on our inland waters. We look forward to it as the first outing after the long winter, the day on which we don our summer wear and inaugurate the summer sports. Of those living in Canada to day, there are few who can recollect any of Her Majesty's predecessors and who ever holidayed on the birthday of any other sovereign. The 24th of May has been so long celebrated by us that we sometimes wonder how we can get along without it in the inevitable changes which time must soon bring, and when we shall observe as the sovereign's birthday some day in chill November.

As a holiday it has become a part of our national life, and will be greatly missed unless we preserve it. Let us have Victoria Day.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

IN 1891, a young American newspaper man published a novel entitled "Maggie," published it privately because he could not get it published publicly. Last fall, D. Appleton & Co., published another of his, "The Red Badge of Courage." Another novel, "The Black Riders," had been published but had not attracted much attention. Suddenly, beginning in Great Britain, a great wave of approval showed itself and rushed over the reading public of that little island and finally spread over the literature consumers of this continent. "The Red Badge" was the book that caused this fierce approval, and has made the name of Stephen Crane familiar to all those who read "the newest books." "Maggie" has been republished; "The Black Riders" is out in half-a-dozen editions; another book—probably written before "The Red Badge," and entitled "George's Mother," is now being offered to the large and frenzied circle of Mr. Crane's admirers.

One of the chief characteristics of this young author—and he is but 26 years of age, having been born in Newark, N.J., in 1870—is his fondness for colorings. He describes a battle of the American Civil war, but does not designate the battle; it is merely a struggle between 'the blue" and "the gray." The hero, described simply as "the youth," first falters, then flees, but finally returns, bears the colors and at the close of the battle is one of the heroes of the two days' fight. Mr. Crane speaks of the firing as "the flaming wings of lightning," of the guns as "shaking in black rage," "when the gray shadows of the woods before them should be slashed by the lines of flame," or "their beams of crimson seemed to get no purchase on the bodies of their foes." Here are some good samples:

"The blue haze of evening was upon the field. The lines of forest were long purple shadows. One cloud lay along the western sky, partly smothering the red."

"The shells, which had ceased to trouble the regiment for a time, came swirling again, and exploded in the grass or among the leaves of the trees. They looked to be strange war-flowers bursting into fierce bloom.... A shell screaming like a storm banshee went over the huddled heads of the reserves. It landed in the grove, and exploding redly flung up the brown earth. There was a little shower of pine needles."

The following are some touches from "George's Mother":

"The broad avenue glistened with that deep-bluish tint which is so widely condemned when it is put into pictures.... Kelcey [drunk] fell with a yellow crash.... He [sobering up] perceived all the futility of a red existence... A red street-lamp threw a marvellous reflection upon the wet pavement. It was like the death-stain of a spirit.... He saw it [a debauch] as one might see a skeleton emerge from a crimson cloak.... The man was exasperated to black fury.... He could feel her gray stare upon him."

Of the "Red Badge," the *Atlantic* says:

"So vivid is the picture of actual conflict that the reader comes face to face with war. He does not see its pomp, which requires a different perspective, but he feels the sickening horror of slaughter, and becomes a part of the moving line of battle. The process of becoming a hero is so naturally unfolded that the reader no more than the hero himself is aware of the transformation from indecision and cowardice to bravery. This picture, so vivid as to produce almost the effect of a personal experience, is not made by any finished excellence of literary workmanship, but by the sheer power of an imaginative description. The style is as rough as it is direct. The sentences never flow; they are shot forth in sharp volleys. But the original power of the book is great enough to set a new fashion in literature."

Of "George's Mother," the *Bookman* says: "This is sorry stuff. Even if it were well done, it is not worth the doing; and it is not well done." And it then goes on to say that Mr. Crane has injured his reputation gained by "The Red Badge" by raking this fragment from his literary ash-barrel.

Of "Maggie" the verdict is almost the same. The *Literary Digest* says:

"Strenuous it is; but it is more 'impressionistic than real,' and, true to the impressionistic practice alike in point and in letters, the essential figure is the least delineated. Maggie is far less important to the canvas than her brother Jimmie, or her sottish mother, or the coarse and tawdry Bowery bartender who is the villain of the piece, and her destroyer."

The sum and substance of all this is that Mr. Crane has had several books published, but only one has really any merit. "The Red Badge of Courage" is his best work, although better may be expected of him. He is possessed of a fertile imagination, and abundant intuitive knowledge of human nature. He is intense—perhaps too intense—and his descriptions are vivid and realistic. Surely out of these elements something really great may be evolved. Education, time, and a better appreciation of his tools should eradicate his few faults.

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"A Cathedral Pilgrimage," by Julia C. Dorr,* is a small beautifully bound volume describing the Cathedrals of Old England in a most appreciative and interesting way. It opens with a description of the Cathedral at Wells, which "has been a place of importance ever since the reign of Ina, King of the West Saxons, who built a church here in 704." In this city—"in England only the Cathedral towns *are* cities"—rills of clear water run along the streets close to the sidewalk. This has always been the case since 1443, when a good Bishop built a conduit from the well of King Ina and decreed that the surplus should run through the streets forever.

Of the Cathedrals the author says:—

"They have grown from age to age by slow accretion: grown calmly, reverently, as the heart of man demanded them. For hundreds of years they have been taking on new grace and dignity. The anthems of the ages have sanctified them; the worship of the ages has floated up from their altars like incense, till the very air is 'filled to faintness with perfume,'—the frankincense and myrrh of chant and prayer and hymn."

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Egerton R. Young, whose stories of mission life in the Canadian North-West have had a sale of more than 100,000 copies in England, the United States and Canada, is engaged on a new book that he promises will, as a "seller," far eclipse his previous efforts. It will be entitled "What Two Boys Saw in the Wild North Land." Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London, have secured the English market, and William Briggs the Canadian.

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The Presidental campaign in the United States waxeth hot. F. Tennyson Neely has published: "Bryan and Sewall,"* by C. M. Stevans, "McKinley and Hobart," by Byron Andrews, "The Nation's Greatest Problem," "Sound and Solid Money," a symposium of the leading Statesmen, and "Free Silver," by C. M. Stevans.

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From the same firm comes a more interesting book, "Soap Bubbles," by Max Nordau. This is a collection of very bright and very entertaining short stories by that clever Frenchman. The opening tale is especially good, being entitled, "Cant and Humbug: a story of English selfishness and American thriftiness." The volume is not large but has a wonderfully striking cover, untrimmed edges and gilt top. It is very artistic and will delight the hearts of those who love dainty books—and who doesn't?

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Not gold merely, but poetry must hereafter be classed among the products of our distant sister province of British Columbia. Mr. Eric Duncan, of Comox, has a volume of poems in the press of William Briggs, to appear very shortly under the title of "Rural Rhymes."

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J. C. Snaith is the author of a seventeenth century novel entitled "Mistress Dorothy Marvin."† It is full of love and adventure, and gives a picture of English life just when Dutch William was displacing King James, and when the people were gaining some strong lessons in the disadvantages of an absolute monarchy. The story is quaint and photographic, but it lacks soul. It interests but does not enthuse, instructs but does not enrapture. The language is mostly of seventeenth century model, but anachronisms are not lacking. Mr Snaith

* New York: Macmillan & Co.; 16 mo., cloth, 75 cents.

* Toronto: The Toronto News Co. Paper; 25c each.

† New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. 419 pp.

seems to be one of those who wish to revive seventeenth century models in manners and language, but whether for criticism or imitation is not apparent. However, seventeenth century novels cannot possibly be as soulful, as enthusing and as instructive as those tales which deal with life as it now is, as most readers experience it; yet these works are not on that account to be carelessly condemned.

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Among the recent issues in Macmillan's Colonial Library* are "Desperate Remedies," by Thomas Hardy; "The Rise and Fall of César Birotheau" and "Pierette," by H. De Balzac, and "Recollections of a Literary Man," by Alphonse Daudet. The first mentioned has been carefully revised by the author; the last is printed on heavy paper and fully illustrated.

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Issued just as we go to press, and too late for review in this issue, are two books that make a notable addition to the literature of their class in Canada: "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss," by Edward W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," and "Around the Camp Fire," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Both books are unusually attractive specimens of book-making, and if the boys of Canada don't appreciate them, then the boys of Canada are a different set from "the boys of our time." These books and a capital new story by Amelia E. Barr, "A Knight of the Nets," also just issued, bear the imprint of William Briggs.

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"Far to the Northwest, beginning ten days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake and running down to the Arctic Ocean, with Hudson's Bay as its eastern and Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as its western boundaries, lies the most complete and extended desolation on earth. That is the Barren Grounds, the land whose approximate 350,000 square miles is the dwelling place of no man." It was to this land that Caspar Whitney, sporting editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and Arthur Heming, artist, turned their faces from the town of Edmonton, N.W.T., on December 27th, 1894. From Edmonton to Fort Chipewyan and then straight north beyond the Arctic circle, Whitney penetrated at a season of the year when the Barren Lands were held most solidly in the embrace of King Frost. His experiences were told in *Harper's Magazine* in a series of delightfully-illustrated articles, and these have now been issued in book form.* The volume is handsomely bound, and the illustrations are the best of their kind I have ever seen.

The most important result of this trip is the information gained concerning musk-oxen. (See frontispiece of this number.) He is the missing link between the ox and the sheep and when full-grown is about two-thirds the size of a bison. They are gregarious and travel in herds numbering usually from ten to twenty, of which two or three are usually bulls. The robe is a very dark brown which against the snow looks almost black. The tail is short and scarcely visible. The hair is from fifteen to twenty inches long in some parts, and at the root grows a coat of mouse-gray wool of the finest texture. The hoofs are large with curved toes and somewhat concaved beneath, like the caribou. They live on moss and lichen. The largest head Whitney secured measured from top to bottom at the meridian line 10½ inches, while the length of horn from meridian line to point measured 27½; width of crevice between the bases of the horns, 1½ inches; thickness of horn at crevice, 3¼ inches. The flesh is coarse and exceedingly tough and unpleasant to eat. The musk taint is very strong in an old bull, but fainter in the cow and the yearling.

The Barren Ground caribou is also fully described by Whitney. The whole book is full of interesting information given in a straightforward manner and mixed in with a delightful account of a most adventurous journey which covered 2,800 miles.

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The date of issue of "In the Days of the Canada Company," by Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars, has been fixed for Oct. 15th. The work has been enlarged much beyond the original intention of the authors, the amount of material coming to hand and clamoring for admittance increasing the volume to nearly

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds, by Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Bros.; cloth, illustrated. $3.50.

500 pages. The price has been placed at two dollars. The work will be fully illustrated. Principal Grant contributes an introduction, and a copious Glossary will make the book easy of reference. The authors are reviving the old custom of including in the volume a list of original subscribers.

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A most useful book to those who are studying the literature of France is "Modern French Literature," by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D. * The first chapter deals with the middle age and the Renascence, the second with the seventeenth century and the third with the eighteenth. The ten remaining chapters deal with the period from Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand to the present time, the chapter on Hugo in exile and in triumph is especially good.

"In the first fifty years of his life drama takes the first place, there is more poetry than fiction, and nearly a quarter of the whole bulk is made up of miscellaneous travel, memoirs and essays. In the second period fiction advances to first place ...In all departments the work of the second period shows a new strength and earnestness. The causes of this added depth and force are to be sought in his domestic and political experience."

"If now we consider Hugo's place in French literature, one is tempted, with Lemaitre, to call him 'the mightiest gatherer of words since the world began.' But it needs not that critic's acuteness to discover that there is far too much repetition in his work, and, after 'Les Chatiments,' little intellectual development....On the other hand, if we look at his work from the rhetorical standpoint, his management of words and images, there is no loss, perhaps there is gain, to the very last....One observes that if Hugo has a conspicuous lack of humor, he has a certain kind of wit that shows itself in a keen relish for sharp contrasts....Such a wit is never lofty, but it is often effective. But whether bridled or free, his intense feeling and vivid imagination poured into the language a stream of images, new or forgotten, that broaden from the 'Orientales' to the 'Contemplations,' and form the mirror of Hugo's peculiar glory."

These extracts will give a slight idea of the author's style of treatment, and its thoroughness will be admitted by all who read this meritorious work.

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The London, Eng. *Literary World* says: "A Lover in Homespun and other stories," by Mr. F. Clifford Smith, comprises a selection of sketches of life in Canadian villages and forests. The stories are of good merit, and comprise some excellent descriptions of forest and clearing, and a clever delineation of the passions which actuate humanity in the rough, although their brevity limits the author to brief outlining in the place of close and careful analysis that Mr. Smith might have brought into them had space permitted. The stories, eleven in all, deal with love and life and religion in many aspects, and as character studies of the simple Canadian peasantry, French and English, can compare favorably with similar selections in which Scotch, Welsh, and Irish rural life have been exploited. The book reaches us from across the water, and in the absence of any indication of an English agency, it is unnecessary to go into detail about the contents, or to dwell upon its readability."

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Speaking of "Earth's Enigmas," by Charles G. D. Roberts; and "In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott, *The Bookman* says:—We wonder how long the poets will be in finding out that qualities which make poets may not make dramatists or tellers of stories. It takes something more than temperament, colour sense, choice of words, to evoke live men and women from the imagination, or give a zest to narrative. "Earth's Enigmas" and "In the Village of Viger" are very well as experiments in prose. But the successful sketches are precisely those in which the poet has most to do, and the story-teller almost nothing at all. "Do Seek their Meat from God," "The Young Ravens that Call upon Him," and "The Perdu," are all exquisite in their observation of Nature; they are close to the mystery of life in the forest and lonely places.

Mr. Duncan Scott writes with a French pen, and prefers village streets and pastoral gentleness, robins, bobolinks, and little milliners to crude types and primæval places. Viger and Pontiac have something of a common atmosphere. But these little sketches of provincial types, pretty enough, are yet thin and amateurish. Nothing requires greater art than to give human interest and dramatic value to very tenuous incidents and situations; it takes the subtlety, the nice selective faculty of a Guy de Maupassant. Mr.

* Boston: Roberts Bros. Cloth, 12 mo. 503 pp.

Scott's little book, like Professor Roberts', abounds in exquisite felicities of natural description; and one sketch of his, "The Bobolink," has the delicacy and perfectness of a real French pastel; but it stands alone. We would give all the rest of the book for its charming dedication in verse:

"Robins and bobolinks, bubbling and tinkling,
Shore larks alive there high in the blue,
Level in the sunlight the rye-field twinkling,
The wind parts the cloud, and a star leaps through"—

which amounts to saying: let Professor Roberts and Mr. Scott keep to verse and continue to rejoice us.

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A volume of short stories of life among the Indians and Cowboys of the Canadian North-West, by John Maclean, Ph.D., author of "Canadian Savage Folk," will be published during the autumn by William Briggs, under the title, "The Warden of the Plains."

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Mr. Cahan, the author of Yekl, a tale of the New York Ghetto* is a Lithuanian Jew, who came to New York as a fugitive in 1882. Consequently he is well acquainted with that portion of New York, called the Ghetto, and the scenes which he describes. For a description of the sweat-shops and the slums of the city of New York, the book is perhaps unequalled. Mr. Cahan's descriptions are wonderfully graphic, and pervaded by a keen sense of humor. The story opens with a description of the shop in which the hero, Yekl or "Jake" Podkovnic is employed. He is a Russian Jew who has been in New York for about three years, having left his wife and child in his native land. In New York he has posed as a single man, and as such has touched the hearts of two young women, one of whom succeeds in winning his affection, From her he borrows money which he uses to enable his wife and child to join him. When his wife arrives he is disappointed in her appearance, which is so different from that of the shop girls with whom he has been accustomed to associate. She does not seem to be able to adapt herself readily to her new surroundings This, together with the domestic discord stirred up by the young woman whose affections Jake had not returned, leads eventually to a legal separation, and Yekl returns to his favored sweetheart. Although the plot is somewhat simple and commonplace the charm of the book lies in the description of the life and character of the people who inhabit the eastern portion of the great American metropolis.

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One of the most popular books of the year is Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality." * The principal character, Clorinda Wildairs, is decidedly original, and as the story is being dramatized, people who have read the book are wondering how she will appear on the stage. The story is powerfully written, but is not what one might call natural or real. Surely there never lived such a creature as Clorinda Wildairs! In her earlier years she could scarcely be called a female. Reared as a child under the tender care of grooms and servants, she very soon learns all their bad habits, becomes passionate and wilful and even familiar with the foulest language. It is by means of these particular traits that she at length wins her father's heart. He encourages her in them, dresses her in boy's clothes, and allows her to accompany him to the hunting-field.

At the age of fifteen, however, she resolves to abandon her wild life, and from that time cultivates the more womanly traits in her nature, eventually develop into a magnificent beauty and coquette. About this time she meets and falls in love with Sir John Oxon, who afterwards deserts her. She then becomes the wife of the Duke of Dunstanwolde, to whom she is a good and faithful wife, although, in the meantime, she has met her ideal and learned the true meaning of love. After the death of the Duke of Dunstanwolde, and just as she is about to be married to the man of her choice, the villain of her early years again pursues her, threatening to expose her. In a moment of rage she strikes him with her heavy riding whip and kills him. At first she is horrified, but finally comes to the conclusion that in committing this act she has merely avenged herself. She conceals

*Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto. A. Cahan. Cloth, 190 pp., $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*A Lady of Quality. Francis Hodgson Burnett. Cloth, 360 pp., $1 50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

his body in the cellar of her house, marries the man of her choice, and with him leads a noble life. At her death she was thought worthy, strange as it may seem, of the following epitaph :—"Here sleeps by her husband the purest and noblest lady God e'er loved, yet the high and gentle deeds of her chaste, sweet life sleep not, but live and grow, and so will do so long as earth is earth."

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There is little doubt that Grant Allen has injured himself in Canada by his outré writings, yet his novel "The Duchess of Powysland,"* is very wholesome. It is a study in the social life in England, and the leading characters are strongly outlined. The Duchess, herself, whether as a lodging house mistress in London, or the sister of a rich inventor in New York, or the wife of one of England's nobility, is a striking, a majestic figure. Dramatic situations, crime and virtue, plot, dialogue and description—all combine to make this a fascinating and entertaining book. It may safely be recommended to all classes of readers.

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To a Canadian belongs the honor of the first English translation of Hegel's "Philosophy of Right," (Grundlineen der Philosophy des Rechts). This work has been done by Dr. S. W. Dyde, Professor of Mental Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, and the thanks of all English-speaking students are due him, for thus bringing this valuable work within their reach.

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Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," which is now running in *Scribner's Magazine*, and Max Pemberton's "A Puritan Wife," also appearing serially now, will be published in book form in October by Cassels.

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It is said that Stevenson expected the work on which he was engaged at the time of his death, to be his masterpiece. Instead of being a complete novel it is but a fragment—like a piece of unfinished sculpture. Never heless it is a magnificent piece of work and, had it been completed, it would, undoubtedly, have satisfied the author and the public.

Of this work, "Weir of Hermiston,"* the *London Speaker* says :

"One reads these precious pages with a bewildered delight, that suddenly becomes a pain not less intense, as the thought forces itself upon the mind that this is the last draught of a splendid vintage. It is here that we get the great writer at his greatest and feel most completely the grip of that manly intellect. It is here besides that he reveals most of his own soul to us, and lets us see something of the school in which he was made. The whole story is steeped in the atmosphere of Scotland. We can hear "the whaups crying about the graves of the martyrs" as we turn the pages ; the scent of the heather is in our nostrils, and the keen, damp wind of the North blows freshly about us. The town-pent reader, looking out upon dull street or square, finds himself transported into the wide, breezy moorlands of the North as by a miracle. And then he recalls the fact that these pages were written in the under-world, in the island home in the Pacific, from which Scotland must have seemed a thousand times more distant than the stars. If anybody wishes to see how fully Louis Stevenson had absorbed the spirit of his race and of his native land, he must read "Weir of Hermiston." Written under alien skies and amid natural scenes that had not even the fantastic resemblance of a caricature to the scenery of the cold grey North, it is still steeped in the local color of Scotland."

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In October, Methuen & Co. will publish Mr. Arthur Morrison's story of East-end life, "A Child of the Jago." The first thirteen chapters of this book, which form a complete episode, will be first published in the *New Review*, but the entire story will be published only in book form.

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The Harpers will shortly publish a new book by Margaret E. Sangster, entitled "With My Neighbors."

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Mr. Gilbert Parker and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, are collaborating in a dramatic revision of the former's romance, "The Seats of the Mighty."

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A second edition of Dr. Geo. Sexton's "Biblical Difficulties Dispelled," revised and enlarged, is in the press of William Briggs. Another new story by Annie S. Swan, entitled "A Stormy Voyage," is announced for issue this fall.

*American Publ'sher's Corporation, 310-318 Sixth Ave., New York. Paper, 50 cents.

*Weir of Hermiston, by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York : Chas. Scribners' Sons. 266 pp., $1.50.

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